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Author of "U. S. Service Series" and "The Monster-Hunters"

WITH THIRTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS, MOSTLY FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS LOANED BY THE AMERICAN
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THE POLAR HUNTERS



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PREFACE

The most stupendous geographical triumph in the world has been achieved by an American for Americans, and the Stars and Stripes float at the North Pole. Marvellous as is this achievement in itself, its wonder is even greater when it is realized that this victory is the result of years of patient study as well as of numberless desperate struggles and adventures. The secret of the Arctic lies hid in the life of the Eskimo, in the understanding of whom, American scientists and American explorers stand foremost.

It is a world of evil magic, that world of the Frozen North, where the terrible conditions of life bring about an unparalleled conflict between Man and the Demons of Hunger and of Cold. It is a war against Titans, and the Titans have been defeated. Every incident in that grim struggle thrills with danger and excitement, every detail of life is weird and strange.

Dwelling in snow igloos on the sea ice; eating the frozen meat that is the staple of the Arctic; hunt-

PREFACE

ing the seal, the walrus, and the polar bear; facing the awful rigors of the Cold and Dark, and enduring perils and hardships greater than may be found in any other corner of the world, men have faced the Menace of the North and have conquered it. Scores of unburied skeletons lie on those unknown shores or beneath the eternal ice—heroes, every one. To show to the boys of the United States the full glory of their heritage, to reveal to them the full measure of the daring of the work and the sublimity of the victory, and to enflame still further the spirit of brave deeds, is the aim and purpose of

THE AUTHOR.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

TWO OF KOOD-SHOO'S CHUMS.

Tit-a-link, aged 8 years, and Naki-maya-suk, aged 6 years, in summer dress. Note the absence of all clothing except for the outer furs.

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THE POLAR HUNTERS

CHAPTER I

THE DEMON BEAR

“It has come to pass that a man starts on his travels!”

The last words of the Eskimo farewell sounded in Kood-shoo's ears, as the sledges of the two walrus-hunters disappeared into the darkness over the snow. The Arctic moon, poised near the horizon, shone with a blue light over the rough ice and threw the lad's shadow behind him like that of a dim giant. He turned to the lean-faced figure beside him, dressed in furs.

“Ky-oah-pah!” cried the boy, “are we going to build the iglooya? Just the two of us?”

“Yes, it must be so,” the old angekok replied. “The walrus-hunters will not return until they have found meat.”

“Goody!” said Kood-shoo, his eager eyes and his nose alone dimly showing from the furs that

covered him from head to foot. I've always wanted to build an iglooya, right out on the winter ice."

"You have built iglooyas before," the old man said.

"Play ones! Oh, yes, heaps of times. But I've never built a really truly one, Ky-oah-pah!"

"Then you shall build one now."

Kood-shoo hopped clumsily around in his excitement, looking like a bear cub on the wind-swept ice plain.

"Where? Where? Where?" he begged. "Oh, where are you going to put it, Ky-oah-pah?"

For answer, the angekok, or medicine man of the tribe, looked slowly around him in the cold and darkness. Nothing but ice was to be seen, rough hummocks of ice, ranging in size from pieces as large as a table to masses as huge as a house. The moon, which during the long Polar night, barely rises above the horizon and only sets below it for a few hours, circled the sky in a silver ring, making glinting pinnacles of the projections of the ice and leaving patches of purple shadow everywhere. The eyes of the old Eskimo were accustomed to this moonlit darkness and he walked on, searching for a place to build the snow house

that should be their home for two weeks of the Polar night.

“Here!” he said at last, stopping by a small mound of snow. “We will build the iglooya here.”

There was a small boss of snow where the angekok had stopped. It was not more than a hundred yards from the point where the sledges had left them. Around was nothing but snow and ice and cold. They were out on the frozen sea. The wind, blowing over a thousand miles of ice, whirled around them.

From its sheath of seal-skin hide the angekok drew his long ivory knife.

“I will begin,” he said, “and you, Kood-shoo, you may bring here the skins and the food.”

“Do let me cut the first block for the iglooya, Ky-oah-pah,” pleaded the boy. “I’m sure I can do it!”

The old man smiled at the boy’s enthusiasm, but handed him the ivory knife. It was made of a narwhal tusk. The tusk of that unicorn of the polar seas had been ground down on one side with trap-rock from the glaciers, so that it possessed a sharp edge; on the other side, the hard ivory had been nicked and notched to form teeth like those

of a saw. Of course, the ivory knife was not as sharp as steel would have been, but it could cut frozen snow better. It could cut the blocks for the iglooya as a steel knife could never do, for the ivory would not freeze like steel and therefore would not stick fast in the snow.

Kood-shoo took the knife and looked around him. An old man, a boy, an ivory knife and snow. There were no other workmen, no other tools, and no other material. With these, a house was to be built.

“Where’s the best snow, Ky-oah-pah?” questioned the boy, all impatience to begin.

The angekok pointed to a bank that formed a slight rise, only a few feet away from the mound that he had chosen for the site.

“There!” he said briefly, and Kood-shoo trudged across, the long ivory knife held tightly in his fur-mittened hands.

“How big a piece to start with?” he asked.

“Half a harpoon’s length,” was the answer.

Kood-shoo, standing on the frozen snow, thrust down the knife as though he were cutting a cake, and then, using the saw edge, began to cut through the firm snow. He sawed up and down with all his might, completing the cutting of one side of the

block. Then he stopped, panting, for it was hard work.

“You have begun well,” said the angekok, as the boy stopped to rest, “I will finish cutting the pieces while you bring here the skins.”

Kood-shoo nodded and ran off to the little pile of household goods that had been left lying on the ice when the sledges drove away. It took him five trips to bring them all, and by the time that he had fetched everything, the angekok had cut twenty blocks of snow, each a three-foot cube.

“Can I put the first door-piece in place?” asked the lad, for he wanted to have a leading share in everything that was done.

“You may, if you can lift it,” answered the angekok, and Kood-shoo stooped down to pick up the nearest piece. It was a long stretch for his arms, but he managed to get a grip. When he tried to lift it, the block would hardly budge. He tugged and tugged, but it was of no use.

“It’s a real block,” he said, at last, giving up the tussle. “Can you lift it, Ky-oah-pah?”

The angekok smiled at the question. He was an old man, it was true, but he had been a famous hunter in his time. Stooping down, he picked up the block with ease and laid it on the eastern

side of the little circle that he had stamped around the mound, the top of which was higher than the level of the top of the block.

“How big are you going to make the iglooya?” came the boy’s next query.

“A harpoon’s length and a half,” (eight feet) his foster-father answered, stooping down to trim the block to its proper shape. One side, the side which would be next the opening into the iglooya, he left square. The opposite end was shaved off diagonally to form a wedge shape inwards. In the next piece both sides were cut in a wedge, so that the block presented a face three feet in width at the outside and a little less than two feet on the inside. This wedge shape enabled each block to fit to the other at the proper angle in a circle and yet to make a wall three feet thick without cracks.

Kood-shoo played a large part here, pushing the blocks together as Ky-oah-pah shaped them and pressing snow into the little cracks remaining. Each block froze as soon as it was pressed into place. It was not long until the first tier of blocks was set, making a wall three feet high and eight feet across the inside, with one opening to the east, two and a half feet wide.

“Now we’ll start on the next layer,” said the angekok, when the first had frozen hard.

“I can lift the next-sized blocks, I’m sure,” declared Kood-shoo.

In this he was right, for being only about two feet high, the slabs were a great deal lighter. The boy tugged every one of these blocks to the iglooya, and, when Ky-oah-pah had finished cutting the pieces required—which he did very quickly with his long knife—the two lifted them together without any trouble.

“May I smooth the inside?” pleaded the boy.

The angekok agreed, for he knew that Kood-shoo, having built a number of play houses, would know just how much of the block should be shaved off on the inside so as to round it. And as the work had to be done in the semi-darkness, it needed trained fingers. By the time Kood-shoo had shaped the curve, Ky-oah-pah had almost finished cutting the next tier.

“Isn’t it going up fast?” exclaimed the lad, as he stumbled out of the darkness of the rapidly rising iglooya to the moonlit snow quarry from which the blocks were being taken.

The angekok nodded. To him the work was slow, for he knew that strong men, like Kah-mon-

apik and Mirk-tu-shar, the two hunters who had gone after walrus, could easily erect an iglooya such as they were building in less than an hour.

“You’re sure it isn’t going to topple in?” asked Kood-shoo, with solicitude. He had experienced this disaster. More than one of his play houses had collapsed when nearly finished.

“It will not fall,” answered the angekok. He had allowed the second tier of blocks to project inside only a few inches and they had already frozen tight to the blocks below them. Every crack was filled up with snow. As before, the next tier of blocks were shaped to fit, and Kood-shoo went inside to slice the lower edges of them into a curve.

The iglooya was now three tiers high and was beginning to draw in towards the top. The fourth tier was made of pieces longer and flatter, so that more of their weight would rest upon the wall that was already built. These were easy to cut and fit, and the work went on rapidly. Near the top, the angekok’s skill counted, for herein lay the principal difficulty in such building. When only a small hole remained to be filled, Ky-oah-pah cut the blocks in little pieces of irregular sizes so that the hut might end in a flat spiral of small blocks

and he held each piece in place for a minute or two, that it might freeze solidly. The solidity of the hut, however, was not dependent on the firmness of the frozen block, but on the principle of construction. The final piece was handed up by Kood-shoo.

"Is this really the last one, Ky-oah-pah?" panted the boy, knocking off the icicles which his breath had made on the fur beneath his mouth. Building the snow hut was hot work, even though there were sixty degrees of frost and the wind blew silently.

"The very last," the angekok replied, with a note of relief in his voice. It was several seasons since he had built an iglooya, since that work was generally done by the hunters. Moreover, he knew that there is no worse omen for the success of an expedition than the collapse of an iglooya during building.

"Our walls are awfully thick," announced Kood-shoo with pride, as he stood in the opening into the hut. "We ought to be warm!"

"We shall need thick walls," the angekok replied. "In two days the moon will be too faint for hunting."

Kood-shoo knew well what that meant. The

night would grow darker and darker and there would follow two long weeks during which no one would dare to venture outside. Only the wind and the silence would be abroad, under the sharp glitter of the stars and the faint waving of the Northern Lights. Darkness and desolation would reign supreme. Kood-shoo had not seen the sun, nor any gleam of daylight, for six weeks. He would not see a dawn for two months more. The long Polar night held his frozen world in its bleak grip.

Kood-shoo was not afraid of the dark. How could he be, when every winter of his life he had not seen the sun for four months? But, like every Eskimo, he was afraid of the cold, and it was with remembrance of that death-menace that ever hangs over the North, that he repeated hesitatingly,

“You’re sure it will be warm?”

“Quite sure,” answered Ky-oah-pah, reassuringly, and Kood-shoo was well content, for he knew that Ky-oah-pah, the angekok, was wise with all the wisdom of the north. With the long knife, holes were made in the snow wall. Through these holes loops of rawhide were thrust and a piece of ivory passed through the loop on the outside

of the house. Some of the holes were near the top, these were to hold the weight of the furs which lined the interior of the iglooya; there was a row of holes half-way down, to keep the furs close to the wall and holes at the bottom to keep the skins out of the way. Not only was this lining for warmth, but should there be any dripping, it would fall on the suspended hide and not in the hut.

“Shall we build the tunnel now?” asked the boy, for he realized that no snow house, however warmly built and lined, could be habitable unless a direct draught of air into the hut was prevented by a long curved entrance-way.

“That will not take long,” the angekok replied.

The tunnel was simple in construction compared with the rest of the iglooya. It was only two and a half feet wide, to begin with, so that every block laid down rapidly added to its length.

“You make the breck while I cut the blocks, Kood-shoo,” directed the architect.

“It’ll be pitch-dark in there,” said the boy, “but I can get it right, I think, just the same.”

He dived through the opening into the house and began working with a will, digging by feel alone. He leveled the mound of the hard snow

until the floor of the inside was even with the top of the lowest layer of the wall. Thus no cold could come through at the bottom.

As soon as this was done, Kood-shoo dug a hallway on a level with the snow outside. This hallway ran from the center of the iglooya to the opening from the hut into the passageway. It was just a harpoon's length, or about five feet. Being dug down three feet, it gave the inside of the hut the appearance of having a platform of snow, three feet high, encircling the narrow passage. As the iglooya was eight feet in diameter on the inside and there was a two and a half foot wide passage that ran into the middle, this platform, or "breck," as Kood-shoo built it, really had three parts. The largest of these was from the end of the passage to the furthest wall, and therefore was five feet deep, and on either side of the passage was a breck nearly three feet deep, to the outside wall to right and left.

By the time that Kood-shoo had finished this part of his work, Ky-oah-pah had laid the first two tiers of the tunnel, which was about sixteen feet long. Near the iglooya itself, right at the opening into the hut, this entrance tunnel was built quite high, five feet in height, or almost as

high as the iglooya. This part, which was called the vestibule, Ky-oah-pah made six feet in length. The second part, further from the house and nearer to the outside, was only four feet high. It was three feet in width, and therefore slightly narrower than the vestibule portion. It was at this point that the curve came, and, counting the curve, this section was about eight feet long. Then Ky-oah-pah built a solid piece of wall, a little higher than the second portion of the tunnel, but allowing only a hole two and a half feet high and the same wide. This was to serve for a doorway. It just gave room for the owners to squeeze through on hands and knees. Kood-shoo, who was small, could shoot right through it like an arrow from a whale-rib bow, but it was a tight fit for Ky-oah-pah.

“Won’t Kah-mon-apik be squeezed getting through!” exclaimed Kood-shoo, with a boyish grin, as he took note of the small size of the doorway.

Of course there was no door, but the curve of the tunnel prevented the icy winds from blowing straight into the iglooya. Besides, the tunnel pointed to the south-east, and in the Smith Sound region, where this snow-house was built, the

winter winds are prevailing from the northwest, a fact which Ky-oah-pah did not overlook.

While the vestibule was building and before the smaller tunnel had been closed up, all the skins and meat had been piled into the hut, and as soon as the doorway was made, Kood-shoo and Ky-oah-pah went inside to look after the interior furnishing of the hut which was to be their home for the next two weeks on the frozen ocean.

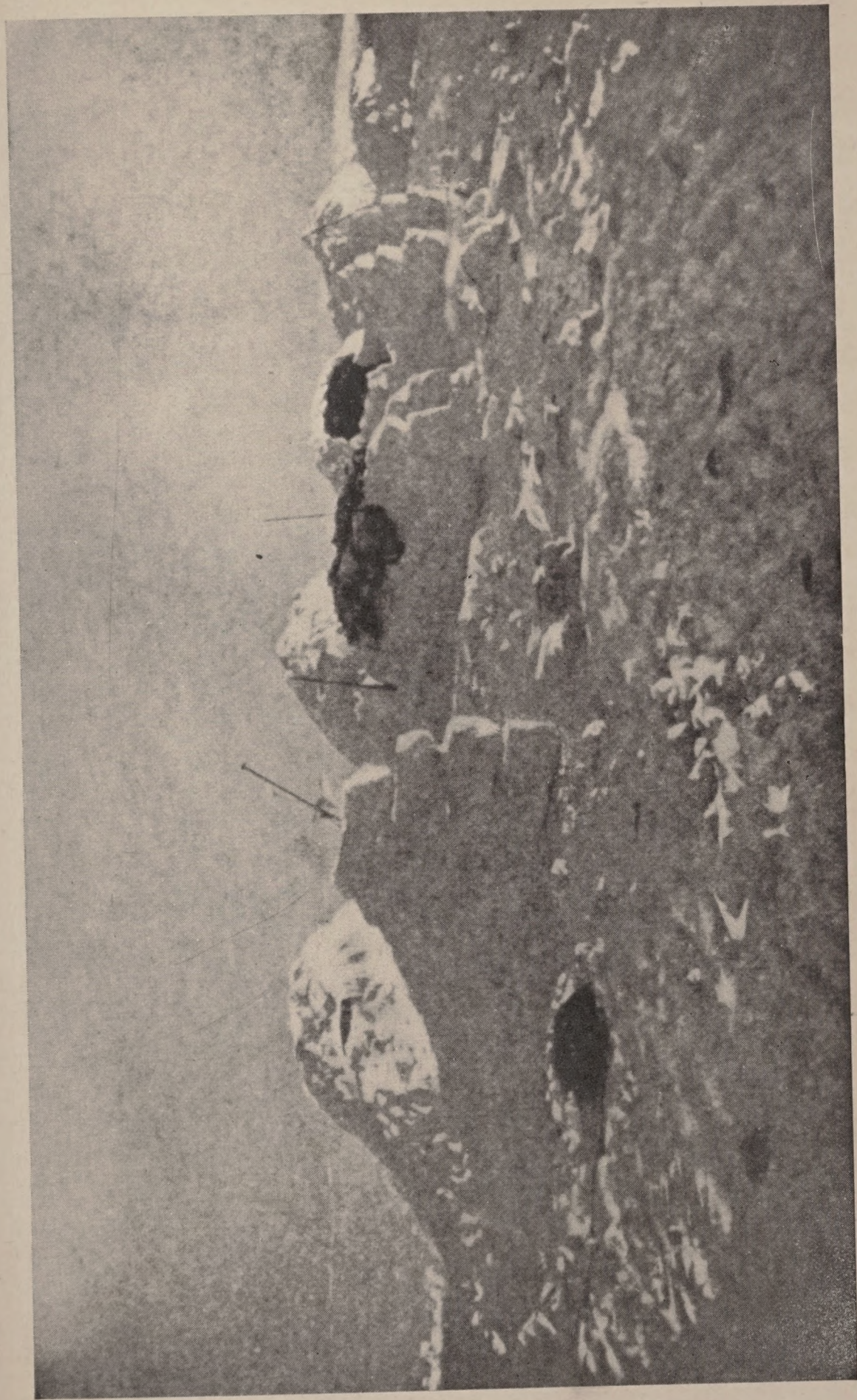
“Spread the skins, Kood-shoo,” said the angekok, “I will get ready the lamp.”

Inside the iglooya it was absolutely pitch-dark. The boy had to feel for the skins, in order to spread them over the breck toward the inside of the hut and on the left hand side. The meat was stored on the platform to the right.

Ky-oah-pah had put the lamp near at hand, so that he would be able to find it easily. Taking a flint and a piece of pyrites, or iron ore, he struck them together sharply many times, until at last a spark fell into a little bundle of dried moss, placed there for the purpose.

“Now!” cried Kood-shoo. “You’ve got it this time!”

The boy bent down and softly blew the spark into a glow, carefully keeping it alight while Ky-



ESKIMO CAMP IN WINTER.

This photograph was taken by the light of the Arctic moon. (By permission, from Roald Amundsen's "The North-West Passage," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

oah-pah prepared the lamp. This was a simple contrivance, consisting merely of a piece of soapstone carved out into the form of a deep saucer, with one straight edge. Along this edge the angekok laid a strip of moss and heaped small pieces of blubber into the middle of the bowl. Then, taking the glowing fire that Kood-shoo had kept up, he lighted the moss on the edge of the lamp. Soon, it also began to glow, and the heat started to melt the blubber. As soon as the blubber melted and flowed to the bottom of the saucer, the moss sucked it up, like the wick of a lamp. By careful management, the glow was coaxed into a bright, hot flame, excellent for lighting, heating and cooking, as long as the moss was kept trimmed and the center of the lamp was well filled with pieces of blubber.

“Now we’ll put up the rack,” declared the angekok.

He took the sharpened ends of polar bear ribs, which had been lashed together with sinews to form a rack, and thrust them into the snow roof. With these as a base, a few twists of the tough sinews from a narwhal’s tail made a strong and elastic overhead support. From this the angekok suspended the now brightly burning lamp.

“Fill up the water-pot, Kood-shoo,” was the next direction, and the boy, taking a larger bowl, also made of soapstone, ran down the tunnel and wriggled out of the doorway to fill the bowl with pieces of ice. The bright light of the iglooya made the darkness outside seem all the more dark, and the wind was terribly cold. Kood-shoo looked up at the moon, which was in her last quarter, and felt puzzled, as he often had felt before when noticing the phases of the moon.

“Ky-oah-pah!” he began, as soon as he returned with the water-bowl, and watched the angekok hang it over the lamp, where the heat would soon melt the ice, “why doesn’t the moon shine like a round ball all the time?”

“You know the moon is a little girl—” the angekok began, but Kood-shoo interrupted him.

“Oh, I know that story,” he said, “you mean about the time that the sun decided to go away and leave everybody in darkness, and his little girl, the Moon, stole some fire from his lamp and ran away to the other side of the sky so that he couldn’t catch her?”

“Yes. Why do you ask, if you know the story?”

“I want to know why the moon changes shape.”

“The moon grows tired, she must sleep,” was the answer.

“But when the sun’s here in summer time, he doesn’t sleep,” objected Kood-shoo.

“The Moon is a very little girl,” explained the angekok, “the sun is a strong hunter. It is tiring for a girl to carry a lamp all round the sky, and it is darkness-time now. You know, in darkness-time, one sleeps a great deal.”

“Is the moon such a sleepy-head?”

“Yes, worse than you,” declared the angekok with a laugh. “When you wake up in the winter time, you come wide-awake at once, but the little girl moon, when she wakens, yawns so wide that you can only see the edge of her face. As she gets more and more awake, the yawns grow smaller, until, when she is quite wide awake, you can see the whole of her face. Then it is hunting time and a man goes on his travels.”

“And the moon yawns just as wide when she is going to sleep then, I suppose,” commented Kood-shoo.

“Just as wide. When she begins to grow sleepy, she gives a little yawn and then a bigger one, and one still bigger, until you can see nothing of her face but one big yawn. Then she goes

fast asleep, and, of course, her lamp goes out."

"I noticed that she was getting sleepy when I was out," the boy remarked, yawning himself as he said it.

"She's not the only one who's sleepy," smiled back the angekok. "But we haven't quite finished, Kood-shoo. Come, we must bank up the iglooya with snow. It will be warm in here when we come back."

Although the lamp was burning brightly, and the icy chill was slightly lessened, neither Kood-shoo nor the angekok had yet taken off their furs and the boy dived for the entrance.

"Why can't we put water on the hut, just as we do in the village?" asked the lad.

The angekok shook his head at the question.

"A skin-full of water would freeze solid while you were carrying it from the water-hole to the iglooya," he answered. "It is still sunshine-time when we bank the iglooya in the village."

"I'd forgotten that," admitted Kood-shoo, and he joined with a vim in piling the snow around and over the new hut, taking especial care to fill up all the cracks.

"Ky-oah-pah," said the boy, as they worked together, "why have we built this iglooya here,

right on the ice, instead of going back to the village during the time that the moon is asleep?"

"If the winter is long," the old man answered, "there will be very little food in our village of Itti-bloo. Kah-mon-apik is the 'big hunter' of the people. The ice may be good, near the open water, and there will be walrus. He must take food back with him, or he will no longer be the 'big hunter.'"

"But why did you come, Ky-oah-pah, you, whose eyes are like an owl's in daylight?"

The half-blind angekok leaned forward towards the boy.

"Kah-mon-apik is the 'big hunter,'" he repeated. "He has great courage to fight the walrus and the big white bear, but his courage is small to go to places that are strange and to do things which are new. He believes that I know the things that are going to happen, and that, with me, he will be safe."

"But you don't know what's going to happen, do you?"

"It is not difficult to know many more things than Kah-mon-apik," was the answer, "or even, than Kood-shoo! True, the people in the village say many things about me which they have imag-

ined. I have not told them. Only—" and the angekok's face grew thoughtful, "it is true that sometimes strange sights come to me when the eyes of my breath are out on the ice, but my body is asleep in the iglooya."

"Every one I've met thinks you know a lot," declared the boy.

"That is why Kah-mon-apik wishes me with him."

"But why do you take me wherever you go, Ky-oah-pah?" questioned the lad, ever hopeful of a reply, though he had put the question a score of times and the angekok had always answered him that he was still too young to know.

"That your nose may not freeze if you are left at home," was the laughing answer.

Kood-shoo wriggled uncomfortably. This was a very sore point with him, for, among all the Eskimo children who lived at Itti-bloo, his nose was the only one that froze easily. His foster-father, the angekok, had explained to him that this was because he was not a member of the far northern tribe, but belonged to a different race of Eskimos, who lived in Baffin land, on the other side of Baffin Bay. So Kood-shoo, being touchy on the subject, retorted to Ky-oah-pah,

“My nose is much more likely to freeze out here on the ice than it is in the village!”

“It will not freeze in the iglooya,” was the answer, “and you do not travel in the darkness.”

“But since I can’t hunt at all, and only do a little fishing,” protested Kood-shoo, “why do you take me when none of the other boys go? It’s heaps of fun, of course, and I’d hate to be left at home, but it does seem queer. I’ve asked you heaps of times, Ky-oah-pah, and you never tell me anything!”

The angekok looked over the dark ice, over the world of frozen shadows, gray-blue and dim, with here and there a silver gleam as a piece of ice was picked out by the moonlight. There was no sign of the sledges of the walrus-hunters returning to the camp.

“It is too soon for Kah-mon-apik to come back,” he said. “Let us go into the iglooya and I will tell you why I brought you out on the ice this hunting trip this winter. Perhaps, Kood-shoo, you are now old enough to know.”

He dropped upon hands and feet and crawled through the hole at the entrance of the tunnel and round the curve into the iglooya. In the vestibule he stood, almost erect, and hung up his kapetah,

or fox-skin coat, which was covered with snow. Kood-shoo followed him and did the same. These coats could not be hung in the iglooya, for presently the hut would become warm—and the warmth would melt the snow upon them and make them wet. Once a kapetah was wet, it would take a long time to dry. That would never do. One could not go outside in a damp kapetah, for it would freeze solid like a sheet of bone and the wearer would become frost-bitten beneath. The kapetahs must always be left hanging in the vestibule where the snow would not melt on them. Then the inside of the fur would always be dry. This was the purpose of the vestibule.

“Doesn’t it smell warm?” exclaimed Kood-shoo delightedly, as soon as he climbed on the breck.

It did. To any noses not accustomed to Eskimo conditions, it would have smelt a good deal more than warm. But the iglooya, as it stood, contained almost everything which one could need in the Polar night: warmth, brightness and a shelter. The angekok trimmed the lamp, put in it a few more pieces of blubber, lay down on the caribou skins and began his story.

“It was twelve darknesses ago,” he said,

“three years after the white men first came and spoke to us, that there fell a darkness that was very long and very cold. The wind blew all the time, so hard and so bitterly that we could not even go to the nearest holes cut in the ice for the catching of fish. There was very little meat in the village, and though all shared their food together, there was not enough. Had any one dared to try and reach the villages to the north, there was even less food there. And, as you know, Kood-shoo, to the south lies the Barren Ground, which no Innuits can cross, and where no life exists.”

Kood-shoo nodded. That stretch of territory five hundred miles in length, where the glaciers reached to the coast, was familiar as a warning to every Eskimo child.

“Many, many big hunters had piblok-to, during that darkness, and it was known as the Piblok-to Year.”

“I’ve heard of that, too,” rejoined Kood-shoo. “Wasn’t that the year that Seeq-wah broke his leg by jumping from a big piece of ice, trying to fly?”

“That was the year. Seeq-wah thought he was a sea-gull,” answered the old man, “piblok-to makes an Innuits believe many strange things.”

It was no wonder that Kood-shoo had heard the story, for the piblok-to year is famous. Every winter, the piblok-to, the brief madness that attacks the Eskimo, finds some victim, but that year, no one had escaped. Some of the women in the village had suffered several attacks. Usually, the mania only lasts for a few hours, but the year of the epidemic, the fits of madness lasted for several days, leaving the victim weak and ill.

“When we were getting ready for the spring hunting after the Piblok-to Darkness,” the angekok continued, “one of the hunters, looking across that piece of open sea which the white men call the North Water, cried out that there was a man drifting by on the ice and that he was being eaten by a polar bear.”

“Were they fighting hard?” questioned Kood-shoo, his eyes sparkling with anticipation.

“You shall see,” the angekok replied. “The hunters put off in their kayaks,” he continued, “each one taking his spear and his harpoon, to go to the rescue of this drifting stranger from an unknown land. But, as the hunters drew nearer, they saw a sight so strange that fear filled their stomachs, and all the kayaks, except one, were turned for the shore and driven toward the village

as fast as the paddles could be made to dip the water."

"The one that didn't turn back, I suppose, was yours?" put in the boy.

Ky-oah-pah nodded.

"I was just as much afraid," he answered, "but I am angekok, and the things that are strange I must dare to see.

"On a large cake of ice, that was drifting fast down the North Water, stood a tall hunter. He was dressed as a hunter, though with a kapetah fashioned differently from that of our folk, but he wore, besides, a woman's amaut, and from this hood there peered a baby, a boy about three years old. And, Kood-shoo," the angekok paused solemnly, "on the same piece of ice there was a nannook-soak, a lean and hungry polar bear."

"Were they fighting?" asked the lad excitedly, for above all Ky-oah-pah's stories, he liked best those which told of polar bear fights.

"No," answered the angekok mysteriously, "they were not fighting. The hunter was standing beside the polar bear, with his hand on the nannook-soak's neck, as though it were a sledge-dog."

"And the nannook didn't eat him up?"

“The nannook, with his little eyes, his red tongue and his sharp white teeth, stood beside the hunter, swaying his long fierce head from side to side, yet never offering to touch either the hunter or the baby.”

“What did you think, Ky-oah-pah?”

“I was afraid,” the angekok replied, “just as the others were. But I could not show it.

“The stranger called to me as I stopped my kayak near the piece of ice.

“‘You are the brave one,’ he said, ‘all the other hunters have run away.’

“‘They think Torn-uk-soak is in the nannook,’ I answered, because, Kood-shoo, it looked as though there must be a demon somewhere, either in the bear or in the hunter.”

“It might have been in the boy,” put in Kood-shoo, mischievously.

“Perhaps, in the boy,” gravely agreed the angekok.

“Then, what happened?” eagerly asked Kood-shoo, for the story was quite new to him and the angekok was telling it so seriously.

“The stranger answered me,

“‘Only the weak man fears Torn-uk-soak. Come closer with your kayak.’

“I was very much afraid, Kood-shoo, but I knew that if it were Torn-uk-soak, it would do no good to paddle away. Can one escape a demon? So I came closer.

“ ‘Throw me your harpoon-line,’ then said the fierce-eyed hunter. His language was not quite the same as ours, but I could understand what he said.

“I threw the harpoon upon the floating piece of ice. The hunter took the end of the line in his hand.

“ ‘Paddle to the shore,’ he said.

“Then I was more afraid. Here I was bringing Torn-uk-soak to the village, in the form either of a stranger or a bear.”

“Or a boy,” put in Kood-shoo.

“Or a boy,” assented the angekok solemnly. “But in whatever form he came, who could tell what harm might follow? Yet, if it were indeed Torn-uk-soak, it was better to please him than to anger him. So I took my paddle and struck out for the shore. It was not long before the piece of ice grounded.

“Then, Kood-shoo, there happened that which made me yet more afraid. The fierce-eyed hunter took the little boy from his amaut and placed him

on the nannook's back, as the people of the other side of the moon (the Siberian natives) sit on the backs of caribou (reindeer)."

"Was the boy afraid?" asked Kood-shoo.

"He was too small to be afraid. He laughed and held tight to the loose skin around the nannook's neck.

"Then the hunter leaped from his piece of ice to another that was near by, and so from piece to piece, until he reached the shore."

"Leaving the boy alone with the nannook?" cried Kood-shoo, in surprise.

"Leaving the boy astride the nannook's back," was the reply. "Then the great bear slowly plunged into the water, swimming high. So high did he swim that only the feet of the boy were in the water. The long legs and hair-covered paws of the giant bear beat the water like the paddles of a mighty kayak, and the boy rode on the nannook-soak as Torn-uk-soak rides on the wind.

"And so they came to shore, the hunter first, and then the nannook with the boy. The bear climbed on the shore ice and came close to the hunter, where he stood waiting. To the boy on his back he gave no heed.

"As soon as I had unfastened myself from my

kayak, and drawn it up on the beach, for the ice was running heavily, I joined the stranger, standing beside him, however, on the opposite side from the bear. I had nothing with me but a small seal harpoon, useless against the nannook-soak, who was two arm-stretches long (nine feet) and heavier than six men (1000 lbs.).

“The stranger looked at me.

“ ‘Even you are afraid!’ he said. ‘Are the hunters of your tribe afraid of a nannook?’

“ ‘They are afraid of Torn-uk-soak, even as I am,’ I answered him. ‘It is not good to be so close to demons. Even the dogs are barking.’

“ ‘Your dogs are loud in welcome,’ he said.

“ ‘I called to the people of the village.

“ ‘Do not set loose the dogs!’ I cried.”

“ ‘Why did you tell them that, Ky-oah-pah?’” queried Kood-shoo.

“ ‘Dogs would not understand,’” the angekok replied. “ ‘They would have seen the nannook and the nannook only. They would not have seen Torn-uk-soak. As I have said, it is not wise to make the demons angry.’” And he continued,

“ ‘The nannook swung its long fierce head from side to side and began to walk slowly to the village. I have seen sights of fear in my long life,

Kood-shoo, but never anything which made me so afraid as that slow onward walk of the nannook-soak, with the baby on its back, while the fierce-eyed stranger watched them from the shore.

“Kah-mon-apik, he was a young man then, stepped out from his stone igloo, with two sharp bone-barbed spears in his hand.

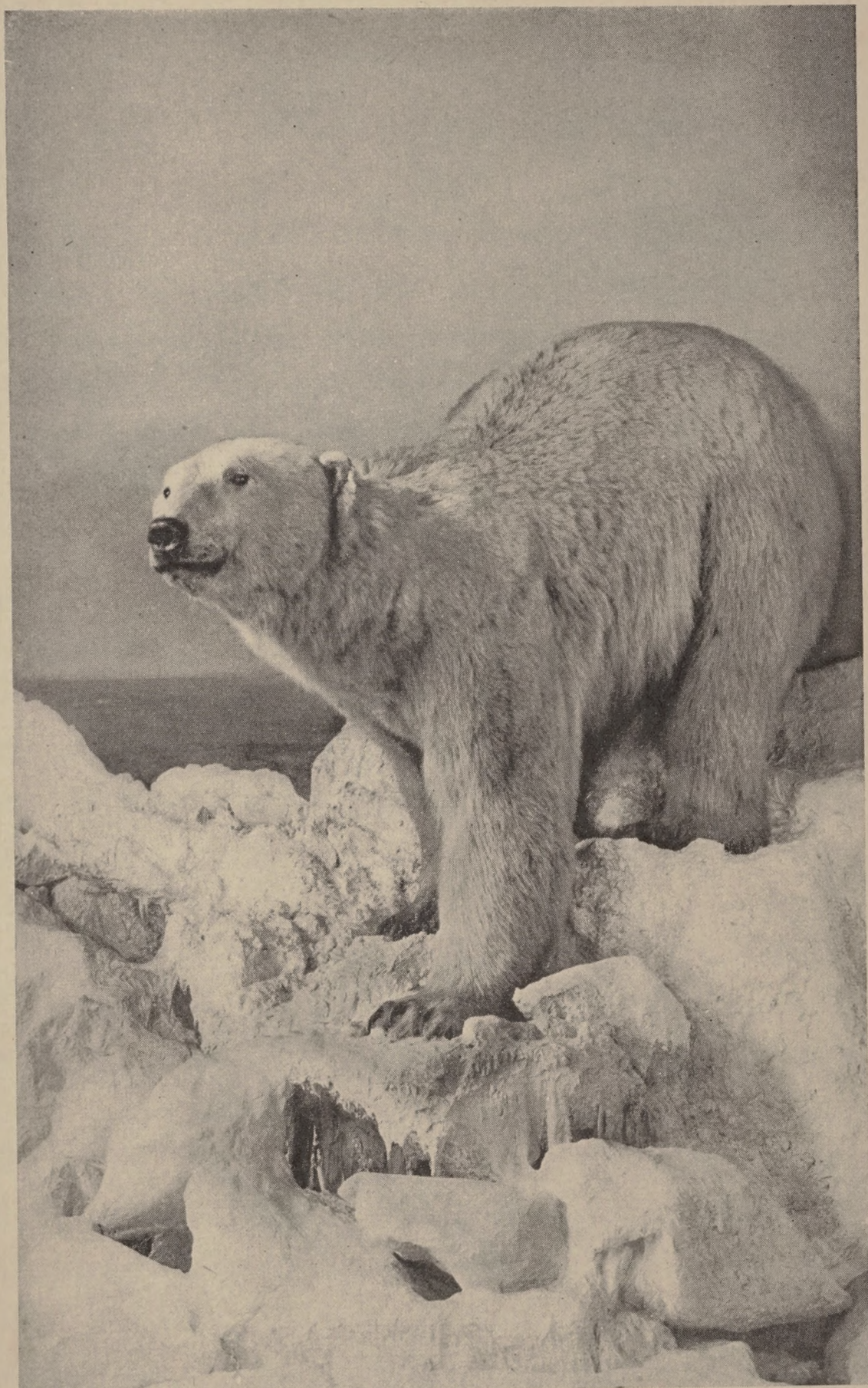
“‘Be still, Kah-mon-apik,’ I shouted. ‘It is not wise to make Torn-uk-soak angry. Keep a fast hold upon your spears, but do not use them!’

“Kah-mon-apik stood motionless, ready, watching the nannook-soak come near.

“At all the windows of the stone igloos, faces could be seen pressing against the bladder-skin panes, but no one else dared venture forth. Only Kah-mon-apik, standing there with his spears, and I, standing beside the stranger with my seal-harpoon, were face to face with the danger.

“The dogs were howling furiously, the best ones straining at their leashes, eager to attack the bear. But the nannook took no notice of their howls. Steadily he walked on, the boy still on his back. As though Torn-uk-soak indeed were guiding him, he walked straight to my igloo.”

“Weren’t you afraid for little In-nook-shee-ah?” urged Kood-shoo, thinking of his playmate,



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

“NANNOOK-SOAK” — THE POLAR BEAR.

On such a bear as this (which is one of the exhibits in the Polar Bear group in the Museum) Kood-shoo came to Itti-bloo.

the angekok's daughter, "she was only a baby, then."

"I knew that her mother would keep her in the igloo," answered the narrator, "and no nannook, even with Torn-uk-soak in his stomach, could make himself small enough to go in at the door. No igloo could have held that nannook. He was too big. Right at the door he stopped.

"The nannook looked back at the boy, as though noticing him for the first time, and gave his shoulders a great heave. The boy came tumbling, all of a heap, right beneath the gleaming claws of the great bear. The nannook looked at him again and took no further heed. His small eyes peered about the village and then he turned and looked out to sea.

"The howling of one of the dogs broke into a vicious snarl and the greatest fighter of the pack, a huge brute, who had bitten through his raw-hide thongs in his impatience, came leaping for the bear. The nannook-soak turned his fierce head to his attacker, and, rising on his haunches, struck at his assailant as he leaped and felled him with his paw. The blow would have crushed a walrus skull, and the dog, although the strongest in the village, was killed as a man kills a fly.

“Kah-mon-apik, to whom the dog belonged, again raised his spear. And again I shouted,

“‘Be still, Kah-mon-apik, no hunter can kill Torn-uk-soak!’

“So the hunter dropped the point of his spear.

“The nannook turned from the body of the dog and slowly, as before, walked past the igloos.

“The stranger turned to me.

“‘It has come to pass that a man starts on his travels,’ he said. ‘We have far to go,’ and I shivered at the ‘we.’ ‘And, on this journey that we go to the nannook’s home, there is no meat. The child needs food and must stay here. Whose is the igloo?’

“‘It is mine,’ I said.

“‘It is the igloo of a brave man,’ he answered. ‘You will be father to the child. He will be a hunter, some day, a greater hunter than your tribe has known, and he, too, will hunt in the home of the nannook-soak, in the land where there is no meat.’

“‘It is not for evil to the people of Itti-bloo that Torn-uk-soak has come?’ I ventured to ask.

“‘Evil comes only when a hunter brings it in his stomach,’ was the reply. ‘We have come for good. We come to bring magics to Itti-bloo.’

Around the boy's neck is an amulet. In it are the two magics. The square one he must sell to the white men and they will come here often and give you so much food that never again will the village be hungry. I, the black hunter from the Kig-ik-tag-miut (one of the Baffin Land tribes) have said it. The round magic you must never sell. The boy must keep it.'

"He stopped and watched the nannook.

" 'It has come to pass,' he repeated, 'that a man goes on his travels.'

" 'You will feast first,' I suggested, for it is not good to let the demons go unfed.

" 'The hunter from the Kig-ik-tag-miut answered me over his shoulder.

" 'When we are hungry,' was his strange reply, 'the nannook will find meat.'

"I saw his famine-lined face no more. As slowly as the nannook, and as strangely, he walked to the end of the village, where the igloos come almost to the sea. So they walked together, the great bear past the doorways of the igloos, the hunter along the shore, and they met at the village end.

"The hunter laid his hand upon the nannook's neck, and, big man though he was, the bear came

almost to his armpits. Walking side by side, they passed out of the village, out to the slopes of the mountains and the Sermik-soak (ice-cap) beyond.

“For hours we could see them, climbing the glacier side by side, up to that land of silence where nothing lives, a land where there is no meat. Always they were side by side, the hand of the hunter upon the great bear’s neck, until they were lost in the haze of the mountains.

“Wondering greatly, I followed them. But when I came to a bank of smooth snow and found on it neither track of nannook nor footprint of hunter, I knew it was not wise for me to go further.

“I turned back again to my igloo, and there I saw the boy, still playing on the moss before my doorway.

“That boy, Kood-shoo, was you!”

CHAPTER II

THE TWO MAGICS

UPON the heap of deerskins at the end of the snow hut, Kood-shoo started bolt upright, his eyes almost popping out of his head.

“You mean that I was the boy who rode into the village, sitting on the nannook-soak! Oh, Ky-oah-pah, really?”

The old man shook his head from side to side, the Eskimo sign of assent.

“It happened as I have told it,” he answered. “You are the boy. And that is why I always take you with me, when I go upon the ice.”

“But I don’t see why, even yet,” declared Kood-shoo. “What has my riding on the nannook got to do with my going with you on the winter hunts?”

“It is because you were riding on Torn-uk-soak,” the angekok explained. “If you are so great a friend of the demon, who has power over cold and storm, he will not let you freeze or drown. Did not the fierce-eyed stranger say that you

would grow to be a great hunter, that some day would climb upon the sermik-soak of the mountains (the Greenland ice-cap), that land of silence, where there is no meat? It is sure, then, that until that time arrives, in every danger you will be safe. The demons do not lie. Those, then, who travel with you will be safe as well."

The Eskimo boy looked pleased, but he looked grave, too. It was something to be told that he first was seen riding on the back of a huge polar bear, but it was also disturbing to him to learn that his friends took him with them on their travels because he was supposed to be in league with the demons. Kood-shoo was not quite sure he liked the idea.

"But you don't really believe it all, Ky-oah-pah?" protested the boy. "Isn't it just a tale you're telling me?"

"I was there and saw it," answered the angekok, betraying no surprise at the boy's incredulity, though no other child in the tribe would have questioned his word. Ky-oah-pah was accustomed to Kood-shoo's differences from the other children in the village, but he believed that this was due to the fact that Kood-shoo came from another tribe.

“If it’s all true, then, Ky-oah-pah, where are the magics? Can I see them? Have you got them here?”

For answer, the angekok put his hand inside his bird-skin shirt and pulled out a caribou-skin pouch. From this he drew a small, square, red object and laid it in Kood-shoo’s hand.

“What is it, Ky-oah-pah?”

“A white man’s picture book,” was the reply.

Eager to see what stories the white men had told, Kood-shoo opened the book. He could not understand a single thing.

“You said that it was pictures!” he cried, disappointedly.

“White men’s pictures,” the angekok corrected him.

In the Eskimo sense he was correct, for all Eskimo writing is in pictures and many a story had Kood-shoo been able to read from the figures carved on walrus tusk or narwhal horn which the angekok kept in his stone igloo at their own village of Itti-bloo. There were no such pictures in the white men’s book, only some queer black scratch marks on the leaves within.

“I don’t understand anything about it,” the boy said, sadly, handing the book back to the angekok.

“Why should you understand?” his friend rejoined. “It is white men’s magic.”

“But I thought, Ky-oah-pah, you said that the stranger told you to sell it to the white men. Why did you keep it when the white men came last year?”

“It is for you to sell, not for me,” the angekok explained. “I am quite sure that Torn-uk-soak would not be pleased if I had sold the magic to the white men and never given it to you. It is yours, not mine. Now that you are old enough to know about these things, Kood-shoo, you must take charge of these magics and you must show this one to the white men when next they come. They may visit Itti-bloo next summer.”

“And I’m to sell this to them?”

“So the Kig-ik-tag-miut hunter said. They may give you something of value in return for the magic, perhaps, even a knife like that of Kah-mon-apik, and, as well, so much food that never again will the village be hungry.”

“All because of me!” exclaimed the lad, delightedly.

“No, not quite,” the angekok replied, “the white men help the Innuits because the white men are good and very rich. But because of your

magic we may get a closer friendship with the white men."

"Where is the other magic, then, Ky-oah-pah," urged the boy, "the one that I mustn't sell?"

"It is here also," answered the old man.

He drew from the same caribou-skin pouch a round yellow object, covered with a shiny transparent substance which was really glass, but which Kood-shoo supposed to be the membrane from the insides of a seal, such as was used for windows in the village igloos. Inside this flat, yellow, circular box, balanced so that it moved around, was a needle.

"What a funny needle," cried the boy, "where's the hole for the sinew thread?"

"It has none," rejoined the angekok.

Kood-shoo turned it over, sideways, upside down, tried to take it apart, but nothing happened.

"I don't understand this, either," he announced, greatly disappointed that both the "magics" should prove so incomprehensible. "A needle isn't for a hunter, that's a girl's gift!"

Ky-oah-pah nodded negatively.

"No," he answered, "it is not a girl's gift. I saw something like this, once, when I was on the white men's ship. Only this is a baby one. Per-

haps—" he looked at the object suspiciously, "perhaps it will get bigger as you grow bigger. I do not know. White men's magic is not for an Innuït to understand."

"But I want to understand," declared Kood-shoo. "I'll ask the white men when they come."

The angekok's one eye gleamed curiously at Kood-shoo. The boy's desire to find out everything, so different from his playmates, always amazed the angekok. He placed the two "magics" back in the caribou-skin pouch and handed it to Kood-shoo.

"You wear this now," he said. "You are a child no more."

He turned away and busied himself trimming the lamp and putting in it some more pieces of blubber.

Kood-shoo was hungry and as there is neither breakfast-time nor dinner-time in Eskimo-land, the boy took a chunk of frozen walrus flipper and commenced munching contentedly. In order to eat the flipper, the lad had to hold a piece in his mouth until it was sufficiently thawed to be cut off with a knife. After a piece of proper size was thus secured, each half-thawed piece had to be

held in the mouth until it was soft enough for chewing.

This was a fair sample of Kood-shoo's meals, for in all his life, he had never seen bread, vegetables or fruit. During the short Arctic summer he had eaten the wild crow-berries that grow among the moss, but aside from that, summer and winter, his food had never been anything but meat and blubber. Kood-shoo was happily munching the raw walrus flipper, when from the darkness outside came the Eskimo greeting,

"Huk! Huk! Huk!"

"It's Kah-mon-apik and Mirk-tu-shar!" cried the boy, jumping off the breck. "I'm going to see what meat they've brought!"

He snatched his mittens from the overhead rack, where they had been drying, put on his kape-tah, which had been hanging in the vestibule, and wriggled out of the doorway like a little eel.

"It's an oog-sook!" he cried in delight, as soon as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. "Oh, what a big one, Kah-mon-apik! I never saw a bearded seal as big as that. It's like a walrus."

"It is mine," the hunter declared proudly, "I killed him with one harpoon stroke."

“Goody!” cried Kood-shoo, “now we’ll have lots to eat when the moon’s asleep.”

“But not the oog-sook,” put in Mirk-tu-shar. “We will take the oog-sook to the village. I have killed five little seals and Kah-mon-apik has harpooned seven. You will catch fish, perhaps, and there will be plenty of meat until next hunting. Then we will get a walrus, or perhaps, even, a nannook!”

Kood-shoo ran to Mirk-tu-shar’s sledge to look at the rest of the kill, and back again.

“I see you have finished the iglooya,” said Kah-mon-apik.

“Isn’t it a fine one!” exclaimed Kood-shoo. “I did a lot of it!”

“Then it will be lucky,” declared the hunter. “Unharness the dogs, Kood-shoo.”

In spite of the cold, which seemed so much more terrible in the increasing darkness as snow began to fall, Kood-shoo helped to unharness the dogs. They yelped and howled, jumping and snapping at each other, as fresh as though they had not pulled two loaded sledges through the darkness over several miles of rough ice. There are few things harder to handle than a dog-team, for the animals insist on jumping over and around each other,

tangling their long and loose rawhide traces into impossible knots. But Kood-shoo had the trick of handling them. Soon the dogs were freed from the loads and tethered to a stake driven into the hard snow. The boy stopped long enough to give a special hug to Paudiak "the good," so called because he was the most vicious dog in Ittibloo.

"Take care, Kood-shoo," warned Mirk-tu-shar, "Paudiak is savage to-day!"

Kood-shoo laughed and paid no heed. He knew that the dog was devoted to him, and hugged him the second time.

"It is like the day he rode in on Torn-uk-soak," said Mirk-tu-shar in a low voice to Kah-mon-apik, as he watched the boy playing with the shaggy brute.

The hunter nodded.

"We will leave food for Torn-uk-soak to-day," he replied gravely, referring to the Eskimo custom of putting out food for the demons to eat, when the weather threatens to be stormy.

Kood-shoo was sleepy, for he had eaten a lot of the walrus flipper and had worked hard at building the iglooya, but he knew it was wise to wait and help the hunters all that he could. Perhaps

he might be given a drink of the warm seal blood! That would be a great treat, for in Eskimo-land there is little to drink but blubber-oil and the water from melted ice.

“Are you going to flense (skin and cut up) the seals now, Kah-mon-apik?” he asked.

“Now!” answered the hunter.

He drew from its walrus-hide sheath the long steel knife—the only one in the possession of the tribe—which had been given him by the white men. Kah-mon-apik was very proud of this gift from the qavdlunat and he kept it very sharp by grinding it on a piece of trap-rock from the glacier.

Into the hide of the oog-sook the keen knife slipped, cutting easily the skin that would have taken half-an-hour's labor with Ky-oah-pah's ivory blade.

“It cuts like a sledge-track in the soft snow,” declared Mirk-tu-shar, who was never weary of watching the wonderful knife.

As soon as the hide was stripped off, the blanket of blubber or fat, three inches thick, was carefully removed in long straight strips.

“I'll carry those in!” cried Kood-shoo.

Taking the pieces of blubber in his arms, he

crept through the door into the iglooya. The strips were all greasy and bloody, of course, but that mattered little to Kood-shoo, for he had never had a bath in all his life and his clothes had never been washed. A little more grease and another coating of blood would not make any special difference.

With the white men's knife in the skillful hands of Kah-mon-apik, it was not long until the blubber was removed. The waning moon was now obscured by the fast-falling snow, but the hunter's skill was so great that he could have performed the task blind-folded. Then, when the blubber had all been cut away, the knife was sunk deep in the flesh, in such a way that the blood would run into the inside of the seal, and Kood-shoo, who was a favorite with the hunter, was given the first taste.

"I wish I were big enough to have a piece of the oog-sook's heart, Kah-mon-apik," the boy said longingly. "I'm sure it would make me a hunter much more quickly."

Kah-mon-apik looked up in horror at the suggestion.

"You must not. You must never not," he re-

peated, doubling the negative for greater earnestness, "Not until you have killed an oog-sook by yourself can you eat the heart, the liver, or the intestines of the big bull bearded seal."

"I know it," said Kood-shoo, for he was well aware of the Eskimo custom that young children and women must not eat the insides of animals, nor eggs, nor even small creatures such as hares and ptarmigans. "I know I can't eat it now, but I'm going to kill one soon, and then I will!"

"That will come," answered Kah-mon-apik, "but you must wait a few more darkneses yet."

Soon all the meat was cut from the bodies of the oog-sook and the smaller seals, and carried into the iglooya. A chunk of meat was thrown to each of the sixteen dogs, of which there were eight to each team, and the tough brutes, after gulping the meat down in large mouthfuls, lay down on the snow and went to sleep.

"Will you let them in if it gets very cold, Kah-mon-apik?" asked Kood-shoo, for he knew that sometimes, in the most piercing weather, some hunters allowed their dogs to come into the passageway of the iglooya.

Kah-mon-apik nodded his head negatively.

"They are all strong dogs," he said; "they will

stay tougher in the snow. An iglooya-housed dog grows tender on the trail.”

Those dogs of Kah-mon-apik's team were strong and hardy animals. No matter what the weather, they lay down on the ice to sleep. If a storm came up and covered them with snow, they slept the warmer for that snow-blanket. They only rose when the snow above them grew too heavy, to shake themselves free of the coating of flakes, to turn round three times and lie down again to sleep, their noses curled up in their fur.

With the seals cut up and the dogs fed, and with some pieces of meat laid out on the ice for Torn-uk-soak, the work of the hunting trip was over. Kah-mon-apik and Mirk-tu-shar followed Kood-shoo into the iglooya. The hunters were hungry, far too hungry to talk. Each hung up his kapetah in the vestibule, put his seal-skin mittens on the rack and climbed up on the breck, where he ate piece after piece of fresh raw seal meat until he could hold no more.

The hut was warming up gradually, but it was not warm enough yet to undress. Kah-mon-apik pulled the deerskins over his bearskin trousers and birdskin shirt and went quickly to sleep. Ky-oah-pah, Mirk-tu-shar and Kood-shoo followed his

example, and in less than half an hour after the sledges had driven up with the oog-sook, the entire camp was fast asleep.

The iglooya was warming up, now. With the constant burning of the blubber-fed lamp and the breathing of the four people, the snow hut grew steadily closer, until it was as warm inside as the temperature of a sunny summer day. The frozen walrus flipper began to thaw, and, together with the fresh seal meat, oozed out blood, which dripped, drop by drop, from the breck, to make a little pool on the floor of the passage, where it froze hard at once.

The cold penetrated the snow walls sufficiently to keep them from thawing on the inside, for if the walls should thaw and melt, even a little, it would make the whole of the iglooya damp and no one could live in it. It is only possible to endure the cold, in Eskimo-land, when everything is dry. Simple though their heating system may be, the Eskimos are very wise, for they know exactly the size of lamp which will give heat enough for an iglooya, and yet not make it so hot that the walls will melt. So, while the moon grew smaller and smaller, while the darkness became more and more black, while the wind blew colder and colder and

the snow fell steadily, Kood-shoo, the angekok and the hunters lay warm and comfortable, fast asleep in their iglooya out on the Polar ice.

Thirty hours passed before Kood-shoo woke up. There was no morning light to act as an alarm clock; it was as dark, or even darker, than when he went to sleep. During all that long time the moon had only set for a few hours. She had traveled round the horizon in a broken ring, being only a little higher in the southern half of the sky than in the northern.

Ky-oah-pah was already awake. Being an old man, he did not need as much sleep. Indeed, he had awakened two or three times, while Kood-shoo had not stirred, and each time that he woke he had trimmed the lamp and put some pieces of blubber in the center. He could do this without getting out from his caribou skin blankets, for, like all the rest, he slept with his head towards the lamp.

The two tired hunters, Kah-mon-apik and Mirk-tu-shar, slept on. They did not wake till many hours later. In Eskimo-land, people sleep long in the winter time, making up for the activities of the summer, when hardly any one sleeps at all.

With fresh seal meat at hand, Kood-shoo did not need to be hungry.

“Ky-oah-pah,” he called, “will you cut me a bit?”

It was warm, cuddling under the caribou skins and the boy felt too lazy to move.

The angekok sawed off a chunk of the meat with his ivory knife and handed it to him. Kood-shoo took it contentedly and began chewing the rich, spongy red meat. That was his breakfast, and just as soon as he had chewed it all up and felt that he could hold no more, he fell asleep again. But he slept only for a little while, for he had almost had his sleep out, and when next he turned over and opened his eyes, he was wide awake and ready to join in whatever was going on.

“Making soup, Ky-oah-pah?” he queried, as he saw the angekok busy over the lamp.

The old Eskimo nodded.

“The nice one?” eagerly asked the boy.

“The soup you like so much,” the angekok replied.

“Goody,” declared the boy. “When will it be ready?”

“In a little while,” came the assurance.

Kood-shoo jumped off the breck.

“I’m going out to see the dogs,” he announced. He reached down the mittens from the rack, put

on his kapetah, fastened the hood close around his face and crawled out of the door. The wind was blowing so hard that to walk against it was like trying to push back a heavy stone. Although so little of Kood-shoo's face was exposed that the rim of bushy foxtails which encircled it tickled his nose on both sides, the fur was small protection against the cold. Remembering that his nose froze easily, the boy rubbed it frequently.

Not a dog was to be seen.

Kood-shoo called:

“Paudiak!”

There was a stir under one of the many little snow heaps around him and Paudiak jumped up, shaking the snow from his back. He put his paws on the lad's shoulders and tried to lick his face. Kood-shoo fell under the dog's weight and went sprawling on the snow. Paudiak thought this was a game and yelped with delight. Generally Kood-shoo would have enjoyed a romp in the snow, but he had not bargained for the wind on the polar ice. It was very different here from the sheltered nook on Okrik's Bay where the village of Itti-bloo was built.

Up in the north, curtains of shining silver, tipped with red and green, flickered and waved.

Shafts of red light, like long knife blades, shot from out these curtains and then wavered and trembled like a lamp-flame in the open air. Many and many a time had Kood-shoo seen the Aurora Borealis, but, unlike the other Eskimos, he ever enjoyed watching it. It always seemed new and wonderful. It always was different. Paudiak did not watch it. He turned round three times and lay down again in the hollow his body had made and the snow commenced to weave a new blanket to cover him.

Then, suddenly, a quick twinge in his nose, followed by a feeling as though it were swelling, warned Kood-shoo that the frost had nipped it. He rubbed his nose vigorously with his bare hand, which he freed by pulling it out of the loose sleeve and putting it through the collar of the kapetah. Then he ran back to the iglooya. He had not been outside the snow house more than three minutes, but already he was very cold. Ky-oah-pah was right, he would stay inside until the moon came to the full again.

Still holding his hand to his frost-nipped nose, the boy crept through the little door. He did not dare to go straight into the warmth of the iglooya, for if he did, his nose would suffer. The skin



AURORA BOREALIS SEEN BY MCCLINTOCK.

Pen-drawing by leader of expedition which found Franklin's only written record.



AURORA BOREALIS SEEN BY DR. KANE.

Pen-drawing by officer of expedition which met disaster during the Franklin search.

would peel right off. So he waited in the vestibule, rubbing his nose with his warm hand until, at last, feeling began to return into it. Oh, how it burned with little shooting pains! Still, the frost bite had been very slight and Kood-shoo had not been far from the iglooya, so in five minutes' time his nose was all right again, and he ran in and climbed up on the breck.

"Ky-oah-pah," he said, as he scrambled up, "they're playing another game of ball in the sky, now."

He spoke of the Aurora Borealis, for the angekok had told him that these Northern Lights were the games of the dead children in the sky. Kood-shoo remembered that when one of his little playmates had died, a ball had been left beside the body, so that, in the future life, the child might not lack the opportunity to play with his comrades in the shining fields of the sky.

To the lad's surprise, however, the angekok did not answer, and looking at him closely, Kood-shoo saw that, while he was sitting bolt upright, he was as rigid as though frozen, with his eyeballs rolled back out of sight. Many a time had Kood-shoo seen his foster-father in this state and he knew that the magician was in a trance, or, as he used

to call it himself, "that the feet of his breath were traveling."

Kah-mon-apik stirred. As he awakened, his glance fell on Ky-oah-pah and he looked quickly across at Kood-shoo. Then the hunter, without any noise, cut off a piece of the raw seal meat for himself. To do so he did not need to stir from his bed, for the meat was across the little passageway, two and a half feet wide, and Kah-mon-apik, like the others, had lain with his head towards the lamp.

As he stirred, however, Mirk-tu-shar awakened and Kah-mon-apik cut off another piece for his companion. The munching of the two sets of jaws was the only sound that broke the silence. Kood-shoo looked longingly at the soup-pot, for he knew that Ky-oah-pah had been making a mixture of blood, oil, and the insides of the seal, a rare delicacy. Presently the smell of the soup grew to be stronger than Kood-shoo's patience.

"Kah-mon-apik, there's soup!" he said in a low voice.

The hunter looked upwards at the pot, lifted it down and took a large swallow of the boiling liquid, then handed the pot to Mirk-tu-shar. The second hunter followed suit and passed the vessel

to Kood-shoo. The boy took a large swallow and smacked his lips, for it tasted delicious to him, and hung the soup pot back on the rack.

Then Kood-shoo, who, unlike his fellow-play-mates, was full of questions, asked Kah-mon-apik about the hunting of the oog-sook and the harpooning of the seals. The hunter, after describing the kill, said that he had seen walrus on the North Water and that he expected to harpoon one on the next hunting.

While they sat talking, there came a distant hollow booming of the ice. Kah-mon-apik, alert in an instant, leaped from the breck, snatched mittens and kapetah and slipped through the door of the iglooya. Nothing was visible in the darkness and the falling snow, but Kah-mon-apik returned content. His Arctic sense told him that the ice beneath them was not moving. Besides, the dogs were still, and the hunter knew well that if there was any danger of the moving of the ice-pack, the dogs would have been restless and howling.

“It must have been Qalutaligssuaq,” he said, “the Monster of the Ladles.”

Mirk-tu-shar laughed.

“Then Kood-shoo must frighten him with his big toe,” he declared.

Kood-shoo stared at him.

“What’s that, Mirk-tu-shar?” he queried.

“Don’t you know the story of Qalutaligssuaq?” the second hunter rejoined.

“I never heard of him,” responded Kood-shoo. “Tell me the story.”

The young hunter swallowed a large piece of raw seal meat on which he had been chewing, and began.

“Many, many darkneses ago,” he said, “there was a monster in the sea that used to eat small children. He was especially fond of boys. He was as fond of boys, Kood-shoo, as you are fond of soup!

“Whenever he got hungry, he would take two icebergs, and with his long nails, scoop them out into the shape of ladles. These he would beat together to let the people know that he was hungry and must soon be fed. He was so big and fierce, that the people were afraid, and they would put the children on a piece of ice and send them off to sea for Qalutaligssuaq to eat.

“But, one day, after Qalutaligssuaq had clashed together his ladles a great number of times, a boy, named Tan-op-nuk, who afterwards became a great hunter, determined to defy the monster. So,

when Qalutaligssuaq came near the shore, the boy suddenly ran down to the beach without his shoes on, and, standing on his head, he waved his bare toes at the monster.

“ ‘Beware! Beware!’ he cried out, ‘Beware of my big toe that eats men!’

“And Kood-shoo, since Qalutaligssuaq’s big toe could not eat anything, the monster grew afraid of a creature which could do the things he could not. Frightened at the boy’s speech, Qalutaligssuaq swam out to sea and was never seen on the village shore again. But, to this day, we can still hear Qalutaligssuaq clapping his ladles in the distance to say that he is very hungry.”

“And has he never come back again, Mirk-tu-shar?” asked the boy.

“Never,” the younger hunter replied. “For, whenever the clapping of the ladles sounds too close, all that one has to do is to say,

“ ‘Beware! Beware! Beware of my big toe that eats men!’

“Then Qalutaligssuaq, thinking that he hears Tan-op-nuk speaking, swims out to sea again and does not dare to come close to the shore.”

Many another story did Mirk-tu-shar tell the boy, as they lay in the iglooya on the ice, and still

Ky-oah-pah sat bolt upright, rigid as though frozen, with his eyeballs rolled back out of sight. He sat thus for hours, and then, quite suddenly, he moved, looked at the two men and at Kood-shoo, and without any preface, began to speak.

"It has come to pass," he said, "that the feet of my breath have been upon the sea. Yet I have not left the iglooya. Is it not true?"

"The feet of your body have been in the iglooya," answered Kah-mon-apik. He looked at the angekok with fear, for the hunter was afraid of all strange things, and he had been manifestly uncomfortable all the time that the angekok had been in the trance.

"I have sledged with the winds for my dogs," Ky-oah-pah continued, "and the bones of the dead winds for my sledge. The frost raced after me, but my breath was swifter and I left him far behind. I have seen the full sun in winter-time, even as the white men say; I have trodden on the moss of lands that the feet of my body shall never tread. Ah, I am old and weak, Kah-mon-apik, but you, with all your strength, can never travel as I do, still."

"I am content with Paudiak," answered the hunter, in a low voice.

“It is enough,” declared the angekok, “keep to your hunting, Kah-mon-apik, for your breath is not trained to travel.”

There was a pause and Mirk-tu-shar snuffed the moss-wick of the lamp, which was smoking.

“My breath has dwelt with the white man for a space that seems like many years,” Ky-oah-pah continued, “though my body has slept here only a little while. Yet, far away as I have been, there is one here that shall follow me. Listen closely, Kood-shoo, for the feet of my breath have trodden the trail that you shall sledge when you are grown a hunter like Kah-mon-apik.

“It is true, Kood-shoo, as the black hunter from the Kig-ik-tag-miut said, who came with the nan-nook-soak, that you shall hunt in the land of silence, in the land where there is no meat. On the feet of my breath I have been there, and with the eyes of my breath I have seen it.”

“And shall I be there alone?” asked the boy.

“No, you will not be alone,” the angekok replied, “you will be with the qavdlunat, the white men. You will seek the end of the world, the end where everything is down a hill, and you shall almost find it.”

“Shall I never really find it?”

"No. You will turn back."

"Will any one find it, Ky-oah-pah?"

"Yes," said the angekok, "the qavdlunat shall find it."

"Where is this end of the world?" put in Mirk-tu-shar. "Is there an edge like a cliff?"

"The end is the middle," came the answer. "What it means I do not understand myself. Yet I stood there with six men and the wind whispered to the ears of my breath that this was truly the end. Still, so far as the eyes of my breath could see, I stood on a plain of ice, with ice on every side."

"Were all the six, white men?" queried Kood-shoo.

"No," said the angekok, "four were Innuit (Eskimo). One was a white man, the other had a face like the sky in winter."

"Are you sure I wasn't one of the four?" cried the lad.

"You were not one of the four," came back the positive reply. "Your nose will freeze, Kood-shoo, and you will turn back before the end. The older hunters will go on. It will be for you to bring the white men's magic back to the white men's ship."

“Into strange lands you will travel, always with the qavdlunat, and you will learn to speak their language. You shall be friends with a white man’s baby daughter and you shall have a gun like Peary-soak and a sharp knife like Kah-mon-apik.”

The lad’s eyes sparkled and he bounced up and down with pleasure on the caribou skins where he sat. Never, even in his wildest dreams, had he expected to have a gun!

“Strange fire-stones will fall from the sky and you shall be the only one to see them, and when the white men come, the Woman and the Dog will be shown to them by you alone.”

“What woman and what dog, Ky-oah-pah?” asked the boy, seeing that his interruptions did not interfere with the angekok’s story.

“The Fire-Woman and the Fire-Dog,” the old man answered, “but the Fire-Tent you will not find. Only, the head of the Fire-Woman the white men shall never get, Torn-uk-soak will give it to the sea.

“Songs, too, Kood-shoo, you will learn to sing, that you may sing them to the white men. You will run from place to place, as a wolf upon an ice-floe, seeking the Innuït songs, and your own

home. Many, many songs you shall learn to sing, but Itti-bloo will never hear them.

“And at the last, Kood-shoo, you shall go as you came, on a piece of drifting ice.

“But, Kood-shoo, keep up a hunter’s heart, when that time comes, for Torn-uk-soak will still be with you. On this piece of ice, the nannook-soak will climb and threaten you. You must not kill him, even though you have a white man’s gun in your hand. Instead, you shall strike the nannook on the nose and he will drop into the water, and kill a seal for you. That seal you may eat, for it is Torn-uk-soak’s last gift.

“Eat slowly of that meat, Kood-shoo. Hold fast to the oomiak of ice and it will dash you on a shore where no Innuït foot has trodden, not even mine, save for the feet of my breath, feet that leave no foot-print.

“And there, sitting on the beach, sheltered from the storm, you will find a man without feet, making black pictures on the shoulder blade of a walrus. Show that man your magic, Kood-shoo, for it is for him to see. But what will happen after—that I have not seen.”

CHAPTER III

FIGHTING THE WALRUS

FOR two long weeks Kood-shoo never left the iglooya, but after the blackest part of the darkness had passed, when, indeed, the little-girl-moon was beginning to wake up and the boy could see faintly over the ice, Kood-shoo was told to begin his fishing.

“Bring us a char,” urged Kah-mon-apik, “and then, perhaps, Kood-shoo, we will take you on the walrus hunt.”

“I’ll bring two!” declared Kood-shoo, “and that’ll make it sure!”

The hope of a walrus-hunt was a stimulating promise, and the boy needed it, for fishing, in Eskimo-land, is not exciting sport. It is very slow, very tiring and very cold. Mirk-tu-shar went with the lad to dig the hole in the ice and to put up a wind-break made of snow. It was still dark and cold.

Kood-shoo and Mirk-tu-shar traveled for about a quarter of a mile from the iglooya before they

came to young ice, or ice which had formed that winter over the open sea.

“How can you tell where the young ice will be, Mirk-tu-shar?” asked the boy. He knew well enough the look of the freshly frozen surface, once that it was found, but was puzzled how to find it.

“It is quite easy,” answered the younger hunter. “All the old ice is in ridges. You can tell from the look of it which is the old ice and in what way it has been packed together by the moving of the water. At the edge of a big floe, the water flows fast and breaks the ice apart, so that in the summer-time, the water runs between the floes. See, Kood-shoo, the pressure-ridges run in this direction, so that the young ice must be over there.”

Mirk-tu-shar was right. Scarcely three minutes later, the two came to a stretch of ice that bore a faint shade of green, even under the dim moonlight. There were yet six weeks before Kood-shoo would see the sun.

Selecting a suitable spot, the younger hunter, with a long sharp-edged stone tool, chipped away the ice, which was three feet thick. The work went fast, for Mirk-tu-shar was skilled and strong. In a little while a hole was made through the ice,

about two and a half feet across, and the water came swirling up from below, almost level with the top of the hole.

"The water runs fast," said Mirk-tu-shar; "you may catch many fish."

"I've got to catch two," declared the boy, "and if I do, I'm going to make Kah-mon-apik take me on that walrus trip."

"He will take you, I think," rejoined the younger hunter, and he drew out his snow knife and began to cut blocks, just like those which had been used by Ky-oah-pah in building the iglooya.

"Supposing you had dug that hole in the old ice," queried Kood-shoo, "how deep would it have been?"

The younger hunter laughed.

"So deep that if every one in the village should stand on each other's shoulders there would not be people enough to reach from the bottom to the top," he said.

"As deep as that!" exclaimed Kood-shoo, astonished. "No wonder you looked for young ice. It would take the length of a hunting moon to dig a hole."

"It could not be dug at all," replied the other. "How would you get the broken pieces up?"

Mirk-tu-shar was working as he talked and soon the curving snow wall was in place. It was about four feet high and four feet wide at the inside ends of the semi-circle. Right in the middle of the arc, and about one foot from the edge of the hole, the hunter placed a snow block, fourteen inches high. This was to serve as a seat.

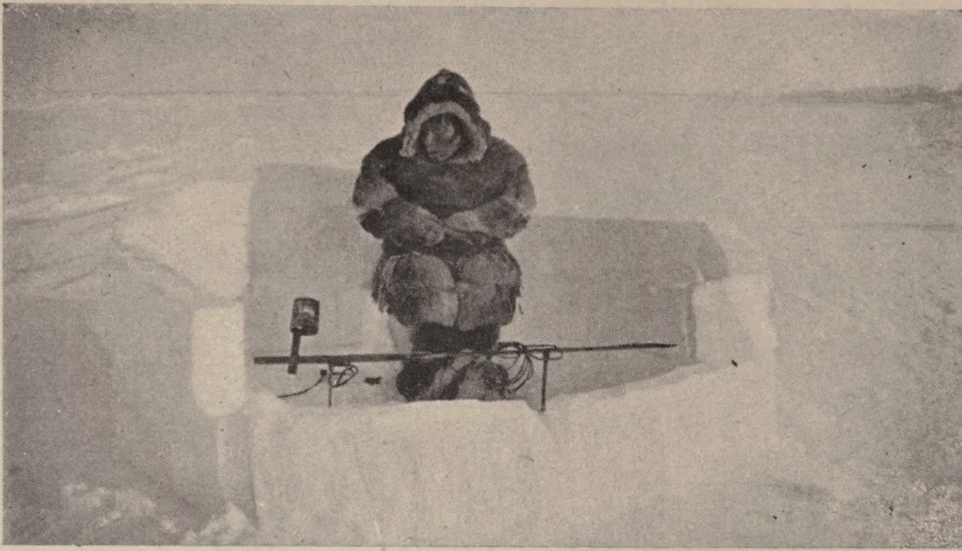
Kood-shoo promptly sat down, to try it.

“Is it comfortable?” the hunter asked.

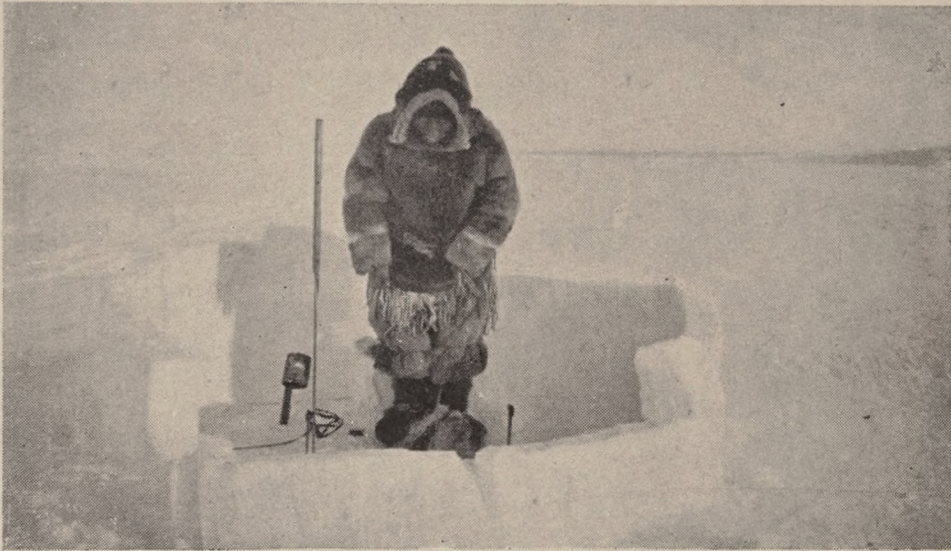
“Just right,” the boy answered.

He unwound his fish-line and the decoy, and lowered them into the water in the hole. Mirk-tu-shar took the fish-spear, which was about five feet long, with a line of twisted sinews attached to the head of it, and stuck it in the snow, convenient to Kood-shoo's right hand. Then, with an encouraging word, he returned to the iglooya, where he was helping Kah-mon-apik to strengthen the sledges for the big walrus trip.

Kood-shoo needed no bait for his fishing. If live bait were necessary there could be no fishing in Eskimo-land, for there are no flies in winter, no worms, nothing at which a fish would bite. There is no way of catching little fish, for all the shore ice is frozen hard. So the fishing line that Kood-shoo used had neither bait nor hook. In-



WAITING FOR THE SEAL.
Note harpoon lying ready to hand near the blowhole.



HOLDING HARPOONED SEAL.
Note weapon transfixed in animal's head while Eskimo keeps the line taut.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.
Eskimo woman sitting — perhaps for many hours — awaiting appearance of char rising to the decoy.

stead, at the end of the line, was fastened a tiny fish carved out of ivory, very thin and slightly curved. As Kood-shoo jerked the line up and down, by the motion of his wrist, the ivory fish spun in the water, so that it looked as though it were alive.

Aside from this up and down motion of the wrist, Kood-shoo dared not stir. Sitting on the block of snow, with his feet on that one foot of ice between the block and the hole, he must not move at all, for if he did, any fish that might be swimming below would be frightened away.

As hours might pass before a fish appeared, Kood-shoo was warmly dressed. His shoes, of strong bull-seal skin, with the hair inside, were sewn tightly to his bearskin trousers, with the hair outside. To make sure that no air could creep in, a draw string made of sinew held the bottoms of the trousers close in to the leg.

His kapetah, or long coat, made of fox skins, with the fur outside, came all the way to the ground as he sat down, and the long apron-like part in front covered his knees. His mittens, of young seal, with the hair outside, reached almost to his elbow, and the sleeves of the kapetah came far down over his wrists. Around the wrists were

sewn two big fuzzy fox tails, on the inside edge of the sleeve, so that no air could enter.

The hood, which covered Kood-shoo's neck and head, also was made of fox skins and was sewed fast to the collar of the kapetah. There were no fastenings, the whole kapetah was put on as one puts on a sweater, but there was a sinew draw-string at the collar, to hold it close at the neck. The hood was pulled down over the forehead to the eyes, and fitted close to the face on either side, covering the ears, most of the cheeks and the chin. All round the edge of the hood was sewn a bushy fox tail, which stood out about five inches from his face, so that the wind would be stopped by the fur from blowing directly upon his nose.

Underneath, Kood-shoo wore an inside shirt of bird skins, with the feathers next the skin, the warmest and the cosiest garment possible. Kood-shoo's was small, for he had not yet grown very big, yet there were sixty bird skins in the shirt. They were the skins of the Little Auk, tanned with the feathers on. It made a queer looking shirt, for the Little Auk has a black back with a white breast and the wings are black with a few white feathers. The wings, of course, were removed before making the shirt.

In spite of this warm clothing, Kood-shoo grew cold and stiff, as the hours passed by and he might not move a muscle. He was getting hungry, too, for although he was not exerting himself in any way, mere bodily resistance to the intense cold used up his vitality. More than once he looked longingly at the iglooya, the rounded top of which he could just distinguish shimmering in the darkness. It so reminded him of warmth and food. But Kood-shoo knew well that Kah-mon-apik would not think him grown up if he returned too soon without a fish, and so he huddled a little closer and sat still.

Suddenly he stirred.

Was that a faint gleam of silver in the water, flashing past the bottom of the dark hole?

Without moving his feet, Kood-shoo rose and took the fish spear in his hand.

Again a gleam of silvered shadow in the water.

Then with a swirl, a char rose at the ivory fish, and as it shot upwards, Kood-shoo's arm came down.

The stroke was true and strong. The spear entered the fish and as it darted away at the shock into the water below the ice, the barbs on either side of the spear-head sprang out and gripped it.

A few feet of the sinew line ran out before Kood-shoo could grasp it firmly, and when he wound it round his arm, with a sudden twist, the jar nearly wrenched his arm from its socket. But the barbs held firm.

Done. Finished!
“Ty-ma! Ty-ma!” (Success!) he cried, and held fast with all his might.

The char dashed forward and back, each time that he came to the end of the sinew line giving a wrench that jolted Kood-shoo to his very bones. But he gripped tightly, for he knew that if he could hold out for a few minutes, the char would soon grow tired.

Three more wild plunges, the last one almost strong enough to pull the lad down into the hole and then the fish grew quiet. Quickly Kood-shoo pulled in a few feet of sinew and braced himself for another tug-of-war.

It was easier this time, for the fish had less room to charge and every tug that it had made had settled the barbs more deeply in its flesh. Besides, the spear wound in the back was weakening it. The struggle lasted but a few minutes longer and then Kood-shoo, pulling on the line, brought the big fish to the surface. Once in the hole, a

violent flurry almost gained the fish its liberty, so eager was Kood-shoo to grasp the prize, but at last, the boy laid the char flapping on the ice. It was a noble fish, over two feet long and weighing almost ten pounds.

"I'll get that walrus trip!" cried Kood-shoo aloud, exultantly, and grasping his fish-spear in one hand and the char in the other, he set out on a dead run for the iglooya.

"Kah-mon-apik!" he shouted, while he was crawling through the doorway. "I've got a big one!"

And he produced his prize in conscious pride.

"Did you miss any?" asked the hunter, after he had duly praised the boy for his catch.

"Not a single one," replied Kood-shoo. "This was the only one I saw, and I didn't move once from the time that Mirk-tu-shar left the hole."

"It is thus that hunters are made," said Kah-mon-apik, approvingly. "To learn to wait is the most important lesson for a hunter."

"Can I go with you on the walrus trip for sure?" begged the boy.

"You said you would bring two fish," Kah-mon-apik reminded him.

"I'll go right off now!"

This ambition was countermanded by Ky-oah-pah.

"There's some of the soup, still," he said.

Kood-shoo immediately grew hungry, and reached out his hands for the soapstone bowl. It was boiling hot and he waited a moment for it to cool so that it should not scald his mouth. As he sat there, the warmth of the iglooya began to creep into his bones and his head began to nod. By the time that the soup was cool enough to drink, Kood-shoo found it hard to keep his eyes open, and before he realized it, he was fast asleep.

"He will really make a hunter," declared Kah-mon-apik, as he spread the caribou skins over the sleeping lad.

When at last Kood-shoo woke and looked around, only the old angekok was to be seen.

"Are they gone!" cried Kood-shoo. "Gone without me?"

"They have not gone for walrus," explained Ky-oah-pah, "they have taken the oog-sook to our last camp to cache it. Mirk-tu-shar caught a seal yesterday, and Kah-mon-apik seems to be sure of getting walrus soon. He wanted to have empty sledges for the end of the hunting."

“Oh, that’s it!”

Kood-shoo felt relieved, for he feared he had lost his chance by going to sleep. A large chunk of seal meat, boiled with the fish, restored his energy to the full.

“I’d like to get that second fish before Kah-mon-apik comes home,” he announced, and jumped down from the breck.

Once, the year before, when Kood-shoo was fishing, the head of a seal had appeared in the hole beneath him, and he had known that the seal must have had breathing holes near by. He had not been able to find them. Ever since that time, however, the boy had taken a seal-harpoon with him when he went fishing, and, when he was nearing home with the char, the day before, Kood-shoo was sure he had heard a seal blow, and he had marked the place.

“Can I have your harpoon again, Ky-oah-pah?” he asked, as he was leaving.

“Yes,” the old sage replied.

The angekok seldom went out on the ice with the hunters, he was too old. He was the only old man in the village, for among the Eskimos, it is seldom that any one dies of old age. Every one has to hunt, in order to live, and when men grow old and

their limbs stiffen, disaster easily overtakes them on the ice. Only Ky-oah-pah's fame as an angekok and Kah-mon-apik's ability to catch food in plenty, had prolonged the old man's life. Had he been forced to depend on his own energy to hunt, Ky-oah-pah would not have had long to live.

Little did Kood-shoo know, as he started back and nearly reached the hole where he had caught the char, that again good fortune was to favor him. He was passing by the place where he had heard the seal breathe, when he heard it again. He stopped like a statue and peered around for the hole. He knew that somewhere there must be a funnel shaped hole in the ice, kept open by the sharp teeth of the seal, but covered from sight by the unbroken surface of the snow. The seal might have many such breathing holes or only one.

Suddenly the blowing came again, right under his very feet. Instinctively and resolutely Kood-shoo drove downwards with the harpoon, dropping the fish-spear as he did so. Had it been Kah-mon-apik who threw that harpoon, the seal would have had very little chance, but Kood-shoo's strength was not as that of the mighty hunter. The harpoon merely pierced the skin and the blubber of the seal. Still, it held.

Then came a tussle! The seal was in his native element and threshed about furiously. Fortunately for Kood-shoo, he was able to keep the line sufficiently taut to prevent the seal from sinking below the level of the ice, where his powerful flippers would have a chance for free play. If that happened, Kood-shoo could never hold him. But the boy had lots of grit and pulled for all he was worth. It was more dangerous for Kood-shoo than he realized, for if he had held on too long or if the coils of the harpoon thong had entangled him, he would have been drawn in under the ice-floe.

Then an idea occurred to him. Still holding the line as tightly as he could, he ran around the snow wind-break which had been made of blocks of snow at the time that the fishing hole in the ice was dug, days before. The snow blocks had gradually settled down and frozen into a solid wall and this gave the boy the necessary purchase to hold the wounded seal. Quickly, as quickly as he could in his clumsy skin mittens, Kood-shoo took the long thong, made of thin strips of plaited walrus-hide, and knotted it.

Then he raced through the darkness to the iglooya for help.

“Ky-oah-pah! Ky-oah-pah!” he called, as he wriggled excitedly through the door. “I’ve got a seal!”

“A seal?”

“Yes, and he’ll get away. Come, Ky-oah-pah, come quickly. Here are your mittens.” He tore them down from the rack. “Quick!”

The boy’s excitement was infectious and the angekok rapidly donned his furs, grasped a harpoon and hurried to the hole, Kood-shoo following with an extra weapon. As they got there, the frozen wall was toppling under the seal’s repeated plunges.

The angekok, who had been a famous hunter years before, seized his harpoon and drove it downwards into the seal’s body. It was a good stroke.

“Ooh! That’s like Kah-mon-apik!” said Kood-shoo. “We’ve got him now.”

Ky-oah-pah smiled. The weakness of old age had come over him, indeed, but his hand had not lost its cunning.

“Still, it is your seal,” he answered.

The day was terribly cold—if day it could be called, when the only light was a faint moonlight and the waving red and green shadows of the

Aurora Borealis—but Kood-shoo was so excited that he was boiling hot. He would have pulled off his mittens to grasp the thong better, but the angekok restrained him. Ky-oah-pah's stroke had been sure and swift, and soon the seal ceased to struggle.

Together the two pulled the animal out and Kood-shoo jumped with delight.

“My first seal!” he cried.

The angekok bent down.

“It is a young oog-sook,” he said, “see, Kood-shoo, already the tusks are beginning to grow. You can make a little kayak of them and give it to In-nook-shee-ah.”

The boy looked down thoughtfully.

“No,” he said slowly. “I have killed an oog-sook. I'm a hunter now. I will not make toys. I will make barbs for a fish spear from the tusks.”

The angekok looked at the lad curiously. Often Kood-shoo spoke so differently from the Eskimo children of the village that the old man wondered. Truly, he thought, the Eskimo of Baffin Land must be different. Still, he fell in readily with the boy's humor.

“It is for the hunter to flense the seal,” he said gravely. “Will you begin?”

Kood-shoo took out his little knife. Though scarcely more than a toy, it was very sharp. He bent down to cut the skin.

"Take this," said the angekok, and handed him the big ivory knife made from a narwhal's tusk.

The boy took the knife, and using all his force, drove it into the underside of the dead seal. Under the angekok's instructions, the skin was soon removed, the blubber cut in strips and carried into the iglooya and then the meat secured. It was a tired but very happy boy who settled beneath the caribou skins when the work was done.

Kood-shoo was wakened by the return of the hunters. They had been out to make a short survey, not to hunt, for as yet the light was too faint. Not until the moon grew brighter would they start for walrus.

"Behold, a hunter!" said Ky-oah-pah to Kah-mon-apik, as the leader entered the iglooya, and he pointed to the skin of the young oog-sook.

"Very good," answered Kah-mon-apik. "We have seen walrus, Mirk-tu-shar and I, and we will take Kood-shoo, the hunter, with us when the moon grows big."

So it happened that when, a week later, Kah-

mon-apik and Mirk-tu-shar started with the two dog-teams, Kood-shoo went along with them to the edge of the North Water, where, even in the depth of winter, leads were constantly opening.

The camp which the hunters were leaving, where Kood-shoo had helped to build the iglooya, had been situated at the head of Whale Sound, where that great body of water opens into Smith Sound. Under the angekok's advice, the iglooya had been placed not far from Littleton Island. The ice there was firm, and yet, as events proved, it was close enough to young ice for fishing, for such holes such as those where Kood-shoo caught the char and the seal.

"Have we far to go, Kah-mon-apik?" asked Kood-shoo, as soon as they had started.

"Two sleeps," replied the hunter.

"Why are the walrus so far away," continued the boy, "when seal are so close? Doesn't a walrus ever come up in a fishing hole?"

"No," the hunter answered. "He seldom goes under the ice to any great distance. He does not breathe at holes, like a seal."

"How does the walrus catch fish, then?"

"The walrus does not catch fish," the observant

hunter answered, "I have never seen a fish in the stomach of any walrus I have killed."

"But what else is there for him to eat, Kah-mon-apik?" questioned the boy in surprise. "I don't know of anything to eat in the water but fish?"

"Why do you think a walrus has those long tusks?"

"To fight with," answered Kood-shoo promptly.

"He does fight with them," agreed the hunter, "but that is only a small matter to the walrus. He uses those tusks to get his food."

The boy stared at him in surprise. Rack his brains as he would, he could think of nothing in the sea that would require the use of tusks as long as a man's arm from shoulder to wrist.

"You're making this up," he declared at last. "Tell me the truth, Kah-mon-apik."

"It is the truth," the hunter said calmly. "The walrus lives on clams, which he finds in the sand at the bottom of the sea where it is shallow. Swimming near the bottom he scoops those long tusks of his that turn downward, through the sand, grubbing up the shell-fish. Then he cracks them with his teeth, licks out the inside of the clams and spits away the shells."

"I'd never have thought that anything as big as a walrus could get enough to eat that way!" declared Kood-shoo.

"It's not always the biggest creatures that eat the most," the hunter replied, "a seal will eat almost half his weight in fish every day while a whale eats nothing but water."

"Doesn't a whale eat fish either?"

"Not a 'right' whale," answered the hunter, "you ought to know that, Kood-shoo. Didn't you look into the mouth of that whale that was cast up on the beach in the storm two sunshine-times ago?"

Kood-shoo nodded.

"I'd forgotten all about that," he said. "Of course, his mouth was all filled up with whalebone, a fish couldn't get through. But what does a whale eat, Kah-mon-apik? He can't live on nothing?"

"I always thought that a whale lived on water," the hunter replied, "but one of the white men last year told me that there are many animals in the sea so small that the eyes of an Innuït can not see them. When the whale fills his mouth with water and spits it out through his whalebone sieve, all these little animals stay in his mouth and he swal-

lows them. Then the whale takes another mouthful of water, spits that out also and finds another handful of these small things in his mouth. He can eat all the time."

"And is that all he gets?" asked the boy.

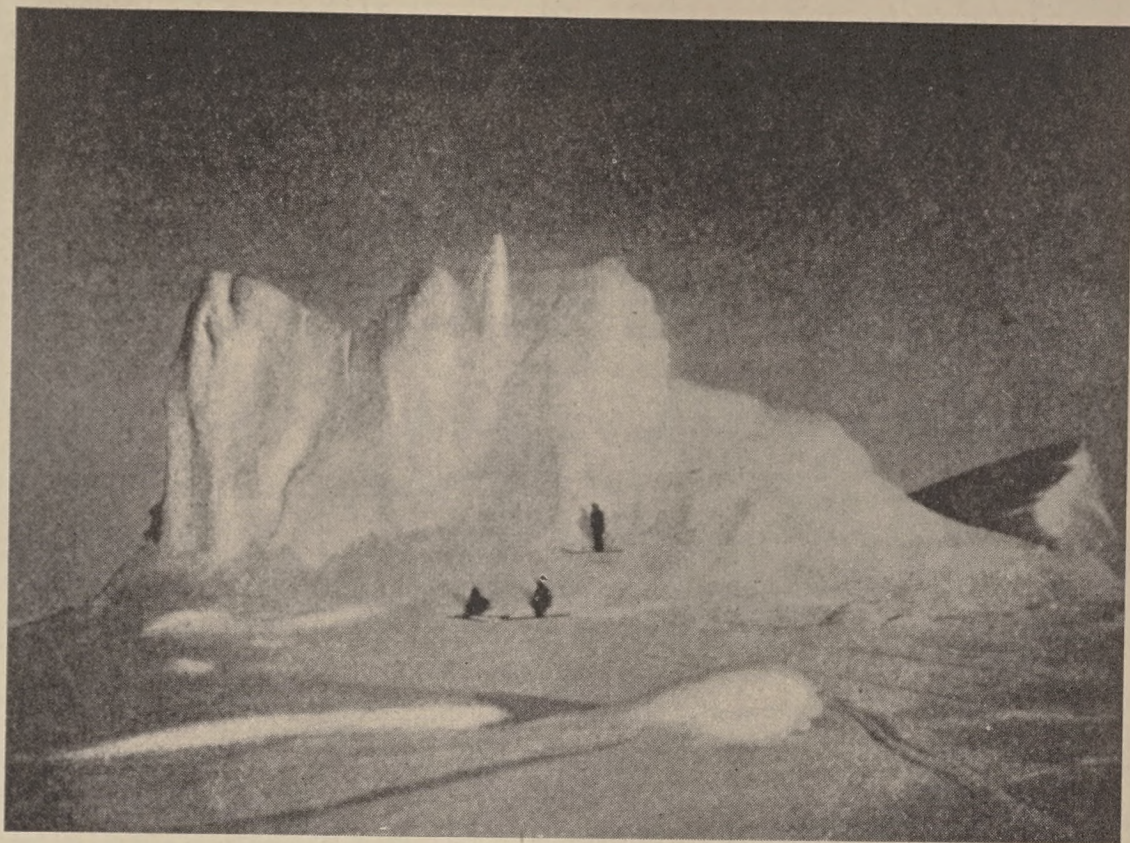
"That's all. So, you see, Kood-shoo," the hunter went on, "the walrus is bigger than the seal and eats smaller food, the whale is much bigger than the walrus and eats food smaller still."

During this talk the sledges had been advancing, and Kah-mon-apik, for the first time recognizing Kood-shoo as a young hunter, taught him the conditions of the ice. He explained the ice foot, that wide section of ice around every island or piece of land, which, being frozen fast to the shore, does not rise and fall with the tides.

"The big hills that come floating down, Kood-shoo," said the hunter, "are pieces that break off from the rivers of ice (glaciers). They are very deep. If you look carefully you can see where the floe-ice joins them. Be cautious, when you build an iglooya near a hill of ice, that you do not put it on the place where the floe-ice joins the iceberg."

"Why not, Kah-mon-apik?"

"Because the iceberg is a cousin to the ice-floe, not a brother, and they will quarrel and break



PINNACLE BERG FROZEN FAST IN FLOE ICE.

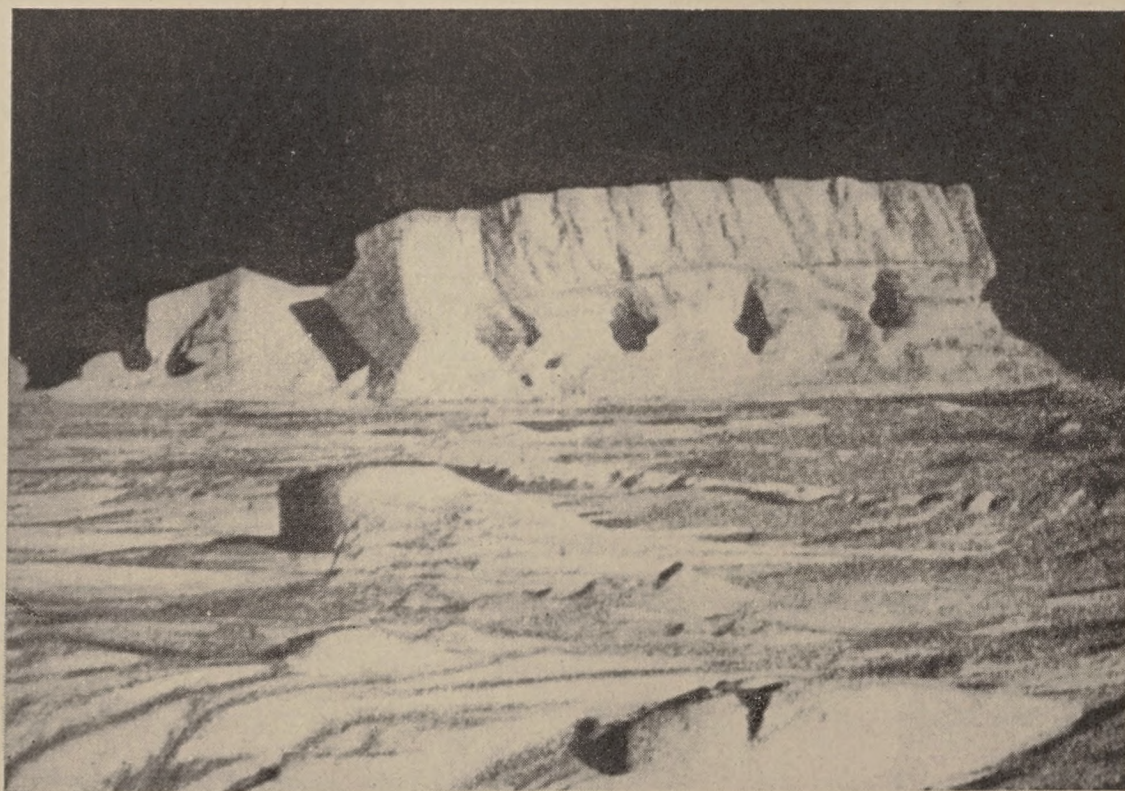


TABLE BERG FROZEN FAST IN PACK ICE.

apart. If an iglooya is on the floe, it will be caught in the breaking ice. Build it on a flat piece of the iceberg, if you must, or else on the other side of a pressure ridge, but never between a pressure ridge and the iceberg."

"Where does the floe-ice come from, then, Kah-mon-apik?" asked the lad.

"Floe-ice is snow," the hunter answered. "It is old ice that has drifted down, with many, many years of snow on it. The snow has turned into snow-ice. You remember, Kood-shoo, when you cut the blocks for our iglooya that the bottom of the block was harder to cut than the top?"

Kood-shoo nodded.

"That is because the bottom is turning into ice," the hunter continued. "If you dig a hole there, the snow-ice will become harder and harder until it is as hard to cut as water-ice. But it is white, quite white, not green. A thin slice of water-ice you can see through. Once I made a window in an iglooya with a slice of ice. But snow ice is like stone, you cannot see through it at all. What the white men call 'ice-pans' are made of pieces of the floe that have been broken off. Young ice is the water that has frozen during the winter."

“What I don’t understand,” said the boy slowly, “is why the sea doesn’t stay frozen all the time. It isn’t hot enough in summer to melt it all.”

“If you want to be a hunter,” said Kah-mon-apik, “you must know where the ice goes just as much as you must know about the habits of the animals you hunt. You must know that the seal may be caught in a blow-hole, that the walrus is never found where the water is deep, that the nar-whal likes the open sea, and the whale is found among pieces of broken ice floe. This is a hunter’s knowledge.”

“You know it all, don’t you!” exclaimed the boy admiringly.

“I have learned much from Ky-oah-pah,” Kah-mon-apik answered. “He was a great hunter, once. It was Ky-oah-pah who told me about the ice. See, Kood-shoo, the water all flows to the land of the white men (the south). There the sea is warm. When the ice breaks in the summer time, the bergs float past the coast. You have seen them often.”

“That’s right,” agreed the boy thoughtfully, “I’ve never seen ice drift the other way.”

“It can only drift in the way that the water

flows," proceeded the other, "and when it reaches the warm water, it melts, like ice in the bowl over an iglooya lamp. All summer long the ice drifts to the white man's land, and every winter, more of the sea is frozen and more ice is made on the frozen rivers of the land. The white men told me that in their land it is all water and in the land of the Aurora Borealis (to the north) it is all ice. We live in the middle, Kood-shoo, where it is all ice in the winter, and both water and ice in the summer."

"Then why don't you go down to the white men's water for walrus?" questioned the boy.

"We go where the water runs swiftest," the hunter answered, "for when the water flows fast it does not freeze so easily."

"Where is that?" the boy asked.

"The white men call it the North Water," was the reply. "It is the water which drifted you and the nannook-soak down to the village, when you were quite a baby. If you should jump on a piece of ice, near the cape where we will hunt the walrus, Kood-shoo, you would drift right down to the point near which the village stands where you were found. We lived at Ip-soo-e-shaw then, not at Itti-bloo."

The boy looked thoughtful.

"It must be an awfully swift current," he said.

Kood-shoo was right. Baffin Bay is the great basin into which nearly all the polar ice from the Arctic region north of the American continent finds its way into the ocean. The ice from the North Pole is driven through almost impassable Robeson Channel, Hall Basin and the Kennedy Channel. Thence it grinds and piles into that menace of explorers known as Kane Basin, between the north-west corner of Greenland and Grinnel Land. By this route Peary reached the Pole.

To the west, down the rushing torrent of Jones Sound and Cadogan Strait, a rapid of foaming water and masses of ice pours down from King Oscar Land and the region in the neighborhood of Crocker Land where no one yet has ever been. When Sverdrup tried to force his way through Kane Basin, for two whole years, and was beaten and battered back each time, he turned up Jones Sound, only to find that no ship could face that powerful surge of floating ice-blocks and live. This torrent of water, striking into Baffin Bay, sweeps clear across the Bay, flowing with so much force that even in that ice-bound region, an open

passage of deep water is kept most of the summer through. This was the great North Water, of which Kah-mon-apik was speaking, where Koodshoo would hunt the walrus, and down which the cake of ice had drifted on which the boy had first been found.

Further to the south and west, the masses of ice plunge through Lancaster Sound from the Parry Island and Melville Sound region, and this current, flowing between North Devon and Baffin Land, sweeps also across Baffin Bay, forming what the whalers call the Middle Water. Strictly, it is never an open channel, but rather a channel where the ice is sufficiently broken for a vessel to crash through. By this stern route Sir Herbert Parry traveled a century ago and made his farthest north.

Yet even this is not all the pressure that pours into Baffin Bay from the west, for great glaciers on the north of Baffin Land and from Bylot Island discharge through Eclipse Sound. This stream, being fed by glaciers on the east coast of Baffin Land strikes across the Bay, forming the equally important passage known as the South Water. This current, reaching the west coast of Greenland, in the neighborhood of Disko Island, has

made that island the most populous point on the west Greenland shore and a port of call for every vessel headed for the north in those waters. The ice of Davis Strait hugs the Baffin Land shore, as the current of the North Water, Middle Water and South Water hug the eastern shore, and keep the Greenland passage always open from the ice. Through the South Water passed the ill-fated Franklin expedition.

The entire Baffin Bay and Davis Strait thus looks one solid sheet of ice, under which three swift ocean currents flow. Only a keen-eyed ice-skipper can pick the channels under the ice and force his ship through. In winter, all these are frozen fast, with leads or lanes of water here and there.

That night, when the hunters had covered three parts of the distance to Cape Kangahsuk on the North Water, an iglooya was built. With his experience of three weeks before, Kood-shoo was of great assistance, but he was surprised to see the speed with which Kah-mon-apik and Mirk-tu-shar put up the hut. In less than an hour from the time that the sledges had halted, the iglooya was erected, the food eaten, the dogs fed and every one was fast asleep.

Next day, after only a couple of hours' traveling, Kah-mon-apik, who was driving the leading dog-team, halted.

"There is the current," he said, pointing at what looked like a continuation of the ice-field.

Kood-shoo looked around him. The moon was shining brightly now, and its reflection on the ice gave a silver-blue light in which everything could be seen, though indistinctly. Yet, in spite of all the instruction Kah-mon-apik had given him, Kood-shoo could not tell the difference between the ice on which they stood and the ice on which they had been traveling for an hour previously.

"How can you tell, Kah-mon-apik?" he asked. The hunter took him by the shoulder.

"Watch my finger," he said.

Kood-shoo looked along the pointing finger, into the blue lit darkness. The digit traveled in short angles, marking off irregular zig-zag pieces, like those of a puzzle. And then, suddenly, Kood-shoo caught the knack of seeing.

"Wait! Wait! Kah-mon-apik," he cried. "I think I see! Is this right?"

And with his own finger he continued to draw the pattern of the ice blocks.

Kah-mon-apik nodded in pleasure.

"It is right," he said. "Those are old blocks newly frozen. Between them the ice is very thin. We must go carefully, for in places there will be water. We are not far from the cape of the walrus. Remember, Kood-shoo, whenever you see ice in a zig-zag pattern, thus, you are on a current of the sea and must sledge carefully."

They did not travel long after that when Mirk-tu-shar held up his hand.

"Awick!" he said. "Walrus!"

Kood-shoo listened, and in the silence he could hear the distant roaring and blowing of the animals.

"It is a herd," Kah-mon-apik said joyously. "There will be meat in the village this winter. We will stop the sledges here."

The wary hunter examined the ice carefully, selecting a floe of large size. The ice might break apart under their feet at any moment, though it was unlikely, and it would not do for the teams and sledges to be on too small a surface of ice. Then, with Kah-mon-apik leading the way, the three hunters advanced cautiously. At every crack, or young piece of the ice, Kah-mon-apik stopped and studied the formation of the floe, and then passed on.

“What are you looking for, Kah-mon-apik?” asked Kood-shoo.

“To make sure of the road back,” came the reply.

It was not for nothing that Kah-mon-apik had the reputation of being the “big hunter” of the village. In Polar regions the road back is far more important than the road forward. Most Arctic expeditions that have suffered wreck have failed because of neglect to observe this simple rule of Kah-mon-apik.

The blowing and the roaring of the walrus sounded nearer. Kah-mon-apik, who was in the lead, waved his hand with a backward gesture. Mirk-tu-shar stopped. A less experienced eye than that of Kah-mon-apik would have seen no danger in the path, but the wise leader of the party knew that the ice was unsafe. Keeping well to his rear, Mirk-tu-shar and Kood-shoo skirted this sheet of ice, which now showed in the distance a line of black water. A hundred yards more to the right and then Kah-mon-apik pointed with his finger.

There were the walrus!

Kood-shoo gave a cry of disappointment.

All the walrus were on the other side of the lead

of water, their big forms faintly visible in the dim moonlight.

“Mirk-tu-shar!” he cried, “we have no kayak here! How will we get the awick?”

“We will leave that to Kah-mon-apik,” said the younger hunter, “he will find a way.”

The Eskimo walked cautiously along the edge of the ice, looking longingly at the walrus across the lead of water. Soon the black lane narrowed. At places it might be safe to cross. Several times Kood-shoo would have taken a chance, but Mirk-tu-shar held him back.

“It does not matter how a man goes forward,” the younger hunter reminded him, “the only thing of importance is the road back.”

“But you can always come back the way you went!” protested Kood-shoo, who was afraid that Kah-mon-apik would lose all chance of getting at the walrus.

“Not always,” was the reply. “Suppose, Kood-shoo, we crossed the lead of water at this place.”

“Yes?”

“And suppose the last piece of ice on which we stepped broke away from the rest of the floe. That is quite possible, Kood-shoo.”

“Yes,” agreed the boy, “I suppose it is.”

“If we had crossed that lead of water and the ice broke so that we could not get back, we would be in great danger. The sledges and the dogs, with our food, our bedding and everything we need would be on one side of the water, we should be on the other. How would we sleep?”

“We could build an iglooya until the lead froze up again,” Kood-shoo suggested.

“We might,” Mirk-tu-shar agreed. “But we would have no lamp, Kood-shoo, nothing to warm up the iglooya, and we would have no caribou skins to sleep on. If we killed a walrus we would have food, and that would be all.”

“And Ky-oah-pah would be left all alone!”

“Yes, but he would not suffer,” the younger hunter replied. “He has the dogs and the food. He could go back to the village, but we might never see Itti-bloo again. It does not matter how one goes forward,” he repeated, “it is only necessary to have the road back sure.”

Kood-shoo had been showing great impatience while the other spoke.

“Mirk-tu-shar,” he said excitedly, the moment there was a pause, “see, Kah-mon-apik has stopped!”

The big hunter had halted. The lead had narrowed to a lane of water about ten feet broad, which extended as far as one could see in the moonlight. The ice on either side was firm. Kah-mon-apik took his sharp-edged stone axe and detached a small cake of ice from the floe. Leaping on this, he took the harpoon stick and shoved the floating ice from the edge, the impetus sending the piece across to the other side. Then, pushing it off with the harpoon stick, he returned it to the side from which it had come. It struck the main floe just where Mirk-tu-shar and Kood-shoo stood waiting.

"Shall I stay here, while you go across?" the boy asked.

The younger hunter shook his head.

"It is never wise to separate," he said. "Come with me."

Kood-shoo jumped on the floating cake beside his companion and Mirk-tu-shar shoved it off. In a second they were across.

"Are you going to let go this ice oomiak?" asked the boy.

Kah-mon-apik shook his head.

"It is necessary only to have the road back sure," he answered, unconsciously repeating the words of the younger hunter.

Mirk-tu-shar and Kah-mon-apik held the cake of ice fast to the other side of the main floe a few minutes, throwing some water on the crack. Even while they held it, a crust of ice began to form, and in ten minutes their "boat" was frozen fast to the floe.

"Now!" declared Kood-shoo, "now for the walrus!"

"You must be careful," warned Kah-mon-apik. "The walrus is a mighty foe."

"Can't I harpoon one, Kah-mon-apik?"

"You may throw at a walrus that has already been harpooned, if I should get one," Kah-mon-apik consented, "but you must not throw at any other one, nor may you throw first. Is it understood?"

"All right, I promise," replied the boy, only too glad to agree to anything, now that he was actually engaged upon the anticipated walrus hunt.

Cautiously and steadily, the three crept up toward the dark masses in the ice. It was a long, slow crawl, for Kah-mon-apik did not wish to frighten the animals off the ice on which they were resting.

Suddenly, when he was about twenty feet from a large walrus that lay sprawling on the ice, right

at the water's edge, Kah-mon-apik leaped to his feet and rushed. The big animal, startled at this fur-clad figure that seemed to spring at him out of the darkness, hesitated a moment before shuffling into the water, and this hesitation was his doom.

Despite the darkness, the hunter drove his harpoon firm and true into the animal just at the point forward of the neck where the thick folds of the hide stop. An inch farther back and he would have struck the deep wrinkled hide that is proof almost against a bullet, an inch farther forward and he would have struck the skull. Kah-mon-apik had judged the point accurately and the walrus slumped into the water with a mortal wound. The float of a blown-up seal, like a great football, which was attached to the harpoon point, impeded the movements of the wounded walrus. Wary above his kind, the animal charged at the float and drove his tusks clear through it.

"Quick, Mirk-tu-shar," shouted Kah-mon-apik, but there was no need of the warning.

The younger hunter rushed up with his harpoon as the walrus charged and, alert as he was, Kood-shoo was not a second behind him. As the walrus splashed into the water, the two harpoons, the long

hunting spear of Mirk-tu-shar and the lighter weapon of Kood-shoo, both buried themselves in his hide, and two more floats danced on the black water.

“Back, and take care!” cried Kah-mon-apik.

Mirk-tu-shar jumped back from the edge of the ice, and Kood-shoo followed, wondering. Kah-mon-apik alone waited by the edge in the moonlight. Three of the other walrus gathered around their wounded comrade as though to help him to safety, but decided that they must have revenge instead. As with one accord, four of the huge beasts, led by the wounded bull, charged at the hunter on the ice, roaring and bellowing.

“He’ll be killed!” cried Kood-too, when he saw Kah-mon-apik’s danger.

The second hunter, with another harpoon in hand, made no move, but watched the fight, straining his eyes to see, for the moon gives only an uncertain light when a man’s life is in danger.

One of the walrus, quicker in scrambling on the ice-floe than his wounded comrade, reared. He towered high above Kah-mon-apik, and plunged his tusks down at the big hunter, who seemed almost in the path of the blow. Had they struck him, that would have been the end, for the

power of that downward blow would have killed an elephant, but Kah-mon-apik stepped aside easily, the tusks missing him by a scant six inches. He ignored this latest assailant entirely, and planted another spear in the wounded bull. The water, churned by the herd, showed patches of foam, blue-white in the moonlight.

"Let's harpoon this other one," cried Kood-shoo, eager to get into the fight.

Again the younger hunter held him back.

"One walrus at a time is enough," he said. "See, he strikes again, but Kah-mon-apik will let him go."

The young aggressive walrus again reared, its black body vaguely silhouetted against the starlit sky, and launched itself at Kah-mon-apik. Kood-shoo realized then that however formidable the beast appeared, and, for that matter, however dangerous he would be in the water, only alertness was needed to ensure safety on the ice. Again Kah-mon-apik side-stepped, but this time, to the side of the walrus instead of away from it.

"Watch now," said Mirk-tu-shar.

As he spoke, Kah-mon-apik stooped suddenly and grasped the tusks of the fighting walrus.

With a quick, powerful twist he turned the animal's head as though to twist it off, the short neck of the walrus giving the hunter a powerful leverage. The beast tried to rise, but the hunter's grip forced the neck over, and, poised on the extreme edge of the ice as it was, the clumsy animal overbalanced himself and fell into the water.

"Good! he will not return," said Mirk-tu-shar.

The younger hunter sprang forward, as he spoke, to confront another of the huge creatures that was just getting the leverage of his two-foot long tusks upon the floe and treated him in the same manner that Kah-mon-apik had done with the aggressive young bull. The noise of the roaring and barking was deafening and the huge forms threshing about in the water seemed magnified to twice their size in the murk of the Polar night.

The old bull, who had been first wounded by Kah-mon-apik, tried to dive, but every time he did so, the large floats—made of seal-skin filled with air—brought him up to the top again. He charged at these again and again, but unsuccessfully, the lines of twisted sinew by which they were attached to his body being so short that as he turned to thrust, they turned also.

“He’s weakening! He’s weakening!” cried Kood-shoo.

The plunges of the old bull grew shorter and less determined as the powerful harpoon thrust that Kah-mon-apik had made with his first fierce stroke began to take effect. Then he turned for one last effort and hurled himself straight at the point where Kah-mon-apik was standing. The hunter watched him, motionless.

The long white tusks of the walrus, on which the moonlight gleamed, dug deep into the ice, not a yard from Kah-mon-apik’s feet, and the huge bulk began to heave itself upward within arm’s-length of the intrepid Eskimo.

Kood-shoo ran forward, for the only harpoon in the party that had not yet been cast was in his hands. As the boy came near, however, Kah-mon-apik motioned him back.

“It is the end,” he said.

Even as he spoke, the walrus placed its two fore flippers on the ice and lurched upwards and forwards, with a desperate roar, but its strength failed. The huge body slipped helplessly into the water beside the floe and began to sink, prevented, however, by the attached floats.

The instant that the old bull was dead, the rest

of the herd vanished below the surface, and their roaring next was heard, a minute or two later, far down the lead of the water.

"There will be food in the village this darkness," said Kah-mon-apik quietly.

Mirk-tu-shar looked at the dead walrus and the harpoon wound that had brought its death.

"Ooh!" he said, "big hunter!"

Kah-mon-apik laughed and touched one of the floats with his harpoon stick.

"There is a little hunter, too," he said; "his stroke must not be forgotten."

With the rest of the walrus herd removed as a source of danger, it took but a few minutes for Kah-mon-apik, with the aid of Mirk-tu-shar and Kood-shoo, to ferry the old bull to the other side of the lead.

"Can you find your way to Ky-oah-pah alone?" Kah-mon-apik asked Kood-shoo, when they had crossed.

The boy looked thoughtfully over the moonlit ice.

"I think so," he said. "We came up the lead of water about ten times as far as you can throw a harpoon," he continued questioningly, "and then in that way," he pointed in the direction from

which they had come, "about twice as far? Is that right, Kah-mon-apik?"

"Very nearly," was the answer, "but it is not quite as far as that. But, Kood-shoo, if you do not find Ky-oah-pah at once, after you have gone over the ice for a little while, turn right back to the lead of water and then come up it until you see us. Do not circle about on the ice; you might get lost."

The injunction was hardly necessary, for, in Eskimo-land, every one knows well the danger of getting lost on the ice. Kood-shoo was very proud of this opportunity to be sent to find Ky-oah-pah, for he knew that Kah-mon-apik must trust him a great deal to let him go as far as a quarter of a mile by himself over the ice in winter.

"I'll go now, Kah-mon-apik," he said, "and if I don't find Ky-oah-pah at once, I'll come straight back."

"Remember, Kood-shoo," the hunter warned again, "be careful how you go. Do not wander from the straight line unless you are sure you see the sledges."

Kood-shoo started off. After he had walked a few steps he turned to look behind him. He had not gone more than twenty yards and yet the fig-

ures of Kah-mon-apik and Mirk-tu-shar were scarcely visible in the darkness. The boy realized that he would need to keep his eyes sharply on the alert if he were to find the sledges. Still, he had been well trained. Going to and from the fish-holes near the iglooya had taught him the trick of watching for recognizable irregularities on the ice. So the boy advanced unhaltingly to the place where the walrus had first been seen and where Mirk-tu-shar had halted him. From that point he walked a little distance along the lead and then turned to look towards the land.

There was a sense of unfamiliarity in the scene, and Kood-shoo's heart sank. Could it be that he had been too excited to notice the path over which they had come and now was too puzzled to remember? He walked along the lead a few yards farther, keeping his gaze landward. And, as he did so, a sudden intuition told him that he had gone too far. He followed his instinct, turned and walked back some little distance. Then, at a certain point and angle, the formation seemed familiar. With a cry of joy, Kood-shoo started inland. He realized that he did indeed possess that Eskimo instinct of direction without which he could not hope to be a great hunter. In a few minutes

he saw something dark on the snow before him and was greeted with a long-drawn howl.

“Good old Paudiak!” cried Kood-shoo, as he recognized the leader dog and raced on toward the sledges.

“Huk! Huk! Huk! Ky-oah-pah!” he called. “We’ve got a walrus!”

The angekok had already turned and was facing the boy as he approached.

“Who killed him?” he asked in answer to the cry, “Kah-mon-apik or Kood-shoo?”

“I—I helped, Ky-oah-pah,” the boy declared; “I did, really. It was one of my floats that kept him from sinking. And—and he’s an awful big one!”

The angekok, as the boy talked, began gathering together the dogs, which were harnessed and hitched fan-wise. In a few minutes after Kood-shoo’s arrival, the teams were off, Ky-oah-pah in the lead, with Kah-mon-apik’s team, and Kood-shoo, proud as he could be, in the rear, driving the team belonging to Mirk-tu-shar.

When they reached the place where the walrus had been hauled up on the ice, they found that Kah-mon-apik and the younger hunter had already skinned and flensed the animal. The skin,

the blubber and the meat were piled on the sledges, an iglooya was built at the nearest point where the ice was safe, and after a good feast and a long rest the party started back to the village of Itti-bloo. There Kood-shoo was received as one who had won the right to be regarded a full-fledged hunter of the tribe, one who had helped to kill a big bull walrus.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRE-STONES FROM THE SKY

WHEN Kood-shoo returned to the village after his walrus-hunt, he found himself a popular hero. Kah-mon-apik, with the generosity and good-feeling characteristic of the Eskimo, gave full credit to the boy for his aid in spearing the walrus, while Mirk-tu-shar graphically told the story of the capture of the oog-sook by Kood-shoo and Ky-oah-pah.

No one in Itti-bloo doubted for a moment that the boy was in league with Torn-uk-soak, but it was also evident that this alliance with the demons tended toward the benefit of the villagers. As the people of Itti-bloo paid little heed to good spirits, but readily propitiated the demons, Kood-shoo's suspected alliance gave him many opportunities denied to his boy friends.

Formerly, Kood-shoo had been conscious of a slight avoidance. Since he had heard Ky-oah-pah's story, however, the boy realized that this avoidance had been caused by the facts that he was a stranger and that he had first come into the

knowledge of the villagers in such an unusual way. But, after the walrus hunt, this feeling passed away entirely, for the trip had been successful in the procuring of meat. Since meat is the standard by which all things are judged in Eskimoland, to the rest of the people Kood-shoo seemed a symbol of success.

During the next hunting moon, therefore, there was no opposition to Kood-shoo's joining the main party, and he went out again on the winter ice with Kah-mon-apik, Mirk-tu-shar and Ky-oah-pah. In many ways this trip was a duplicate of the former one, save that the object of the expedition was not walrus, but seals. Paudiak's keen nose guided the party on several occasions to blow-holes that were open under the snow, and Kah-mon-apik's experience with ice conditions kept the hunters always in the neighborhood of "young" ice. Though weeks had passed, the sun had not yet appeared, the long Polar night still brooded over the frozen sea and snow-enshrouded land, and the blue-silver moon alone gave her cold light.

Two sleeps before their proposed return to the village, while Kood-shoo was tucked under the caribou skins in an iglooya that the party had

built on the ice, there came a sudden loud howling of the dogs. Paudiak's voice could be heard high above the rest.

Kah-mon-apik, usually so fast asleep that nothing could wake him, jumped immediately into action. Even in his sleep he had recognized the peculiar bark of the dogs.

"A nannook!" he cried.

Mirk-tu-shar, less alert, rolled over heavily, but as soon as the word reached his consciousness, he, too, clambered down from the breck, put on his kapetah and grasped his spears. Kood-shoo had already slipped on his fox-skin coat, and was reaching down his mittens from the rack when Ky-oah-pah's hand grasped him by the shoulder.

"No, Kood-shoo," he said, "you do not go."

"Oh, Ky-oah-pah," exclaimed the boy, "I've got to go!"

"No," the angekok replied.

"Why not?"

"The nannook is your brother," came the answer. "You rode upon his back; you must not kill him now."

"It isn't the same nannook, Ky-oah-pah!" the boy protested.

"All nannooks are brothers," returned the an-

gekok, with Eskimo philosophy, "and you are their brother also."

"But I'm not a nannook!" declared Kood-shoo, little pleased at being regarded as a bear.

"Perhaps, and perhaps not," was the cautious answer.

To the angekok, the idea that Kood-shoo might really be a bear in a boy's form was not at all strange, for the Eskimos believe that the demons, and people in league with the demons, can take the form of either animals or human beings as they choose.

Possibly, in spite of this odd warning, Kood-shoo would have run out of the tent, for even Ky-oah-pah's training had not made him as obedient as Eskimo boys generally were, but, by this time, the howling of the dogs had died away in the distance. They had been released by Kah-mon-apik to join in the chase of the great white bear, and Kood-shoo knew quite well that it would be suicidal for him to try and go out in the dark and cold alone. It was with a very disappointed air that the boy took off again his fox-skin coat, rolled himself up under the caribou skins and went to sleep. He was awakened a couple of hours later by the cry,

“Huk! Huk! Huk!”

There was triumph in the tones and Kood-shoo knew at once that the hunt had been successful. He wriggled down the passage from the iglooya as fast as he could go.

Stretched out on the sledge was a huge polar bear, eight feet long, the beautiful white fur spotted with blood only in one or two places. What was more, the hunt had been so well managed that none of the dogs had been killed. One of them, indeed, had ventured too close to the bear and had been struck by a blow from its paw, but he was not seriously hurt. Kood-shoo knew well that the wounded dog would be healed in a couple of days.

“Did the nannook run very far?” Kood-shoo asked.

“No,” Kah-mon-apik answered, “Paudiak stopped him, every time he tried to run away. I had to spear him only twice.”

“Hasn’t he got thick fur!” the lad exclaimed, running his fingers through the snowy mass, which seemed, in the moonlight, even whiter than the snow.

“It is a young nannook,” was the practical rejoinder. “The flesh will be good eating.”

When meal-time came, however, Kood-shoo was again disappointed. Ky-oah-pah refused positively to let him have any of the bear-steaks, on the ground that he might be eating his brother or his cousin. So Kood-shoo had to content himself with seal-meat while the hunters were feasting on the freshly killed bear.

The boy was not to be daunted, however. By heroic exertions, he managed to keep awake until all his three companions had gone fast asleep. Then he unrolled himself from the caribou skins, took out his knife and reached across the little passage in the iglooya to where the juicy red meat lay invitingly. The story of his kinship with the nannook had little effect on Kood-shoo, for he was unlike the other Eskimo boys and thought for himself.

Seeing that he was unobserved, Kood-shoo cut off a piece of the meat and began to chew it. His teeth had not closed upon it a half dozen times when the angekok woke with a start. He seemed to know what had happened, for he said, sharply, to Kood-shoo,

“Are you eating the nannook?”

“Yes,” the boy replied defiantly.

Even under his thick coating of grease and dirt,

the angekok turned green. He jumped from the breck, and, without even waiting to put on his kapetah, seized a piece of meat, scrambled along the passage and threw it out of doors.

“For Torn-uk-soak?” queried Kood-shoo, as the old man returned.

The angekok sidled past him with a look of fear. Truth to tell, he expected some calamity to overtake them, or he doubted that some disaster might come to Kood-shoo. Perhaps he might turn into a bear before any one woke up! But when Kood-shoo finished chewing his piece of nannook-steak and turned over to sleep, the angekok’s fears grew less. As soon as the boy was deep in sleep, however, Ky-oah-pah wakened Kah-mon-apik and told him what he had seen. The hunter was less disturbed.

“Kood-shoo has always done as he wanted,” was his practical reply, “and no harm has come. He is a friend of Torn-uk-soak, and I have often heard you say it is not wise to thwart the demons. Let him alone.”

So Kood-shoo heard nothing further about the bear-steaks and took his portion at the next meal-time without remark.

When they returned to Itti-bloo, the villagers

already were astir. Soon, very soon, the sun would begin to shine and then the whole character of village life would change. The stone igloos would be deserted, the tupiks or skin tents would be put up and the busy summer, with all its heavy work, would begin again. Everywhere in the village, the hunters were repairing their sledges for the spring hunt and getting their skin boats or kayaks ready for the water. There still remained two weeks of complete darkness, and when the sun did begin to shine, his rays would shoot across the horizon only for a short time each day. Yet, before the sun came, Kood-shoo was to see a sight which would go far to determine his whole life's future.

About a week after his return, and when the Polar night still held the world in the dark grip, Kood-shoo went out on the ice with Ky-oah-pah, some distance away from the village, to bring back skins and meat that had been cached by a party of the village hunters in the vicinity of Cape York. They were driving Mirk-tu-shar's team, when suddenly the dogs, which had been pulling well, began to behave restlessly. The leader sat down and howled.

Kood-shoo, who was an expert with the long-

lashed dog-whip, caught the rebel smartly on the flank, but the dog did not move. He put his nose further up into the air and howled again, then crouched, as in fear.

Ky-oah-pah looked up and stood as though frozen stiff. Though the most courageous man in the village, his face turned pale with terror. He pointed to the sky.

“A star! A star has broken loose!” he cried, and threw himself on the ice, covering his face. “Hide, Kood-shoo! Hide!” he groaned, “it is not good to look when the demons of the sky are fighting!”

The boy glanced upwards.

There, flung across the heavens, was an angry bar of light, seeming, in the darkness, like a gaping wound in the sky. High in the zenith the streak was silver, but nearer earth a tinge of blood crept into the flash and the lower end was marked by a ball of orange fire.

Panic seized Kood-shoo. His knees trembled under him, and just for a fraction of a second he was conscious of a wild desire to fling himself down on the ice beside Ky-oah-pah. Then a sense of curiosity and defiance, that sense which set him



TRAIL OF A SHOOTING-STAR.

Note the thickening of the line at the lower end, showing the changes in the vaporization of the meteorite as it passes through the air.
(A photograph, from Yerkes Observatory.)



FALL OF A METEORITE.

Pencil drawing, showing the appearance of the largest meteorite, the fall of which was accurately observed, in Knyahinya, Hungary, Jan. 9, 1866. (From "Meteorites," by O. C. Farrington).

apart from all the other boys in the village, stiffened his backbone and he looked up again.

The silver streak was gone. The sky was split in two by that rift of orange light, lurid and threatening.

“The sun is falling, Ky-oah-pah!” he cried.

His heart surged up into his throat with a beating that choked his breath, but he clenched his hands and stood, refusing to give way.

A shrill roaring, faint at first, swung down from the heavens, where every star had been blotted out in the blinding glare. The mad howling of the dogs sounded thin and far away, overborne by the tumult of the celestial monster.

The world of ice, never seen by the boy except blue-white under the moon or golden-white under the Arctic sun, now burned an angry red, and the shadow of Kood-shoo, thrown black and squat on the ice below him, was unrecognizable. The ball of fire grew larger, wilder, more threatening, as he gazed.

Suddenly, a puff of vapor darted out from both sides of the fiery ball, the smoke curling cloud-like in the orange light, and with a crack like the breaking of an iceberg from its parent glacier, the

star burst asunder. A vivid green flame shot out, so bright that it eclipsed the lurid glow for a single tragic second, and then went out, as suddenly as it had come, leaving three balls of fire in the sky, where one had been before, now glowing with a duller red. These shrieked over the boy's head and plunged into the snow-covered land mass less than two hundred yards from where he stood, with a series of crackling explosions and a long hiss as the snow and frost in the ground were melted by the meteorites from the sky.¹

Scant time had Kood-shoo to speculate on the wonder, the whole of which had not taken ten seconds in the seeing, for with the jar to the ice caused by the impact of the fire-balls, the dogs leaped into their collars and began to run. The sledge was heavily loaded, which partly held the dogs back, but it took a thorough use of the whip to bring the frightened animals to their senses. A less adroit driver than Kood-shoo could never have held them in hand, and, if they had run away, the sledge would have been upset and broken, and, perhaps, the load of food lost.

¹ The Cape York meteorites' fall was not recorded, this description is from an eye-witness of the fall of the Knyahinya meteorite.

As soon as the dog-team had been brought into subjection, Kood-shoo turned back for Ky-oah-pah. He found the angekok standing on his feet, indeed, but still stricken with fear.

“You! You are here!” he said, shakenly.

“Yes, why not?” queried Kood-shoo.

“I thought the demons had come for you,” the old man answered.

“What for?”

“For eating the nannook,” came the unexpected reply.

Kood-shoo had entirely forgotten his disobedience to the taboo of Ky-oah-pah and the answer surprised him.

“Oh, that!” he said. “I’ve never thought of it since.”

The angekok looked at him wonderingly, but took up his place behind the dog-team and walked on in silence.

“Let’s go and see the fallen sun, Ky-oah-pah,” suggested Kood-shoo.

The angekok pretended not to hear. He walked on, without turning his head, only calling to the dogs to hurry. The boy followed, making up his mind, none the less, that he would visit that spot as soon as the summer sun had come, to find out

if there was anything to be seen. He was sure that he knew exactly the small island on which the meteorites had fallen.

On their return to the village, Kood-shoo and Ky-oah-pah found the place in confusion. Several of the Eskimos had seen the meteor and their terror had been equal to that of Ky-oah-pah. But when the angekok told the story of his nearness to the place where the heaven-born-stone fell and of Kood-shoo's eagerness to go right to the spot, the people of Itti-bloo felt comforted. It was but one more of the strange happenings that seemed to accompany Kood-shoo. No harm had come of it, and, perhaps, good might follow.

The next day, to the southward, a faint golden glow appeared, the promise of the sun, and two weeks afterwards, the rim of the sun, greatly magnified by refraction, sent a shaft of yellow rays across the ice. It was greeted with joy by the Eskimos, for daylight meant the beginning of work, the work always being the same—the procuring of meat. There is no other work in Eskimo-land, no industry save hunting, in order to have skins to wear and food to eat. There are no herds to watch, no fields to till, and the only articles made are the kayaks and the weapons for

hunting, together with the needles for sewing skins together.

As soon as the sun was well above the horizon, Kood-shoo persuaded Ky-oah-pah and Kah-mon-apik to accompany him to the little island southeast of Cape York, where he believed the three fire-balls had fallen. Both men were obviously afraid, but Ky-oah-pah did not want to show fear and Kah-mon-apik was always convinced that no harm could happen to him as long as he was in Kood-shoo's company. It was quite a long journey from Itti-bloo to Cape York but the party carried plenty of food on its sledges. Only two iglooyas were built on the trip, for the days were growing longer, and even in the middle of the night, daylight was faintly visible.

When they reached the point where the meteor had been seen to fall from the sky, Ky-oah-pah turned the dog-team inland. There was a sharp scramble over the ice-foot and the three soon reached the shore of the island. It took but a very few minutes to find the place, for, there, sticking up above the snow, was a large rock, absolutely without a fleck of white upon it, and black as no other rock on the Greenland coast that had ever been seen by the Eskimos.

Kood-shoo went straight to it, but neither of his companions would go near.

“Take care! It may still be burning!” Ky-oah-pah warned him.

The boy cautiously put his hand upon the stone. It was not even warm. Moreover, to his surprise, he found that the stone had not sunk very far into the ground, in spite of the terrific force with which it had come down, neither was the snow and ice melted for any great distance around it, showing that the heat of the fire-ball had not been very great.

“It’s not hot a bit,” Kood-shoo called out.

Ky-oah-pah came forward gingerly and looked intently at the stone, which was pitted with indentations. The surface was covered with a gray-black coating, like cinder. The angekok rightly supposed this to be due to the burning of the fire-ball as it fell. He examined it with some care.

“It is a fire-stone,” he said judiciously, after a time. “It ought to make fire. You try, Kood-shoo.”

The boy looked at Ky-oah-pah in surprise. He did not see why the fact that the meteor had been burning should make it a fire-giving stone. Still, at the angekok’s suggestion, he took from him the

piece of flint that the latter held out and struck the meteor, at first gently and then sharply. Nothing happened.

“The fire has left the outside,” declared Kyoah-pah, “but there may be fire inside. Do you dare to break a piece off?”

“Kah-mon-apik is stronger,” the boy replied.

The hunter looked anxiously at Kood-shoo.

“Will not the demons be angry if I break it?” he asked.

The boy realized that he must live up to his reputation.

“They will not be angry, Kah-mon-apik,” he declared solemnly.

The hunter kicked away the snow from the pebbles that lay on the beach. They were all frozen together, but by using his heel vigorously he loosened one of the smaller ones. Then, taking this as a hammer and a lever combined, he managed to pry away a large stone from its grip of frost.

On one corner of the meteor there was a slender piece sticking upwards. It did not look difficult to break. Kah-mon-apik planted himself opposite this, and poised the large stone in his hand.

“You are sure there are no demons inside?” he queried.

Kood-shoo was not at all sure, but all his life he had been supposed to be in league with the demons and had never been harmed by them, so he was not afraid.

“Nothing will hurt you,” he said. “Throw it, Kah-mon-apik!”

The hunter threw back his shoulders and heaved the big stone clear at the projecting spur of the meteor. It struck it, exactly on the point, and with a sharp crack, the splinter of the fire-stone broke off.

Ky-oah-pah and Kah-mon-apik started back, with evident dread that some evil might come, and Kood-shoo, himself, was more than a little frightened. In the moment's pause, a hoarse cry shrilled overhead and a black bird flew past them. Ky-oah-pah dropped into a crouching position with his arms over his head, but Kah-mon-apik, whose hunting-trained eyes were quicker, saw at once that this was but a sea-bird.

“A dovekie!” he cried, the hunting instinct strong in him, “all the birds will soon be here again.”

The relief was so sudden and so great that Kood-shoo laughed aloud, and Ky-oah-pah, straightening up, said without shame,

“One fears many things when the eyes grow old.”

Kood-shoo followed with his gaze the dovekie which was wheeling in the sky, the forerunner of the thousands of birds which soon would nest upon the shores, and then he stepped up again to the fire-ball. He took the piece of flint which had been given him by Ky-oah-pah and struck sharply upon the fractured surface.

A spark flew out.

“There is fire!” cried Kah-mon-apik. “We need not go to the great cliff to get stones for making fire. Let us have more!”

He picked up the stone again and hurled it at the rock. It would not break. Again and again he threw the pebble with all his strength, until, at last, the stone he threw splintered into pieces against the meteor. Kah-mon-apik loosened another stone from the frost-gripped beach and used it for a hammer also, but it met the same fate. Then Ky-oah-pah, the wise man, who had been watching closely, interposed.

“The fire-stone is much harder than the stone we use for weapons,” he said. “Would not our knives be better, Kah-mon-apik, if we made them of this fire-stone?”

Kah-mon-apik looked at him a moment, then nodded understandingly.

“They would,” he said. “We must take some pieces home.”

Again and again he sought stones for hammers which would be strong enough to break the stone that had come from the sky, but all proved too brittle. After an hour’s labor, Kah-mon-apik had only broken off two small splinters, and these were the only two projecting pieces of the rock. No impression whatever had been made on the body of the fire-stone.

“Didn’t you see three stones falling?” Kood-shoo asked Ky-oah-pah.

“I did not look,” the angekok answered. “Nobody saw them but you.”

“I know I saw three,” the boy declared, “I’m going to look for the others.”

He wandered off along the beach and presently the angekok heard a shout.

“Here! Come here! I’ve found another!”

Ky-oah-pah hurried up to where the boy was standing and saw, lightly embedded in the frozen beach, another meteorite, looking exactly like the one on which Kah-mon-apik had been hammering,

but a great deal smaller. He looked at it, and then at the larger meteorite.

“That other is a woman with a baby in her amaut,” the angekok commented, little thinking that, as he said so, he was but quoting the Ancient Greeks who worshiped, under the name of “Diana of the Ephesians,” a meteorite that had fallen from the sky and, which they believed, possessed a feminine shape.

“It does look a little like a woman,” agreed Kood-shoo.

“It is the Woman,” the angekok declared gravely, “and this,” he added, pointing to the meteorite which Kood-shoo was kicking idly with his foot, “this is her dog, still fast asleep.”

It was rather a stretch of the imagination to see the shape of a dog in the irregular mass of iron that lay half buried in the snow and stones of the beach, but if there was a Woman and a Baby, surely there ought to be a Dog! The boy knew well that Ky-oah-pah’s fertile fancy was weaving a story to explain how the Woman, with her Baby on her shoulder and her Dog at her feet, had fallen from the sky.

They returned to Kah-mon-apik, who was still

industriously working. He looked up as they came near.

“Let us try with these pieces,” he said. “If, indeed, they will make knives, then many of us will come and break the heaven-born-stone. This is enough to begin.”

Ky-oah-pah agreed readily, for he was not comfortable in his heart over Kah-mon-apik's work, especially since he had seen a fancied resemblance to a Woman and her Dog. Kood-shoo, for his part, had satisfied his curiosity and the three returned swiftly to the village.

There was great excitement among the people of Itti-bloo when they arrived safely, for many had been the doubts expressed that they would not return alive after having dared the vengeance of the demons. When, however, they not only returned in safety, but actually brought with them pieces of the stone that had fallen from the sky, then wonder gave place to awed amazement. Moreover, when it was shown that sparks could actually be drawn from the pieces which Kah-mon-apik had brought home with him, Kood-shoo's fame as a wonder-worker grew so great as almost to overtop that of Ky-oah-pah himself.

A couple of weeks later, the howling of all the

dogs in the village greeted the appearance of a stranger from the village of Netlik. This was Ok-pud-ding-wah, who had been brought up as a boy in the village of Itti-bloo, but whose family had moved to the northward. He recognized Kood-shoo, for, though the boy did not know it, the story of his arrival on the North Water was a familiar tale to all the Smith Sound Eskimo, and Ok-pud-ding-wah had lived with the Itti-bloo group until he was fourteen years old.

On seeing the boy, he stopped his sledge.

"Is Ky-oah-pah on his travels?" he asked, for there had been no communication between the villagers during the winter, and the visitor wanted information concerning the angekok.

"No, he is in the igloo," the boy responded.

"And In-nook-shee-ah?"

"She is in the igloo, also," Kood-shoo, for he remembered that Ok-pud-ding-wah had always been very fond of In-nook-shee-ah, the eldest of the angekok's daughters, who was famous for her skill in tanning skins.

"I will drive on," the stranger said, and calling to his dogs, the team whirled along the beach to the angekok's igloo.

Kood-shoo followed as fast as he could. He

understood the romance of Ok-pud-ding-wah's visit, because the young fellow was dressed in a brand-new suit of fox-skins and his equipment for hunting was the finest that the lad had ever seen. By the time the boy reached the igloo, it was evident that all the marriage arrangements had been made, for In-nook-shee-ah was busily fingering the skins on the sledge with an air of possession.

Ok-pud-ding-wah, who was alert and excited, paid no further heed to his bride. Instead, Kood-shoo found him sitting outside Kah-mon-apik's hut, watching intently the "big hunter" as, with a piece of trap-rock, he laboriously ground down one of the two chunks which had been broken off from the meteorite. The trap-rock wore away much faster than the fire-stone, so fast, indeed, that it seemed as though little impression were being made on the harder material, but in the two weeks of constant labor Kah-mon-apik had already ground down the meteoritic iron to the shape of a chisel on one side. It would take at least another two weeks of constant work to give the chip a similar opposing edge, but there was no denying that the tool, when completed, would be more serviceable than anything Kah-mon-apik possessed, except the white man's knife.

“It was you who found the heaven-born-stone?” Ok-pud-ding-wah asked of Kood-shoo, as soon as the boy came within hearing.

“I saw it fall,” answered the lad.

“You went with Ky-oah-pah and Kah-mon-apik to break it?”

“I went to find it,” was the reply. “Ky-oah-pah found out that it was a fire-making stone and Kah-mon-apik is trying to make a chopping knife of it.”

“Will you show me where it is?” the visitor asked. “Kah-mon-apik says that no one will go there without you. He says that the heaven-born-stones are under your keeping and that only you can keep the demons away.”

“I’ll show you where the stones are, if you like,” answered Kood-shoo, frowning, for he was not too well pleased to find out that the story of his supposed connection with the demons had traveled to other villages.

“Will you go now?” queried Ok-pud-ding-wah, jumping up, quite energetically for an Eskimo.

“Yes, I’ll go now, if you want me to,” the lad agreed willingly, “only I’ve got to have something to eat first.”

“I’ve brought some caribou flesh for a feast,”

Ok-pud-ding-wah announced. "We will feast first and take a sleep and then you will guide me to the heaven-born-stones."

The whole village gathered to the feast, which already was in course of preparation. There was plenty of meat in Itti-bloo, thanks largely to the skill of Kah-mon-apik, and, as the weather had settled into a mild warmth as soon as the sun appeared, the prospects were good for a favorable hunting summer. There were all sorts of dainties especially the insides of seals and the half-digested shell-fish from a walrus' stomach, boiled with fish-oil and blubber, but the caribou venison was the chiefest treat.

When every one had eaten until he could hold no more, and when the refuse had been given to the dogs, every man, woman, and child in Itti-bloo went to sleep, many of them in the open, because they were too full to move. Fortunately, there was just enough mildness in the air to prevent these gluttons being frozen to death.

Many hours later, the feasters began to awaken. Ok-pud-ding-wah was among the first of them. He looked around for his bride, In-nook-shee-ah, but she had gone into her father's igloo to sleep.

The stranger aroused Kood-shoo, and the boy,

sleepily rubbing his eyes, came out and joined his visitor. He helped Ok-pud-ding-wah to harness up his dogs, a frisky team, showier than that of Kah-mon-apik's, but not as heavy, and the two started out for Cape York. With the freshly-fed dogs ahead of them and daylight to show the way the trip was made quickly.

Ok-pud-ding-wah was more venturesome in character than most of the Itti-bloo villagers, and though when he reached the meteorite, it was evident that he was afraid, yet the knowledge that Kood-shoo was beside him stimulated him to an appearance of bravery.

"See, Ok-pud-ding-wah," the boy said, "here is where Kah-mon-apik broke off the pieces."

The young hunter looked at the meteorite and noted the piles of broken pebbles at its base, marking the place where Kah-mon-apik had spent all his efforts in trying to break the stone.

"It must be very hard, Kood-shoo," he said.

The boy nodded.

"Are the other heaven-born-stones smaller?" he asked.

"Much smaller," the boy answered, and he led the way to the Dog. "There's a third one somewhere," he added, "but I haven't found it yet."

Ok-pud-ding-wah looked at them thoughtfully for a moment, then turned to Kood-shoo.

"Will you give permission for the Innuït of Netlik to take away part of the stones?" he asked.

"Why not?" propounded Kood-shoo. "They don't belong to me, I only found them."

"It was to you the heaven-born-stones came," the young hunter answered, "and they are in your keeping. But if it is right for Kah-mon-apik to use them, it cannot be wrong for me."

"I'm perfectly willing," the boy agreed, "but I don't see how you are going to get any of them to Netlik. Even the Dog is too heavy to put on a sledge."

"It's not so very large," protested Ok-pud-ding-wah.

"Did you feel the weight of that small piece that Kah-mon-apik was chipping?" retorted the lad.

"It was very heavy," the other agreed. Then he walked over to the smaller of the two meteorites.

"Can I touch it?" he asked.

"You can do anything you like with it," Kood-shoo agreed.

Ok-pud-ding-wah stooped down and put his

whole strength into a heave. The stone did not lift. It did not even budge. The young hunter strained and strained his utmost but it was of no use. When he desisted, he was panting with his exertions, but the meteorite had not moved. He could not turn it over, try as he would.

“You are right, Kood-shoo,” he said. “We could not put it on a sledge.”

The young hunter then went to the larger meteorite and examined it closely. It was evident that there was something in his mind. Finally he turned to the boy with a shame-faced air.

“Do you think we could break off a piece of this one?” he asked.

“Break it all up if you want to,” answered the lad, “but you will find it hard to chip.”

“It would be easy to break off the top,” Ok-pud-ding-wah said in an awed tone. It was easy to see his ideas had been modernized by his contact with the white men the year before, who had spent a longer time at Netlik than at Itti-bloo.

Kood-shoo was not superstitious, at least, not as superstitious as the other Eskimos, but this suggestion was a little daring. True, the only reason for supposing the meteorite to be a Woman was

the fact that Ky-oah-pah had detected a resemblance in the form of the stone to a woman, covered with her hood and with her baby on her shoulder. Nevertheless, the idea had stuck.

"You mean to break off the Woman's head?" said the boy.

Ok-pud-ding-wah looked away, he did not want to meet Kood-shoo's eye. But he squirmed uneasily, just the same.

For a second the boy hesitated, and then the thought surged over him that the stranger was showing a less superstitious spirit than himself. He shook himself together.

"I don't see any reason why you shouldn't," he said hastily. "But do you think you can do it?"

"It will take a long time," the young hunter answered, "but if it will make weapons as good as the white man's knife that Kah-mon-apik owns, it is worth spending a whole sunshine-time to get it."

"When will you do it?" queried the boy.

"At once," Ok-pud-ding-wah answered. "I will go to Netlik with In-nook-shee-ah and, after a hunt, I will return with several sledges. We will put up our tupiks here on the beach and take away the head."

"How will the people of Netlik know that the

heaven-born-stone will make weapons?" queried Kood-shoo.

Ok-pud-ding-wah held out his finger, from which he had removed his mitten, a few minutes before, and showed a slight cut on his finger which was bleeding profusely.

"How did you do that?" asked the boy.

For reply the young hunter showed in his other hand a small sliver of the meteorite, which had been shattered by some of Kah-mon-apik's heavy battering two weeks before and which he had picked up on the beach. It was as sharp as a needle.

"No bone can make a hole like that," he said, "I just touched my finger with it. It is very sharp."

Kood-shoo saw at once how this single sliver of the meteoritic iron would excite the people of Netlik. A point as sharp as this would save much time and labor in the sewing of heavy hides, such as walrus or oog-sook. The bone needles, which were all that the Eskimos possessed, can not be filed too sharp, or they break. All the sewing is through thick skins and every place through which a needle has to pass has to be chewed to make it soft. A seam takes a week to make.

The one small sliver from the meteorite, now in Ok-pud-ding-wah's hand, would make him rich, and if he gave it to In-nook-shee-ah, as he undoubtedly would, she would be the envy of every other woman in the village. She would possess the only sharp needle in the north. The boy quite understood the young fellow's eagerness to return to Itti-bloo and show this treasure to his bride. She would consider him a very brave and very important hunter.

When they reached the village, Kood-shoo told Ky-oah-pah the plan that Ok-pud-ding-wah had suggested to him. The old man shook his head gravely, but did not seem personally concerned.

"If the people of Netlik wish to make the demons of the sky angry," he said, "they are foolish. It will be good for Itti-bloo. The demons will be busy and will forget what Kah-mon-apik has done. The big evil will hide the small one."

Still, the boy noticed that although Ok-pud-ding-wah had been in and out of Ky-oah-pah's igloo often during the time before the feast, after the return of the young hunter from the meteorites, the old angekok would not allow him under his roof. It was evident that he feared the vengeance of the demons.

In less than two weeks Ok-pud-ding-wah returned, leading a party of twenty Eskimos from Netlik. They came prepared for a long stay, with fifteen sledges, loaded with household equipment, skins, weapons and everything needful. A big feast was held, as before. The former feast had been sumptuous enough, but it was far outshone by this banquet. The Eskimo regards quantity rather than quality, and Kood-shoo figured that, on an average, each person at the feast ate the equivalent of half a seal, or thirty to fifty pounds of meat at a single sitting. Kood-shoo himself stuffed until it was a painful exertion to move, but some of the feasters, the women especially, gorged until their eyes bulged out from repletion. It was warmer weather now, and most of the feasters rolled over where they sat and slept in their furs on the frozen beach until enough of the meat and blubber had digested to enable them to move.

After a while the visitors recovered from their banquet sufficiently to be ready to travel. The sledges were loaded with the remainder of the food, the dogs harnessed anew and they started for Cape York.

As he had promised, Kood-shoo went with them and took up his quarters in the tupik that was

built by Ok-pud-ding-wah for In-nook-shee-ah and himself. Being still early in the summer, this tupik was midway between an iglooya and a tent in its construction, its sides being built of snow blocks and its roof of caribou deer skins. These were the hides of the wild caribou, of course, from the deer-grazing plateau of Kan-gerd-look-soak, for the Smith Sound Eskimo do not possess domesticated reindeer.

Sip-su, the angekok of Netlik, had accompanied the party and he did everything he could to hinder the work. Nevertheless, Ok-pud-ding-wah took the leadership, and, having received permission to proceed from Kood-shoo, he dared the vengeance of the demons so lavishly promised by the angekok of Netlik.

No sooner had the group put up their tupiks than Ok-pud-ding-wah set to work. The Eskimo had brought many of their best tools, made from trap-rock, and commenced to try and chip away that portion of the stone which joined the head of the Woman to the body.

“Do you think you’re going to be able to break it at all?” Kood-shoo asked, as Ok-pud-ding-wah and the men with him prepared to hack at the stone.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

ESKIMO SPRING HUNTING HUT.

Tupik or tent roof of caribou skins, with sides made of snowblocks.
Note absence of entrance tunnel.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

BUILDING AN IGLOOYA.

Construction of a snow house on sea ice during the winter; the igloos, or permanent huts on land, occupied at irregular intervals by any one who desires to take possession, are made of stone, banked with snow.

“We will break it,” the young hunter replied, “we have brought hard stones here to do it with.”

He stepped up to the meteorite and then hesitated.

“Will you smash the first piece?” he pleaded.

Kood-shoo realized that even yet Ok-pud-ding-wah wanted to clear himself from the responsibility. The boy would have preferred not to take the initiative, but as he had begun, he would have to continue.

There was one thin sheet of the iron-stone, which Ky-oah-pah had described as the hood covering the Woman's head. The boy grasped the strongest of the weapons brought by the people of Netlik and struck with all his might. The stone weapon rebounded with a dull clang. Again and again Kood-shoo struck, until he was perspiring all over with the effort, and, at last, a small piece of the iron, about the size of one joint of his little finger, flew off. The destruction of the Woman was begun.

There was a gasp of expectation among the Eskimo assembled and half of them looked upwards to the sky as though expecting the demons to come on them in force. The sky remained cloudless and nothing could be heard save the

shrill screaming of the sea-birds, which, by now, had arrived in countless thousands.

Ok-pud-ding-wah took heart, and snatching the heavy trap-rock hammer from Kood-shoo's hand, he struck with all his might at the "head" of the Woman. And, with the blow, his weapon flew into a thousand splinters.

Sip-su, the angekok, laughed hoarsely.

"You will break every tool you own," he said, "and get nothing in return. I will stay no longer. I leave you to your fate. I warn you that the demons of the sky will take their vengeance and the head of the Woman will never see Netlik village."

Ok-pud-ding-wah, who was largely a scoffer of Sip-su's power in his native village, motioned him away.

"You can go," he said, "this is no place for those who are afraid."

Sip-su scowled around at the people who surrounded him.

"It has come to pass that a man goes on his travels," he said in farewell, scorning further argument.

He whipped his dogs and struck off down the beach slope to the ice.

Not until he was gone did Kood-shoo remember the vision of Ky-oah-pah, which he had told in the iglooya on the ice, during the hunting months before.

“Ok-pud-ding-wah,” he said, “months ago Ky-oah-pah said the same thing that Sip-su has just said.”

“Is it true, do you think?” was the anxious query.

“I don’t know,” Kood-shoo replied, “Ky-oah-pah is very wise.”

“Will you promise to stay with me for as many sleeps as I have fingers?” the younger hunter pleaded.

“Yes,” the boy answered, “and I’ll stay longer, if you like, on the condition that you let me go on the hunt with you and take one-half of all the meat I catch to Ky-oah-pah. He has always been very good to me.”

“It is agreed,” the young hunter answered. “If you will stay, I care nothing for the angekok of Netlik or the angekok of Itti-bloo.”

And, with the word, he turned back to his work again.

After the next sleep, three of the Netlik families, eleven persons in all, told Ok-pud-ding-wah that

they were afraid and were going back to their village, but the other nine men agreed to stay. Like their leader, they had faith in Kood-shoo, and the power of the angekok had been weakened among them by the visits of the white men the year before.

Hour after hour, day after day, the Eskimo hammered at the iron block. Their weapons, as the angekok had foretold, were all broken, yet they kept on. They gathered stones from the beach and went on long journeys to the base of the glaciers to get harder pieces of trap-rock. Still, day by day, the pile of broken stones around the base of the meteorite grew and the head of the Woman remained unshattered. Only, each day, a little chip would fly off. After two weeks of continuous hammering, there was no evidence of the labor that had been expended on the task save a notch, two inches deep, in what, according to Ky-oah-pah's description, would have been the neck of the figure.

Kood-shoo returned to the village, having stayed longer than he promised, but Ok-pud-ding-wah kept working on. Native obstinacy, added to a perception of the value of the iron, kept the young hunter true to his purpose. In-nook-

shee-ah tried to persuade him to give up the plan and to leave, but the Netlik leader was firm. Seeing him so steadfast, the other nine men remained. Hour after hour, all day and all night long, some men working while the others slept, the hammering continued. Steadily the notch grew deeper. The arms of the Eskimo were stiff, most of them had suffered injuries as the stones with which they struck splintered in their hands, but with the dogged persistence of a primitive people, they continued without ceasing.

From time to time some of the men would go off hunting, returning with food for the others who had labored during their absence. When the food supply ran short, the other hunters would go in turn. Nothing was allowed to interfere with the work, which went relentlessly on.

Twice Kood-shoo came to visit them, each time repeating his warning that it would be wiser for them to stop, and on the second visit he brought Ky-oah-pah, who repeated to Ok-pud-ding-wah the story of his vision out on the Great Ice. The young hunter listened to the story with intense interest, and for answer, strode forward to the block and took his turn in chipping. The sun was rising high in the sky and the ice was growing thin. As

Kood-shoo and Ky-oah-pah returned, their sledge ran through pools of water on the ice

“It will be hard for Ok-pud-ding-wah to go back to Netlik,” said Ky-oah-pah as the sledge stopped at the village of Itti-bloo. “The ice grows thin.”

“He’ll never go back until he has the Head,” said Kood-shoo. “It ought not to take long now, there is very little left now to chip away.”

“The eyes of my breath,” said the angekok, “showed me that Ok-pud-ding-wah will never take the block back to Netlik.”

“I believe he will, Ky-oah-pah, just the same,” Kood-shoo declared. “He certainly deserves to get it. He’s worked for it all spring.”

“We shall know in a few sleeps,” the angekok replied. “He must go soon or he cannot cross the ice to Netlik.”

The end came quicker than Ky-oah-pah expected. Two days later, Nook-tal, one of the younger Eskimo who was with Ok-pud-ding-wah, came driving into Itti-bloo, all agog with excitement.

“It is done! It is done!” he cried. “The Head is off!”

Kood-shoo ran forward to meet him.

"I did it!" the other continued. "It was my blow which struck off the Head. Come, come quickly! Ok-pud-ding-wah said you must be there when we move it."

Kood-shoo turned to the angekok.

"I suppose I had better go," he said.

"You must go," the old man replied.

The trail was good, and, for a short distance, the boy rode on the sledge. The dogs had been well fed and though the ice was soft, not many hours passed before Kood-shoo found himself at the camp. All the tupiks had been taken down, most of the sledges were packed, and Ok-pud-ding-wah's sledge, the largest of the lot, was drawn up near the meteorite.

The young hunter greeted the lad warmly. Everything was ready for loading the Head, which weighed a quarter of a ton, upon the sledge. Using the shoulder-blade of a whale as an inclined plane and sharpened whale ribs for levers, the piece of iron was loaded on the sledge. Thus loaded, it was not too heavy a pull for a double team of dogs, and the sledge was hauled down the beach and out on the ice amid the shouts of the Eskimo.

The leader of the Netlik party was so proud over

his success that he was like a child for joy, but Kood-shoo felt a presentiment of trouble. The other sledges, containing the rest of the Eskimo, gradually drew ahead, leaving Ok-pud-ding-wah and Kood-shoo with the heavily loaded sledge in the rear. The day was warm, and the pools of water on the surface of the ice were deeper than when Kood-shoo had passed over them a couple of hours before. The sun shone hotly, and shone, of course, day and night uninterruptedly.

"The ice is bad, Ok-pud-ding-wah," warned Kood-shoo. "We had better travel on the beach."

"There is no snow on the beach," the young hunter answered, "the dogs could not pull the load."

This was so true that Kood-shoo forbore to answer. But as they drew near to the rounding of the cape, an especially bad stretch of ice appeared in front of them.

"Leave the Head here till the winter, when the ice is strong again," Kood-shoo urged.

This, Ok-pud-ding-wah would not do. Triumph was in his grasp and he wanted to taste the joy of it by riding into the village full tilt, displaying his prowess to Ky-oah-pah and the rest of the scoffers.

One of the dogs whined, and at the same instant, by some instinct of the origin of which he was unconscious, Kood-shoo stretched out his arm and sharply plucked Ok-pud-ding-wah back. The whip dropped from the young hunter's hand and he almost fell sprawling on the ice.

As he turned, and as Kood-shoo lamely sought in his mind for some explanation as to why he had done this thing, the dogs leaped forward frenziedly. There was a swirl in the couple of inches of water that lay atop of the ice, and through which they were traveling, and then, under their feet, the two men felt the ice sway downwards. The water bubbled around them, rising almost to their knees.

Kood-shoo tried to call to the dogs, but the cry stuck fast in his throat. His eyes were riveted on the sledge, now sunk so far that the water was washing around the meteorite, and which was advancing by little jerks as the frightened dogs tried to make their way over the breaking and sinking ice.

Then, slowly, and in silence broken only by the cracking of the ice, the sledge turned sidewise, and the meteorite plunged into the waters of Melville Bay. With the huge weight removed, the dogs

still struggled on, and, showing unexpected strength and courage, half swam, half galloped over the sinking ice and drew the empty sledge to safety on the firm ice beyond.

Ok-pud-ding-wah said never a word. He walked to the shore, followed by Kood-shoo, and, further on, caught up with the dog-team. So, still silent, he guided the team into Itti-bloo where all the people were gathered on the beach, ready to welcome his triumph. Not a word was said as the empty sledge drew up, until Ok-pud-ding-wah, turning to Ky-oah-pah, said, in a manner that showed he had returned in full to the traditions of his forefathers,

“The demons of the sea have taken the head of the Woman to return it to the demons of the sky.”

CHAPTER V

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN

THE sinking of the meteorite was a sore blow to the natives of Netlik, for they had worked hard, terribly hard, but the fact that Ok-pud-ding-wah had been saved, and especially that all the sledge-dogs had escaped, was regarded by the Eskimo as entirely due to the good influence of Kood-shoo. Had he not been there, they argued, Ok-pud-ding-wah would have found his grave in the icy waters of Melville Bay, together with the iron-stone head of the Woman he had tried so hard to secure.

By force of circumstances, therefore, the boy's reputation for wisdom and success grew, and, as a result, every hunting expedition that set out was eager to have him as a member. Kood-shoo was equally ready to learn and quick to grasp every opportunity given. It followed, that when his fellow-Eskimo of the same age were still inexperienced and little trusted by their elders, Kood-shoo was beginning to be reckoned as one of the

most promising young hunters of the tribe. He took his part in the big walrus-hunt of the spring at Pituarvik, to which the whole Smith Sound tribe gathered. The hunt proved extremely successful, over a hundred walrus being killed and their blubber rendered for oil. Several narwhals were captured, while thirty large oog-sook (bearded seals) added to the store of food, which was cached in anticipation of the autumn, the lean time of the year to the Eskimo.

At the close of the walrus-hunt and when they were still staying at Pituarvik, though some of the families already had gone, Kah-mon-apik undertook to make good an old promise to teach Kood-shoo how to make a bow and arrows. There were only three bows in the possession of the tribe. All were of the pattern that had been brought to the Smith Sound people from the Ellesmere Land Eskimo by Ito-kirs-suk, Kah-mon-apik's father, when he crossed Smith Sound fifty years before. Prior to that time, the Smith Sound Eskimo had never seen a bow and arrow.

Kood-shoo was returning to the igloo in Pituarvik, from a seal-hole that he had been watching, when he saw Kah-mon-apik in the distance and noted the string of six kittiwakes and two

burgomaster gulls that the hunter was carrying. The boy ran to meet him.

"I wish I had a bow and arrows," he said, "to shoot birds the way you do! You've always promised to make me a bow, Kah-mon-apik," he continued reproachfully. "Can't you make me one now?"

The hunter shook his head.

"I have not said that I would make you a bow," he answered, "but I did say I would show you how it is done. You will have to work, yourself, and work hard, if you want a good bow."

"I'll do anything for a bow!" Kood-shoo cried. "But I don't know how to do it, or what to make it with! What do I need, Kah-mon-apik?"

"There is a kind of bone that floats in the sea (wood) my father told me, that he made bows with. I've never seen it. I've always made my bows of bone."

"What bone?"

"Seal ribs, and the bow will be all the better if they come from a young seal."

"That ought to be easy," replied Kood-shoo, "there are lots of seals being brought into the village now. I'll watch and get the bones before they are thrown to the dogs."

The boy had not long to wait. Two days after his talk with Kah-mon-apik, Mirk-tu-shar brought in a young seal. Knowing, from Kah-mon-apik's description, that the ribs of this young seal would be ideal for the purpose of making a bow, Kood-shoo got the bones from Mirk-tu-shar and raced off with them to Kah-mon-apik's igloo. It was not as large a home as his igloo at Itti-bloo, but it filled the hunter's wants. The house Kah-mon-apik had used at Pituarvik the spring before, was occupied this year by another hunter, for, among the Eskimo, no one owns his home. All igloos are the property of the community and when a part of the tribe moves from one village to another, "first come, first served" is the only rule.

"I've got the ribs for the bow!" cried Kood-shoo, as he came near the hut, and saw Kah-mon-apik and Pik-nun-ah, the hunter's wife, sitting in the sun outside the door of the iglooya. Kah-mon-apik was still busy grinding down the meteoric iron that had come from the heaven-born-stones, into knife-blades, as he had done, in his odd minutes, for months.

Pik-nu-nah was equally busy, chewing hides to make them soft. This is an Eskimo woman's principal work. After an animal has been skinned

and roughly scraped by the men it is given over to the women to clean. They pare it still closer and then commence to soften it. This is done with the teeth alone. Taking a skin, they double in two a piece of it about two inches long, placing the fur sides together. This fold of green hide is then put in the mouth and chewed until all the fat, greasy matter in the skin is chewed out. It may take ten minutes of steady chewing to soften an inch of skin and then the next inch must needs be folded over and chewed in the same way. The whole hide has to be done several times. Eskimo women spend a large part of their lives chewing the green hides of freshly killed animals, and long before they are old, their teeth are worn down to their gums.

Pik-nu-nah was busy on a new summer suit of seal-skins for her daughter, for the little girl was growing fast, and the last summer's suit had grown too small. The new suit, closely resembling a boy's, with its shirt and trousers, was nearly finished and partly sewn with sinew, but Pik-nu-nah wanted a piece or two more of dark fur, in order to finish the dark strip up the back of the kapetah. Like many of the Eskimo, she strove hard, by selecting darker and lighter shades of

fur, to give a pretty pattern to the clothing that she sewed.

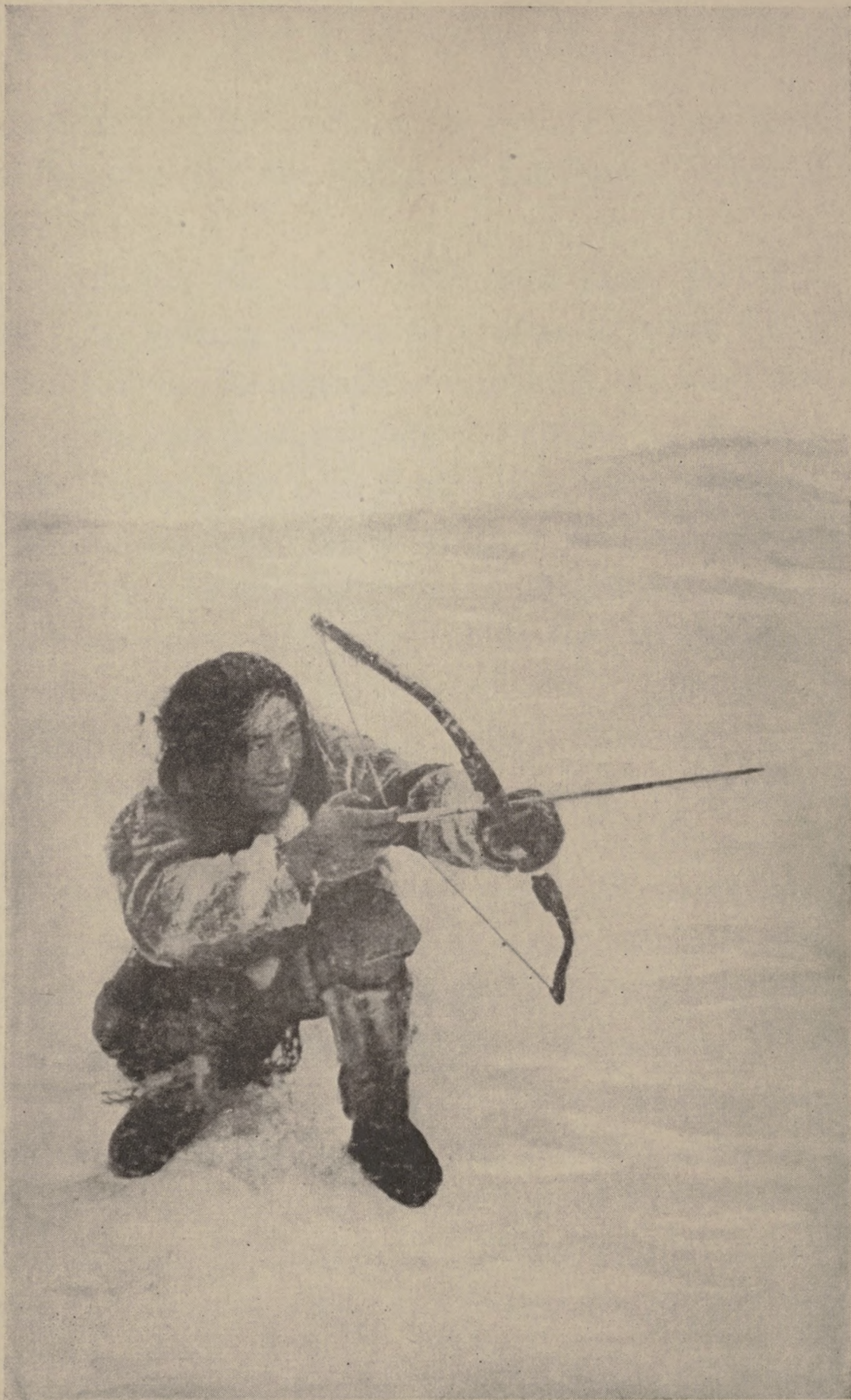
“Are you going to try to make a bow, too, Kood-shoo?” she said, looking up as the boy came nearer. “You want to have everything just like Kah-mon-apik, don’t you?”

“I’d like to be as big a hunter as Kah-mon-apik,” the boy said admiringly, for the leader was one of his heroes.

Under Kah-mon-apik’s guidance, Kood-shoo settled down to work. He took two of the springy seal ribs, which measured about fourteen inches round the curve. With long and patient labor, he cut off an inch from the point where the rib fits into the backbone, and five inches from the end of the rib, and pared the remaining bone down evenly. With modern tools, this could have been done in two minutes. It took Kood-shoo three days, working about fourteen hours each day.

“That’s done, Kah-mon-apik,” he was able to say at last, as he laid before the hunter the two arcs of bone, each about eight inches long and curving more at one end than the other.

“You have made them well,” the hunter said, as he looked at them critically. “Now, Kood-shoo,” he continued, “if you go into the igloo



ESKIMO BOW AND ARROW.

Photograph of "The Owl," one of Amundsen's party.
(By permission from Roald Amundsen's "The North-West Passage,"
published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

you will find the part of the antler of a caribou. It is good for the belly of the bow. Bring it here."

Delighted, for Kood-shoo well knew the difficulty of getting a straight piece of bone which should have the necessary elasticity, he went into the igloo and brought out the antler. Kah-mon-apik showed him how it should be scraped down with a trap-rock blade until it was all of one width, flat at the top and round at the bottom, fourteen inches in length. This took another two days' labor.

With the three pieces of bone thus prepared, Kah-mon-apik showed the boy how they should be lashed together, the straight piece in the middle and the two arcs of bone at either end, these overlapping the central bone by about three inches. Where the bones came together they were scraped to form flat surfaces and the overlap was lashed firmly with sinew. On the tightness of this lashing the whole strength of the bow depended and Kah-mon-apik taught the boy the secret of making that lashing so tight that nothing should ever be able to loosen it. This completed, the stick of the bow was done.

"In some bows," the hunter told Kood-shoo,

“the sinew-string is fastened into notches, but this is not good. Bone is smooth and the string may slip when you need it most. We will make your bow with holes to hold the string. Bring me the drill.”

Kood-shoo squirmed. If there was one kind of labor that he hated above another, it was working the ivory drill. Still, the toil was for his own bow and he fetched the instrument out of the igloo.

The hunter fitted into the socket of the drill a tiny blade made of a flint chip, less than half the width of the boy's little finger nail and with a sharp point. This he gave to the lad. Kood-shoo took the drill bow, an arched piece of rib with a twisted sinew string stretched across it, and bent the horns together enough to make a loop through which to slip the slender shaft of ivory drill, which was thus held tight by the spring of the tightened rib. He took in his teeth a mouthpiece, in which there was a socket for the top of the drill. Then, putting the end of the bow on the ground and setting the point of the drill on the place that Kah-mon-apik had marked out for a hole, Kood-shoo knelt down on the ground, fitted the top of the drill into the socket of the mouthpiece he held in his teeth, guided the drill with his left hand and,

taking the bent rib in his right hand, began to saw it back and forth. The tight sinew string, encircling the shaft of the drill, caused the shaft to revolve at a high rate of speed as the string wound and unwound, and the bone dust began to form in a fine powder in the slowly forming hole.

Kood-shoo could not put much pressure on the drill, in the hope of getting through with the work quickly, for if there were too much force on the edges of the flint flake, it would chip off. Patience and a steady light pressure were needed. In about an hour's constant drilling, the flint flake had made a perfectly smooth round hole right through the arc of young seal rib. Another hour's equally arduous labor produced a similar hole in the other end of the bow and Kood-shoo took the mouthpiece from between his teeth, glad that this piece of work was over.

From Ky-oah-pah the boy had begged some of the strong sinews from the tail of the narwhal and five of these were laid on the flat back of the bow side by side. These also were lashed fast with sinew, so that the entire bow was wound save for a length of two inches on each of the arcs and three inches of the splint bone in the belly of the bow, at which places the yellow bone showed clear.

Deer sinews were then twisted together and glued with a compound made of blood, boiled oil, and soot, and this tough string, which would be unaffected by weather, was passed through the holes at the end of the bow. Loops were made in the string, beyond the holes, as the ends of the bow were pressed together, and little ivory pegs were passed through the loops. The string came taut as the bow straightened and the weapon was made.

Kood-shoo now owned a bow, only the fourth in the possession of the tribe. His arrows, made of thin shafts of bone tipped with barbed fish-bones, and feathered from the guillemot, flew straight and well.

With this bow, which was quite powerful despite its small size, Kood-shoo did deadly execution among the small birds and added greatly to Ky-oah-pah's larder. Incidentally, he greatly improved the variety in his own fare. According to Eskimo custom, Kood-shoo had been deemed too young to be allowed to eat ptarmigan or any of the small birds and animals, just as he had been forbidden to eat eggs. When, however, he returned from his first bow and arrow hunt with a string of three birds, he knew that this prohibition would be lifted. A great banquet was held in the

angekok's igloo that day and Kood-shoo feasted on the birds that he himself had shot. Even the angekok, with all his wealth and skill, had never owned a bow nor shot an arrow.

With this new weapon in his possession, the boy made no protest, when, weeks later, Ky-oah-pah summoned him to go with him to Bird Rock, the nesting place of the little auks. Kood-shoo knew that this trip meant netting rather than shooting, but Ky-oah-pah raised no objection to his taking his bow and arrows with him on the trip. Each, however, carried a net. The shaft of this was made of a narwhal's tusk, the small end to the hand. Into the sockets of the large ends were fastened the nets, made of sinews knotted together, and, armed with these, the angekok and the lad climbed up the precipitous rock.

The little auks, who were nesting there in hundreds of thousands, flew up from their nests with a shrill screaming, so many in number that the clouds of them darkened the air. Kood-shoo, who had been there in previous years, knew just what to do. He separated from Ky-oah-pah and, selecting a place where several nests were within reach of the swing of his net, huddled down on the ground and remained motionless.

The birds, scared by the intruder in their nesting-place, wheeled and wheeled overhead. They swooped down closer and closer, their bright black eyes watching the boy. He never moved. He had long ago learned the lesson that wild creatures are not afraid of anything that is still, only of something that moves. Yet half an hour passed by before the little auks settled down on their nests again.

Kood-shoo listened intently. Then he heard a sharp breath, like a faint whistle, from behind the rock where Ky-oah-pah was crouching.

At the signal, the boy quickly lifted his long net and swished it over the nests. The birds, quicker in their flight than the motion of his hand, could not have been caught on their nests, but the net met them about three feet above as they were darting away. The lad caught two with his first swoop.

"How many, Ky-oah-pah?" he called.

"Three," the old man answered.

"I only got two," declared Kood-shoo, lugubriously.

"You will do well to get two next time," the angekok reminded him.

Each took up new stations and waited for the birds to settle.

There was more confusion this time, for the feathered creatures seemed to know instinctively that there was danger. They would perch on the nests, but remain on the alert, ready to fly. Some, indeed, would barely alight and then fly off again. Almost twice as long a time as before elapsed before the rookery was quiet again, and Ky-oah-pah gave the signal a second time.

Action needed to be quicker this time and but one bird fell to Kood-shoo's share. The angekok, his hand slower because of age, caught nothing with his second cast.

"That's three apiece, then," announced Kood-shoo, satisfied now that he had caught up with the angekok.

Again came the choice of a new station, and again a long wait. This time Kood-shoo's net came in empty, while Ky-oah-pah caught one bird. Again new stations and when the birds settled, one little auk fell to Kood-shoo's share while the angekok had none. Almost eight hours had been spent with the net and the prize was only eight birds.

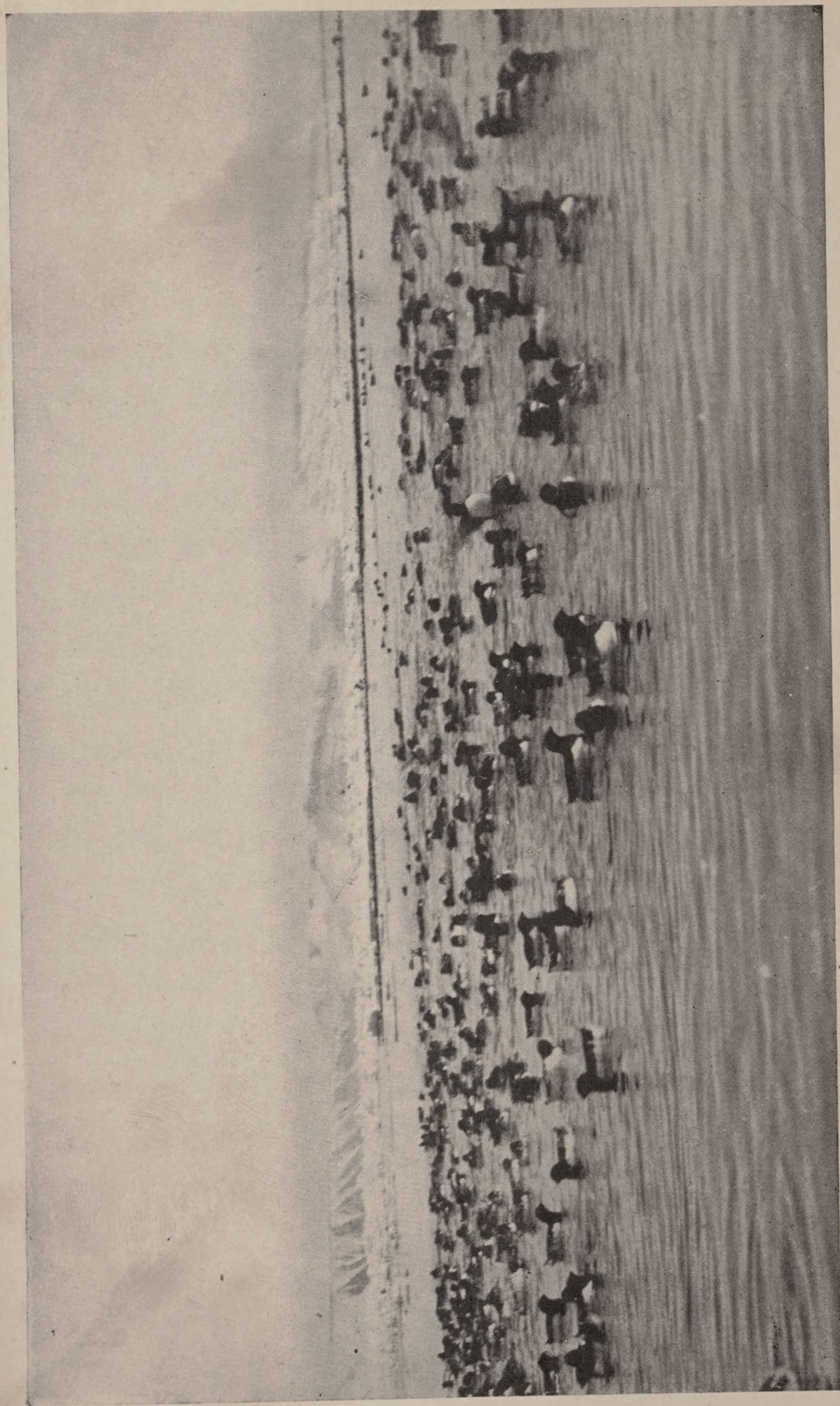
It was time to eat and rest. There were four birds for each. Following the angekok's example, Kood-shoo took one of the little auks by the neck, and wrung its head off. Then, putting the thumb of his right hand under the skin, at the side of the neck, he ran it quickly down the back and, placing the body of the bird on his knee, with the lower edges of both hands pressed down the skin. With this, the bird was skinned. Then, running his thumb nail along the breast bone, two fine pieces of juicy fat meat were removed, about two mouthfuls in each.

Kood-shoo stuffed one of these into his mouth, raw as it was, and after one or two chews, swallowed it almost whole.

"Isn't it good!" he said, and swallowed the other piece.

There was very little meat on the bones, but such as there was, Kood-shoo ate it to the last morsel, and then set the bones aside carefully. Some of the finer ones might be used as needles and the rest could be given to the dogs. In Eskimo-land there is no such thing as waste. Everything eatable is eaten.

The next auk was then skinned in the same way, the two tid-bits from the breast were scooped off



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LITTLE AUKS ON THE OPEN WATER.

The skins of these birds form the shirts of the Smith Sound Eskimo, which are never changed nor washed.

with the thumb nail and the bones picked. After the meal was finished, Ky-oah-pah brought out a bladder full of soured seal oil, which, after taking a drink, he handed to Kood-shoo. The boy took a long draught and smacked his lips delightedly. The meal was over. Creeping into a little niche of the rock, Ky-oah-pah and Kood-shoo made a rough shelter, lighted the soap-stone lamp and went to sleep.

The boy wakened with a start. The hundreds of thousands of sea-birds wheeling around the rock were protesting with their shrill cries. Ky-oah-pah was nowhere to be seen. Kood-shoo rolled up on his feet in a moment and went out on the ledge of the bird-rock. He found the angekok staring at the sea, his eyes fixed on the far horizon.

"What is it, Ky-oah-pah?" he asked. "A whale?"

The angekok slowly pointed with his arm.

Far in the distance, in the path of the circling sun, a single column of black vapor showed. Kood-shoo stared at it until his eyes watered. No whale's spout could be seen so far or would look so black.

"What is it, Ky-oah-pah?" he asked at last.

"Qavdlunat!" the angekok answered solemnly.

“It is the breath of the oomiak-soak, the white man’s boat. They will come here and the village will have food for many years, as the black hunter from the Kig-ik-tag-miut said when you first came to Itti-bloo, riding on a nannook’s back.”

So eager was Kood-shoo to be in the village to welcome the white men that he wanted to start away immediately, but this the angekok would not permit. He kept Kood-shoo on the bird-rock for four days, and when at last the old man gave the word for the return, ninety skins had been secured. This was only enough for a grown man’s shirt, but when one shirt can be worn for many years and is never washed, four days’ labor is only a small price to pay.

The smoke of the steamer had been coming nearer and nearer, but it was evident that the vessel was buffeting her way through the ice. The floes were heavy that season and nearly another week passed before the steamer struck the open water off Itti-bloo and came to anchor near the village. Kood-shoo was one of the first to go out to the white man’s vessel in his kayak.

Imagine the boy’s astonishment when a white man—the first he had ever seen—leaned over the rail and shouted, in Eskimo:

"Is Kah-mon-apik there?"

Quick as a flash the boy returned,

"He's coming, but I got here first."

"And who are you?" came the amused query.

"I'm Kood-shoo," the lad replied.

"Want to come on board?"

Kood-shoo wriggled with delight. Putting his harpoon crosswise in the kayak, he tied it to the ship's ladder, and then carefully unbuttoned his seal-skin coat from the kayak, to which it was fastened so that not a drop of water should get in, even if he turned a somersault in the water, as he often did for the fun of the thing. Then he scrambled up the ladder and stood for the first time in his life on an oomiak-soak, a "giant boat," as the Eskimo call the white man's ship.

For a few minutes Kood-shoo stared around him without speaking, everything was so strange. This timidity soon passed away, however, and then he turned and began to deluge his informant with questions. The man's clothes, especially, struck him as peculiar.

"What kind of a skin is it?" he asked, feeling the texture of the coat the scientist wore; "is it man's skin?"

The white man, who was an expert from the

American Museum of Natural History, and a close student of the Eskimo, thought for a moment as to the best way of explaining it to the boy. The lad's quandary was simple, he had seen tanned the skin of every living creature he knew, except man.

"No. It is only the hair of a skin," the expert answered, "made into a very tight net."

"A net would let the cold in," Kood-shoo answered suspiciously, feeling that he was being told what was not true. He had never seen a piece of cloth in his life, for the Smith Sound Eskimo do no weaving. They know no other material for clothing but furs.

The museum expert pondered for a moment, then took up a small piece of sail-cloth that was lying on the hatch.

"See, Kood-shoo," he said, "the qavdlunat make these kinds of nets in this way."

He unraveled the cloth, thread by thread, showing the boy how one thread went over and under the other. The lad's eyes followed the process very closely, and as he watched the scientist's fingers, the museum expert watched the lad's face. The professor was clearly puzzled by something he discerned in the boy's manner, but he said nothing in regard to it. Patiently, knowing the slow-

ness of the Eskimo mind when dealing with unfamiliar things, he went on unraveling, thread by thread. He had not done this for more than half a minute when Kood-shoo said unexpectedly,

“I see the way of the net. But this will make furs only for the sunshine-time.”

“In the white man’s land,” the museum curator answered, “it is always sunshine-time.”

He could think of no better way of explaining to Kood-shoo how much warmer was the United States than the ice-bound world of the Smith Sound region.

From place to place about the ship the scientist took the boy, explaining, always explaining, and, in turn, putting to him leading questions that should bring him to tell about his Eskimo life. The scientist was learning as much as Kood-shoo, but the boy did not know it.

The wood of which the ship was made proved to be one of the most difficult things for Kood-shoo to understand. He stood and looked up at the mast with awe, almost with fear. The scientist watched the boy’s expression and wondered at his sense of alarm.

“What are you thinking about, Kood-shoo?” he asked.

“I was thinking,” the boy answered slowly, “that the white men must be very strong to kill so big a narwhal.”

This time it was the museum curator who looked puzzled.

“What narwhal?” he asked.

“The one that had a tusk as long as this,” and the lad’s hand timorously touched the mast.

In a flash the other understood. Kood-shoo, like all the rest of the Smith Sound Eskimo, had never seen a tree. None of the tribe had ever seen a piece of wood, for the driftwood that is so common along the coasts inhabited by other Eskimo tribes cannot reach Smith Sound, and in all that frozen north-land, not a single straight thing is to be found except the spirally-grooved tusk that projects from the narwhal’s head. As this tusk is seldom more than seven feet long, a sea-creature which could bear a tusk as long and as heavy as a ship’s mast, 200 feet high, would be a fearful monster. It would needs be at least 400 feet long, or more than four times as large as the biggest sulphur-bottom whale.

“But that is not a narwhal’s tusk, my boy,” the white man said, “it is, it is—” he stopped for a moment to think of something within Kood-

shoo's knowledge to which he could compare it, "it is a giant moss."

Kood-shoo blinked. This idea was more than he could grasp. Moss, to him, meant only a substance which could be used as the wick for a blubber lamp. He had never seen moss more than a couple of inches high.

Realizing that the lad did not understand, the museum curator took from his pocket a pencil and piece of paper. At the bottom of the paper he drew a rough picture of an Eskimo boy, in his furs, and made, beside the figure, a short few strokes to represent the Arctic moss.

"Innuit!" he said, pointing to the boy.

Kood-shoo nodded comprehension. The picture was almost a portrait of himself, and this kind of picture-writing was familiar to him from the carvings he had seen in Ky-oah-pah's igloo.

"And Innuit moss!" the museum expert continued, sketching in the leaf-shoots with quick strokes of the pencil.

The lad showed his understanding.

"Now," went on the professor, "here is a qavd-lunat boy," and he drew a picture of a boy in American clothing on the same scale that he had drawn the little fur-clad Eskimo. "But the moss

in the white man's land grows big, very big." He rapidly sketched on the paper, beside the white boy, the trunk of a large tree, ten times as big as the boy. In order that the comparison might be easier to understand, the professor delineated the leaves on this tree as though it were a moss.

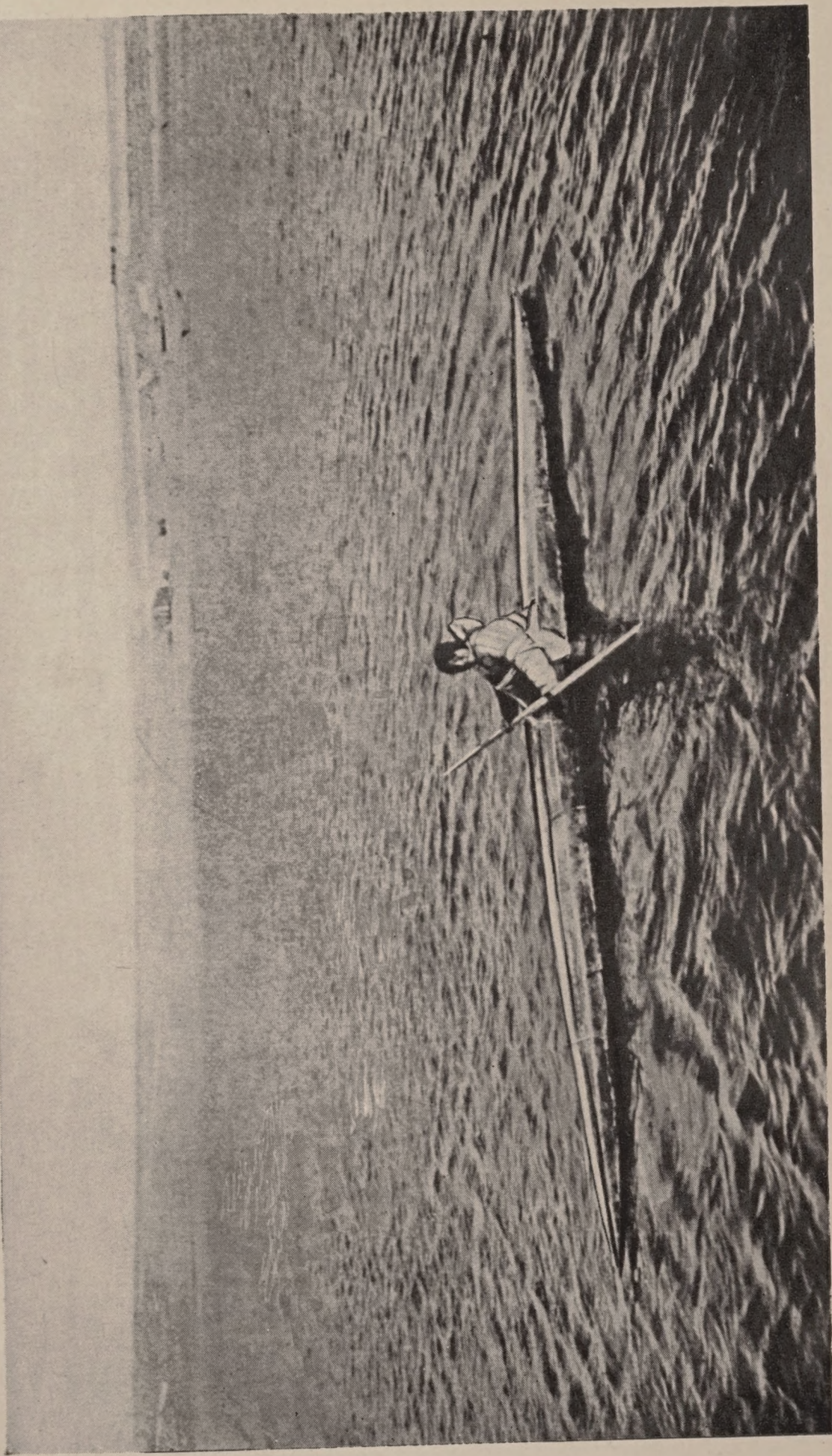
"Of course, Kood-shoo," he continued, "there are not many giant mosses in the white man's country that look like this, most of them grow in this way!" And, on the other side of the picture of the boy, he penciled a large tree.

"It is from the stalk of this kind of giant moss that we make these masts in the oomiak-soak," he continued, and wrote under the picture the word "Tree."

Kood-shoo took the paper from the curator's hand. The museum expert, intensely interested in seeing how his explanation would appeal to the boy, and knowing the facility with which most of the Eskimo draw, said to him:

"Can you write?"

The boy nodded and took the pencil. He cast a look of bewilderment at it but his mind was too full of another matter for him to question about the pencil now. Laboriously he traced beside the picture of the tree a scrawling hieroglyph that



ESKIMO IN KAYAK APPROACHING WHITE MAN'S SHIP.

(By permission from W. T. Gordon's "Round About the North Pole," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

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looked like ancient runes. The professor felt a cold thrill of excitement run down his back as he watched the Eskimo boy.

Stroke by stroke, his tongue out of his mouth and moving with every movement of the lead-pencil, which he held in his hand for the first time in his life, Kood-shoo labored in the making of a series of black scratches on the blank page. They seemed to have no resemblance to anything that the scientist had ever seen before, yet undoubtedly to the boy there was a purpose and a plan. At last Kood-shoo finished and handed the paper back to the professor.

"It is a magic!" he said.

With keen expectation, the museum curator took the paper and looked at it. The shaky trembling lines at first conveyed no meaning, but, as he held it out at arm's length, suddenly he realized that the strange scrawls suggested a word. And that word was in English!

Kood-shoo had written:

D	I	A	R	Y
1	8	4	5	

"Diary, 1-8-4-5?" the curator said aloud, ponderingly; "that's, that's eighteen forty-five.

Let's see, why does eighteen forty-five seem to stick in my mind as a particularly important date?"

He rubbed his chin with his hand reflectively. Kood-shoo watched him eagerly, for he felt subtly that some great disclosure concerning his magic was at hand.

"Eighteen forty-five!" exclaimed the professor, in a changed tone, with a catch in his voice and a suddenness that made Kood-shoo jump although he did not know the meaning of the words. "Eighteen forty-five," he repeated, in growing excitement, "that was Franklin's year!"

He turned and gripped Kood-shoo by the shoulder, speaking Eskimo so rapidly and so eagerly that he fairly stuttered.

"What—what do you know about this?" he asked.

"It is written on my magic!" the boy answered.

"Your magic? You have a magic?"

"It is a very great magic," replied Kood-shoo.

"Where did you get it?"

"It was brought to me from a long way away, from the sleepland of the sun and moon."

"From the West, eh?"

The scientist raised his voice.

“Commander!” he cried, “can you come here a minute?”

“Certainly. Have you found something already, Professor?” came the genial reply, as a heavy-mustached man with singularly piercing eyes came forward to the hatchway where the two were standing.

“I think I have,” the ethnologist declared.

He turned to the boy.

“You have heard of Peary-soak?” he said.

“Every one has heard of Peary-soak,” the boy answered, looking at the man whose fame was known to him as the greatest benefactor the Eskimo had ever known. “Ky-oah-pah and Kah-mon-apik have talked to me a great deal about—”

“I think we have a new trace of Franklin, Commander,” the professor said abruptly, interrupting the boy.

There was a sudden quick tightening of the muscles of Peary’s face, betraying his intense interest, but his voice was quiet as he said, simply,

“Why? What have you found?”

For answer the scientist held out the paper on which Kood-shoo had scrawled the letters and pointed to them.

“Diary—eighteen forty-five,” Peary read.

He wheeled round upon the boy.

“Where did you find these words?” he queried, in fluent Eskimo.

“You are Peary-soak?” the boy asked in return.

“Yes, I am Peary-soak,” the great Arctic explorer answered.

“The black hunter from the Kig-ik-tag-miut—”

“Baffin Land tribe,” the professor interjected, explanatorily.

“The black hunter,” the boy repeated, “said, when he brought me to Itti-bloo, that I should sell to the white men one of two magics that he gave me.”

“Did he tell you for how much you should sell it?”

“Yes,” the boy answered. “He said I should sell it to the white men in such a way that never again would the people of Itti-bloo need food. Ky-oah-pah told me what the black hunter had said when the feet of his breath were traveling over the night ice.”

“And what is the magic? Have you got it here, or is it in the village?”

The boy looked closely at Peary and decided at once that this was a man one could trust. He unfastened the thong that held fast around his neck

his sealskin coat, the water-proof coat that he wore when paddling in his kayak, and drew out the sinew string to which was fastened the little caribou-skin bag. Never, since Ky-oah-pah had given it to him, had this pouch left its place around his neck. From it he took the little red note-book and handed it to Peary.

The explorer took the book and looked at it. The thin red volume bore on its cover the words:

“Diary, 1845.”

So often had Kood-shoo taken out the magic and stared at it uncomprehendingly during the long hours of monotony in the igloo that his eyes had become familiarized to the shape of these letters, though, of course, he had not the faintest conception of their meaning.

Two of the ship's officers, near by, were chatting and laughing. The professor caught the eye of one of them and laid his finger on his lips in sign of silence. Wonderingly, they paused.

A subtle and incomprehensible thrill ran over the ship. Some sense of mystery traveled with the speed of light from mind to mind. The sailors stopped their work. Even the screaming of the seabirds seemed momentarily hushed.

In the silence, Peary opened the red note-book,

its pages stained and yellowed. He read a line or two, then, with a reverence characteristic of the man, he removed his cap.

“It is the handwriting of Captain Fitz James of the *Erebus*,” he said; “poor fellow. It is the diary of a gallant man.”

For a second the scientist forebore to speak. Then, as the explorer ruffled the pages of the book gently, he said to him in a low voice,

“Are there any new facts, Commander?”

Peary shook his head regretfully.

“I’m afraid not,” he said; “this tells only the story of the start of the expedition in 1845 and gives but a few notes dated from Beechey Island in the spring of 1846. If only this diary had been kept for the next two years!”

Well might the explorer make that wish, for all that the world knows of the story of the next two years is told in one report, a hundred words in length, found on an isolated camp in King William Land; and in the graves and the remains of the hundred and twenty-nine men who perished from starvation, scurvy and exposure in the frozen north. The demons of the cold and dark took full toll of that ill-fated expedition, from which not one man ever returned to tell the tale.

"Is it a real magic?" asked Kood-shoo.

"It is a very big magic," Peary answered. "Tell him the whole story, Professor; there may be more that we can find, and perhaps this tribe may have the clew. Tell the boy all, if you can make him understand. I'm going below. I want to read this carefully."

Carrying the book reverently, the explorer left them and went to his cabin. Kood-shoo watched the departure of his "magic" with misgivings, but Ky-oah-pah had told him often that Peary-soak was good as well as brave. The name spelled kindness as well as courage and endurance to the Eskimo, and the boy made no protest.

The professor sat down on the coaming of the hatchway and motioned to Kood-shoo to sit beside him. The boy followed readily, and then the scientist, turning to him, said,

"Shall I tell you the whole story of your magic?"

The eagerness in Kood-shoo's eyes was an abundant answer, and he nodded vigorously.

"It is a long tale," the professor began, "and even yet not all the end of it is known. Though it is a sad story, my boy, it is a story of heroes. The world still waits to find out many things about

it. It is a saga of to-day, for men still live who remember when the *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed from the white men's shores. And in this great world-story, Kood-shoo, your little red book of magic plays its part."

Loons, divers, auks, and gulls flew overhead, seals and walrus dashed their glistening bodies on the surface of the sunlit water, the great glittering icebergs floated slowly by, while, simplifying the record as he spoke, the museum expert told the Eskimo boy all the dark splendor, all the terror and all the bitter desolation and the grief of the Franklin Expedition.

CHAPTER VI

THE LOST EXPLOERS

“MANY, many darkneses ago,” the scientist began, “when even the old angekok Ky-oah-pah was only a baby, a great hunter among the white men, named Franklin-soak, left the white men’s land in two big ships to try and find a new sea through the ice.”

“In oomiak-soaks like this?” Kood-shoo asked, his eye glancing around the vessel.

“Something like this, but not as large,” the other answered, knowing that it would be impossible to explain to an Eskimo boy that Franklin’s vessels were sailing ships with auxiliary steam power only.

“They came up to the Innuut-land in these two ships,” he continued, “and forced them through the Middle Water. That, Kood-shoo,” he explained, “is a current through the ice like the North Water, over there—” he pointed with his finger—“only it is not so large.”

"I know all about the North Water," the boy put in. "I came that way."

The scientist stared at him, not knowing what he meant, but Kood-shoo nodded in agreement.

"And I killed walrus on the North Water, too," he continued. "I knew that the white men called it that. Kah-mon-apik told me so."

The professor registered in his mind a determination to find out a good deal more about this Eskimo boy who said that he had come to the Smith Sound region from some other land, over the North Water, but he wanted to keep the lad's mind on the Franklin story and on his little red magic, and so he continued briskly.

"The two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, went on into Lancaster Sound, where two whalers saw them in the middle of the sunshine-time (July, 1845). But, Kood-shoo"—the professor stopped and looked searchingly at the boy, "from that time neither of the two vessels was ever seen again."

"Did they sink?" queried Kood-shoo.

"For two darkneses no one troubled to find out, for they carried plenty of food for that length of time. But when the two years passed by and nothing was heard from Franklin-soak or his gal-

lant sailors, the tribes of the white men joined together in a solemn vow to search until they found him and his men, that they might bring them food and a safe return to their white men's country and their homes. Think, Kood-shoo, of the desolate homes in the white men's land where women wait and wait in vain for the return of adventurers whose bones might lie bleaching on the snow or sunk in the lanes of black water between the ice-floes!"

Little by little, as he talked, the scientist lost the remembrance that his audience was only an Eskimo lad, to whom most of the story could not be understood, but, as he spoke in fluent Eskimo, with its simple vocabulary of words, Kood-shoo, listening with all his ears, was able to follow the speaker. And, as he listened with bated breath, there stole into the boy's heart a wild ambition to do even as the white men had done, and to be even what they had been. A strange ambition for an Eskimo, truly, but the lad's attention never wavered as the icebergs drifted slowly by and the tale of the Franklin tragedy was told anew, a few miles from the opening between the mainland and the islands, through which the *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed, never to return.

“Under the leadership of Sir John Ross in the *Enterprise* and Captain Bird on the *Investigator*,” the scientist continued, “these two vessels followed the track of Franklin’s ship, questing after him as a well-trained dog tracks the great Polar bear. Down Lancaster Sound they went, their sails spread to every breeze, their small engines whirling the round paddles at the stern. The swirling waters, filled with blocks of ice, battered against them, but still the ships went on. Along the coasts they searched, exploring the shores of Prince Regent’s Inlet, the north and west borders of North Somerset. The dreary beaches of Barrow Strait were tramped by sailors from the vessels, but they returned to the ships, ever and again, always with empty hands. They passed, indeed, within a few miles of Beechey Island, where Franklin had wintered, but they never knew it. Back to the white man’s land they went, Kood-shoo, their search a failure.

“From far away on the other side of the sea of ice, through Behring Strait, there is another road from the frozen north into the world where the white men live. Up this grim road, around Cape Barrow, came two ships, also sent by the British Admiralty, the *Plover* under Commander Moore

and the *Herald*, under Captain Kellett. A dour and a determined man was Commander Moore. Five darkneses he stayed in the ice and left not an inch unviewed from Point Barrow to Cape Bathurst, but when at last he returned, his hands were empty, too. The Franklin Expedition had never reached west so far.

“Over the barren land of Arctic Canada, through which flows the mighty Mackenzie River, the third party of the white men struggled to the land of perpetual ice and snow. Terrible was their journey. They, also, amid snow-blindness, hunger and exhaustion, scoured the evil coast-line that stretches from the Mackenzie River to the Coppermine. At last they won back home, their lives safe, but no relic of the Franklin Expedition was in their hands and no word of the lost men was upon their lips.

“So came another darkness over the Innuít land, Kood-shoo, with never a sign or a sound from Franklin-soak and the adventurers who had gone with him. Somewhere, on the polar ice, living or dead, must be the white men, almost as many in number as all the Innuits in all the villages of the Smith Sound region.

“When the next sunshine-time returned and

passed with no news, several of the tribes of the white men held council together and decided to send out many ships for the rescue of Franklin-soak to find the men who still might be alive or to make sure that there were none left to save. So long as a white man was left in peril and distress, the rest of the white men could not sleep peacefully in their beds without doing all that lay in human endeavor to save their hapless comrades.

“There is a white man’s word, Kood-shoo, that I will have you learn. It is well that it should be the first word you will learn in the white man’s tongue and that one word is—‘honor.’ Repeat it after me, Kood-shoo—”

Strange stirrings lie in certain words. Did something like a flush mantle the cheek of the Eskimo boy under its years-long coating of grease and soot? Almost it seemed so, as he repeated haltingly—

“Onn-er, Onn-er.”

“What does it mean?” the boy asked.

The professor looked meditatively over the waters of Smith Sound to the white ice beyond, the sepulcher of many a gallant man, as he strove to fashion in Eskimo speech the meaning of the greatest word in the English tongue.

“It means truth,” he said slowly, “truth even when a lie will serve one’s welfare best. It means courage, to be a great hunter when the ways of life are dark as well as when the world is dark. It means faith and loyalty, never to desert a friend or comrade even in the bitterest pinch of death. And, further, Kood-shoo, it means chivalry or kindness, which is to help the weak or suffering in times of utter need. For this the good spirits have given strength to men. There is not one honor for the Innuït and one for the white men, there is but one honor all the wide world over and true knighthood may shine as fair under a muffling of Arctic fur as beneath a corselet of steel.”

He paused, all unwitting that his own cheek had flushed crimson and his eyes were shining.

“Onn-er! Onn-er!” repeated Kood-shoo softly. Then, in his Eskimo tongue, “I shall remember it.”

“It has only once been forgotten by white men in the Arctic,” continued the professor, “and that one time the traitor was crazed with hunger. There is no need to tell of that; I speak to you of heroes.

“The first discovery of Franklin-soak’s men,”

the scientist continued, resuming his story, "was made at Cape Riley, on the south-west corner of North Devon, at the same time by two ships, the American brigantine *Rescue* under Captain Griffin and the British naval vessel the *Assistance* in command of Captain Ommaney (August, 1850). They left a record for the vessels that were following. While they were examining the place cursorily, Capt. Ommaney's small consort, the *Intrepid*, reached the spot. Eager to push on as fast as possible into the ice, while water conditions were favorable, Captain Ommaney took his two vessels, the *Intrepid* and the *Assistance*, fifteen miles further on, but without finding anything more, and there they were frozen into the ice. The *Rescue* remained near by, awaiting the rest of the fleet.

"Two days afterwards, four more vessels gathered near the point where the cairn or signal had been built by Ommaney and Griffin. These were the *Lady Franklin*, named after Franklin-soak's loyal wife, and which was under the command of Captain Penny; the American vessel the *Advance*, under Lieutenant De Haven, who was accompanied by Dr. Kane; the *Felix* under Sir John Ross and the *Mary* under Commander Phillips.

“Dr. Kane of the American vessel and Captain Penny of the *Lady Franklin* went ashore with a landing party. They found the record that Captains Ommaney and Griffin had left, which not only referred to that camp, but stated that they had also found traces of an encampment on Beechey Island, ten miles south of the cape. Dr. Kane found the camp and described it in his journal. This was a diary, something like the little red magic of yours, Kood-shoo.

“ ‘Nearest the cliffs,’ he wrote, ‘are four circular mounds or heapings-up of the crumbled limestone, aided by larger stones placed at the outer edge, as if to protect the leash of a tent. Two large stones, with an interval of two feet, fronting the west, mark the place of entrance. Several large stones were so arranged as to serve probably for a fireplace.

“ ‘More distant from the cliffs, yet in line with the four already described, is a larger inclosure, the door facing south and looking towards the strait; this so-called door is simply an entrance made of large stones placed one above the other. The inclosure itself is triangular; its northern side about eighteen inches high, built up of flat stones. Some bird bones and one rib of a seal were found

exactly in the center of this triangle, as if the party had sat around it eating.' ”

“That might have been an Innuît camp,” put in the boy, his remark showing that he was following the story closely.

The ethnologist, knowing the lack of ability to concentrate which distinguishes primitive peoples, was as much astonished as interested in the lad's ability to pay attention to a tale, with many words and references in it that he could not understand, but he only answered,

“No, Kood-shoo, it could not have been an Innuît camp, because the searchers also found there a piece of the netted hair, which the white men use for clothes, just like this kapetah that I am wearing now.”

This was a conclusive answer, and the boy nodded in agreement.

“The ships went on towards Wellington Channel, while Captain Penny led a landing party over the rough, rocky and ice-bound shore. On a ridge of limestone between Cape Spencer and Point Innes they found further proof. ‘Among the articles they found,’ wrote Dr. Kane, ‘were tin canisters with the London maker's label, scraps of newspapers, bearing the date 1844, two fragments



THE ANGEKOK.

Eskimo medicine-man and teller of folk-stories. From a portrait by Harald von Moltke. (By permission from Knud Rasmussen's "People of the Polar North," published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa).

of paper each with the name of one of Franklin's officers written on it in pencil. They told us, too, that among the articles found by Captain Penny's men was a dredge, rudely fashioned of iron hoops beat round with spikes inserted in them and arranged for a long handle, as if to fish up missing articles; beside some footless stockings, tied up at the lower end to serve as socks, an officer's vest-pocket, velvet-lined, torn off from the uniform; all of which, they thought, spoke of a party that had suffered wreck and were moving eastward. Acting on this impression, Captain Penny was about to proceed (back) toward Baffin Bay, along the north shore of Lancaster Sound, in the hope of encountering them, or, more probably, their bleached remains. For myself, I did not see in the sign the evidences of a lost party; to me the party evidently was in motion.' "

"Which was right?" asked Kood-shoo, who was following the story closely.

"The American, Dr. Kane, was right, it proved," the professor answered. "The following morning, when the several commanders were in conference as to the best means of continuing the search, a messenger from the landing party came over the ice.

“ ‘Graves, Captain Penny!’ he called. ‘Graves! Franklin’s winter quarters!’

“The commanders of all the vessels, with Dr. Kane, started for the shore at once, and, after a hard climb, reached the top of a ridge that faced Cape Riley. Here they found three graves. Near by, were the remains of a blacksmith’s forge, with cinders and bits of iron, while shavings, showing that carpentry work had been done, were also to be seen, nearer to the beach.

“There is no doubt that this was Franklin’s winter quarters during the winter of 1845 and 1846. The places where the instruments were set up could be traced, with props still standing in the frozen soil. A blanket was found, rudely stitched into a coat, pieces of canvas, rope and tarpaulin, bits of casks, paper, a small key and some pieces of brass work. Tubs, made by sawing salt-beef barrels in half, were standing just as the sailors had left them. A pair of cashmere gloves was found lying on the ground, evidently set out to dry, for in each of them there was still a small stone placed in the palm to keep them from blowing away. There also remained a flourishing little garden of mosses, transplanted by some sailor who

wanted to give the desolate spot a little touch of home.

“In spite of all these signs, no writing could be found, no record discoverable. There was nothing to show in which direction the white men had gone. Though five years had passed since the camp was made, sledge tracks were found almost as clean cut as the day that they were made, running through a pass in the cliffs in the direction of Cape Spencer.”

“Couldn’t the rescuers follow the tracks?” Kood-shoo asked.

“They could and they did,” the scientist replied, “but there was no way of telling whether the sledges were coming or going. The tracks led in the direction of Wellington Channel. Captain Penny believed that Franklin had been wrecked and was returning; Lieutenant De Haven and Dr. Kane believed that Franklin had wintered comfortably at Beechey Island and was advancing toward Wellington Channel.

“Here the searchers parted, the British to explore the supposed homeward journey, the Americans to try and force their way into Wellington Channel. But when the *Advance* and the *Rescue*

swung into that Channel, they found the ice conditions beyond the worst they could have imagined. Wall after wall of ice-ridge loomed in front of them, a frigid fortification that no ship could hope to break. Stubbornly, De Haven and Kane forced the vessels against the barrier trying at least to reach the point on the channel where the Franklin sledge tracks ended, but in this they failed. In less than two weeks' time they were frozen firmly in, and the slow backwards ice-drift began.

“Under the pressure of the current, the ice-floes moved them gradually round the corner of Wellington Channel back into Barrow Strait, along the Straits to the mouth of Prince Regent Inlet and then the full length of Lancaster Sound out, back, into Baffin Bay. Many a time the pinching grip of the floes nipped the vessels but they were staunch. For nine months the two ships were imprisoned in the ice, and when at last the explorers reached clear water they found themselves near the Danish colony of Disko Island, on the west shore of Greenland (July, 1851). They returned to the United States without the loss of a single man and with a large number of the Franklin relics. Yet, Kood-shoo, although six darkneses had passed since Franklin-soak went into the north,

nothing as yet had been found to tell what happened to the party after that first winter spent on Beechey Island. Your little red magic recounts the story of a part of that winter."

"Mine?" cried Kood-shoo.

"Yes. Your magic is a writing made by one of the men who were in that camp with Franklin-soak."

"Tell me the rest of the story," begged the boy; "I want to hear more about the men who wrote my magic."

The scientist smiled inwardly. This personal touch bid fair to make Kood-shoo one of the most valuable aids the white men could have in their northern researches, for if his interest were excited, the boy could be a great help in the never-ceasing search for the lost men of the Franklin Expedition, as well as the quest for the North Pole.

"In the same year," he continued, "from the pathway to the white man's land that is far to the westward, through Behring Strait, two parties went, the *Enterprise* under Captain Collinson and the *Investigator* under Commander McClure. The men under Commander McClure did what white men had never done before. They crossed

from the western sea and came home by the eastern sea. The year after Dr. Kane came home, another expedition, also sent by Britain, and which explored Wellington Channel in vain, sent a sledge party westwards under Lieutenant Pim, which picked up, on the eastern shore of Banks Land, the men of the *Investigator*.

“The *Enterprise* came nearer yet to finding the truth of the Franklin story, for it passed through Dolphin and Union Straits to the head of Coronation Gulf and then steamed on to Victoria Land, where a search was made of the southeastern shores of that desolate island. Collinson was within a few miles of Point Victory on King William Land and actually looked over the historic waters of Victoria Strait. Had he but known, Collinson’s vessel could have passed right on and completed the Northwest Passage. But there was nothing to be seen on every side but ice, the land and the water almost indistinguishable, and Collinson returned, unknowing how near he had been to complete success.

“Then the Americans took up the search again. When the exploration of Wellington Channel brought no results, Dr. Kane veered to the belief that Franklin had sought safety by an eastward

march and hoped to find a trace of the missing men among the Greenland Eskimo, whither they might have reached by marching through North Devon and over Jones Sound to Ellesmere Land. Tell me, Kood-shoo, has Kah-mon-apik ever told you that there were white men at Netlik long ago?"

"No," answered the boy, "but Sip-su, the old angekok of Netlik, has a white man's magic in his hair. It makes his hair straight and his head wise. I saw it when he was at the place near Imnan-yana (Cape York) where the heaven-born-stones fell."

The scientist pricked up his ears at the phrase "the heaven-born-stones," determining to question Kood-shoo about it later, but, still desiring to hold the boy's attention to the Franklin story, he continued his recital concerning Dr. Kane.

"The *Advance*, under the command of Dr. Kane, went up into the ice next year (1853)," the ethnologist continued, "but the season was very cold and the warm weather very late. You can see, now, that there is clear water to the South, Kood-shoo, but, that year, Melville Bay was almost impassable. Even the North Water was choked. It was quite late in the sunshine-time when the ship came opposite Cape York, and Smith Sound was a mass

of icebergs that came pouring down like stones in a mountain avalanche. Kane was driven to the shore, not very far from your home village, Kood-shoo, and there he made a cache on Littleton Island, off Cape Ohlsen."

"I know that place!" declared Kood-shoo; "it's got a big rock sticking up at one end that looks like a walrus standing on its tail."

"Yes," the other answered, "that is it. Dr. Kane left some food there, so that, in case his ship was nipped in the ice, he could return and find food enough to take him south to a place where the whalers could reach him. In spite of the pressure of the ice, he forced his way into Kane Basin, reaching Rensselaer Bay, where his ship was frozen fast for the darkness. Here Kane stayed, the winter being very severe. Fifty of his dogs died and scurvy broke out among the men. Though he was so close to your people, Kood-shoo, in all that winter he never saw a single Innuït. He was just out of range of the sealing grounds of the Eskimo.

"When the sunshine-time came (1854) he prepared for the sledging parties which would take food north, ready for his forward march if the *Advance* should be set free from the ice during the

summer. But, three days after his first advance party set out, although the sun was shining for eleven hours of the day, it became so cold (57° below zero) that Dr. Kane sent out a rescue party. Even so, he was too late, for two of the men died from exposure soon after their return to the ship.

“As the summer drew on, some Innuït hunters visited the ship. It is thought they came from Netlik, Kood-shoo, but no one is quite sure of this. The hunting had been so poor during the winter and was so bad that summer that the Eskimo had scarcely food for themselves and could give none to the white men. In that extremity, Dr. Kane decided to lead a small party by sledge and boat over to Beechey Island, long trip though it was, in the hope of connecting with the British expedition which was due there that year. In the warmest part of the summer he crossed to Jones Sound. Farther, he could not go. Jones Sound was choked with ice-masses, the sea was closed around North Devon and there were no means of reaching Lancaster Sound. Moreover, had he reached Lancaster Sound and found it impassable, the party would have perished there, as there would not have been food enough for the return. The men returned to the ship, hoping to go home. The

summer passed and the ice never loosened its grip upon the vessel.

“There, on a rock in Rensselaer Bay, Dr. Kane built a great cairn to tell the story, should no member of the expedition survive the cold and darkness. They faced a winter without food or fuel, and, judging from their experience of the previous season, they were not sure of getting any meat during the cold and dark.”

“Why not?” the boy asked. “There are always seals enough!”

“They did not know how to catch them,” was the answer. “Moreover, even if they had known, they had neither suitable weapons nor proper furs for sealing. They had no fish spears and knew nothing about Eskimo methods, while their guns were useless in a land where they could find no game but an occasional polar bear.”

“The Innuits know more than the white men,” was Kood-shoo’s scornful reply.

“In some ways, perhaps,” the professor agreed, smiling, “but only where life in the Innuits country is concerned. These men did not know Eskimo methods, and starvation stared them in the face, though, undoubtedly, within five miles of the ship there were seals and fish in plenty. Noth-

ing was known then about your people, Kood-shoo, so eight of the men, under Dr. Hayes, decided to start south on a thousand-mile journey to Upernavik. There they could get food and dogs for the return trip, with which they could bring meat for starving imprisoned comrades."

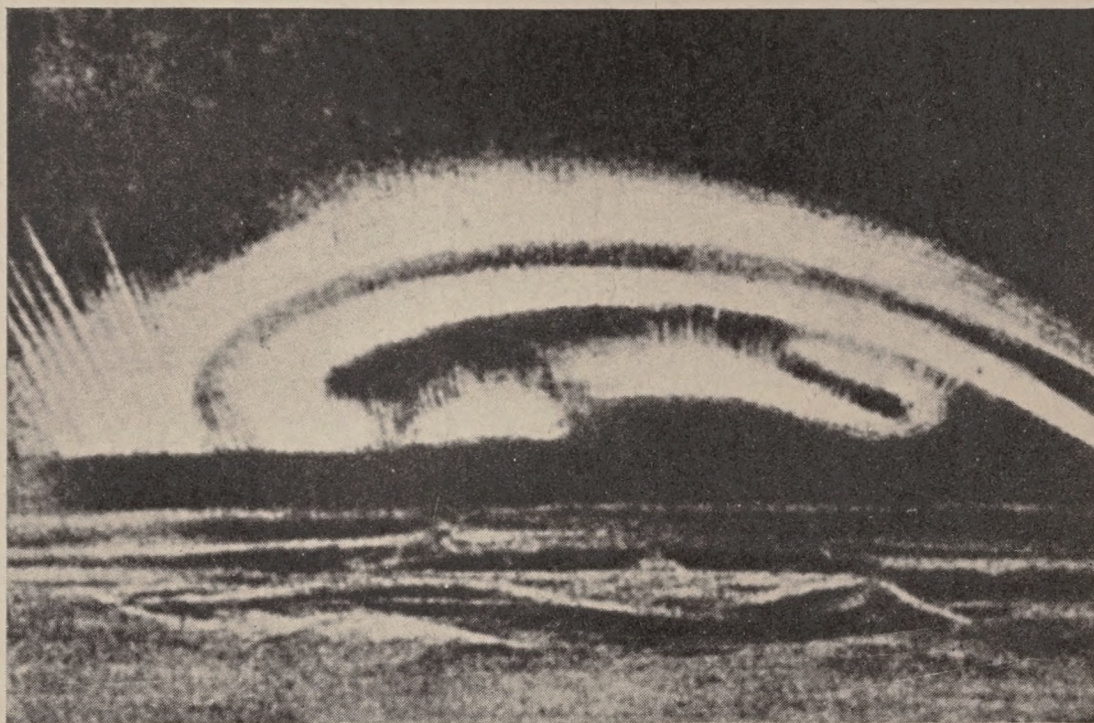
"Hayes-soak!" exclaimed the boy. "I have heard that name. It was Hayes-soak who gave to the Innuits the white men's comb that the angekok of Netlik wears in his hair."

"Yes, it probably was Hayes," the scientist agreed. "He started with the eight men as I just said. The ice conditions were bad, for ten hours of labor on the first day took them only six miles, and fourteen hours' labor the next day brought them four miles further on their course. There was no open water to be seen. The party was held at this point for some days, using up their food, for the ice was too thin for a sledge and too thick for a boat. At last it was firm enough for travel. They sledged some distance and found open water, where they took to the boats. The lead soon closed and a storm came up which nearly drowned them all, but at last they made camp on the ice-foot not far from Netlik. There the Eskimos found them the next day."

“Were the Netlik Innuits kind?” asked Koodshoo, eager for praise of his people, though he knew that he himself did not belong to the Smith Sound tribe.

“They were kind,” was the reply. “Hayes and his men were too anxious to get south to stay long in Netlik and they took boat for Cape Parry, finally reaching a point sixteen miles below the cape. The long polar night was descending fast upon them and the sun remained above the horizon only for a short time each day. Soon it would sink altogether and travel would be stopped. To reach Upernavik, still seven hundred miles away, was impossible; to return to the brig was almost hopeless. There was nothing for them to do but to try and build some kind of a shelter in which to pass the winter. They had food for three weeks only and not a pint of oil.

“They had not been settled very long, Koodshoo, before Kah-loo-too-nah, who was then angekok of Netlik, came to them, with another Eskimo. Hayes greeted the Innuits with delight, but the angekok was not eager to help them. As long as Kah-loo-too-nah thought that he could secure favors from the white men by helping them, he had been glad to welcome them at Netlik, but when he



A ROLL AURORA BOREALIS.

Photograph made by the Belgian Meteorological Expedition at
Bossekop, N. Sweden.



A BLANKET AURORA BOREALIS.

Photograph made by the Belgian Meteorological Expedition at
Bossekop, N. Sweden.

found the party almost starving and abandoned, he would do nothing more to help them. He had come to find out how long the white men could survive, as, after they died, it would be easy to take all their treasures. Dr. Hayes and his party were living on moss that they scraped from under the snow, together with sea-birds which they shot at long intervals, and these were growing fewer, for the darkness was closing in. They could hunt neither seal nor walrus, for the whole bay was piled with icebergs, jammed down by the current from Kane Basin.

“In this desperate stress, suddenly a young Eskimo arrived from the village of Akbat, on his way north to Netlik. The white men gave him a present of a penknife, and his joy was so great that he piled on the ice, in front of the camp, all the meat he had on his sledge. Nor was this all, for on his return to Akbat he told his friends about it, and the next day fifteen of the Innuits from Akbat gathered at the little hut which the white men had built in a cleft of rock.

“The Akbat natives were friendly and curious, as the natives of Netlik had been at first, but the white men had few presents to give them. Unfortunately, there was little food in Akbat, and

almost the entire village was moving to Netlik, where meat was more plentiful and the hunting better. Soon after the Akbat group arrived in Netlik, Kah-loo-too-nah returned to Hayes again, to find out how long it would be before the white men would be dead. Dr. Hayes knew well why he had come, but it would not be wise to show it, so he offered to buy some dogs and a sledge on which they might go back again to the ship. Kah-loo-too-nah said he had none."

"That couldn't have been true," declared Kood-shoo; "they must have had dogs or all the Innuits would be starving. Besides, you said the Akbat Innuits had gone to Netlik. They must have had dogs to travel."

"Of course it wasn't true," the scientist agreed, "but that was what Kah-loo-too-nah said. The white men even offered to give their small boat in exchange for a sledge and a team of dogs, but Kah-loo-too-nah knew that if the white men died, the village would have the boat in any case, and so he refused to help them. Hayes then offered big presents if Kah-loo-too-nah would take two of the men to the ship to get supplies. The angekok was quite ready to agree to this, but there was no doubt that he was playing false. Still, the effort

must be made, and, the next day, the two white men started north.

“They arrived in Netlik, having given to Ka-loo-too-nah everything that they owned except the boat. The two white men waited in the village for the sledges that should take them on the ship; meanwhile the rest of the party with Hayes were starving. Finally the two sailors demanded that they be taken on to the ship. Ka-loo-too-nah then refused to go, saying that it was impossible to cross Cape Alexander, the blowing place, with the sledges.

“Meantime, Sip-su, the angekok of another village and a bad man, came to Netlik. He urged Kah-loo-too-nah to kill the two white men first, then visit the camp and kill the others, taking everything they had. Kah-loo-too-nah agreed, but the white men understood the gestures of the Eskimo and got their rifle ready. The Innuits were afraid of the gun and let the white men go. They had no food, no oil, no sledges and no boat. They could not return to the ship and there was nothing for them to do but to walk back to the cleft in the rock where they had left their companions, to live or die with them.

“ ‘The Eskimo sullenly watched them from the

shore as they moved off,' Dr. Hayes afterwards wrote, 'and when they had gone about two miles, the former hitched their teams and, leaving the settlement, were in full pursuit. The wild savage cries of the men and the sharp snarling of the dogs sounded upon the ears of the white men like a death-knell. In their previous anxieties they had not looked forward to this terror.

“ ‘The ice-plain was smooth everywhere; there was not in sight a single hummock behind which they could hope to shelter themselves in the event of an attack. On came the noisy pack—half a hundred wolfish dogs. Against such an onset, what could have been done by two weak men armed by a single rifle? The dogs and the harpoons of their drivers, they thought, must soon end the murderous work.’ ”

“ ‘Would an Innuït attack a white man?’ ” asked the boy.

“ ‘It appeared,’ ” the professor answered, “ ‘that they would not. The Eskimo seldom fight and they knew that one or more of them would be killed by the rifle, if they started to attack. None of them wanted to get killed. They kept ahead of the qavdlunat, hiding behind hummocks of ice, ready to dash out, if it should be safe. Realizing

the dangers of ambush, the sailors kept to the smooth ice and walked on, starved, half-asleep, nearly frozen and almost dead. They walked for fourteen hours and then the white men in the hut that was built in the cleft of rock suddenly heard footsteps and a moan. Rushing to the entrance of the hut they found one of the men unconscious in the entrance and the other a step or two outside it. They were alive, but that was all, yet they were in time to warn their friends, and the Eskimo never had a chance to surprise them in the hut.

“The white men were growing very weak, and three days later, when visiting their traps, they saw Kah-loo-too-nah and two other Innuits watching the camp. Hayes decided to pretend that he knew nothing of their plans and invited them into the hut. He was convinced that Kah-loo-too-nah would not have come so far from the village without meat on his sledge and he was bent on getting it, fair means or foul.

“The head of the party was a white man’s *angekok* and he carried a powerful sleeping medicine (*laudanum*) with him. In order to show hospitality, the white men prepared a soup to give to the Eskimo. Into this the doctor poured the sleeping medicine. It was not long after the In-

nuit had eaten it that they began to grow drowsy, though, being used to large meals, the medicine had less effect on them than it would have had on white men.

“ ‘Our guests in a few minutes were asleep,’ Dr. Hayes wrote, ‘but I did not know how much of their drowsiness was due to fatigue, and how much to opium; nor were we by any means assured that their sleep was sound; for they exhibited signs of restlessness which greatly alarmed us.

“ ‘To prepare for starting was the work of a few minutes. We were in full traveling dress, coats, boots and mittens and some of us wore masks; the hunters’ whips were in our hands, and nothing remained but to get a cup or two from the shelf. One of us reached for the desired cup and down came the whole contents of the shelf clattering to the floor.

“ ‘I saw the sleepers start; and, anticipating the result, instantly sprang to the light and extinguished it with a blow of my mittened hand. As was to be expected, the hunters were aroused. Kah-loo-too-nah gave a grunt and inquired what was the matter. I answered him by throwing myself upon the breck, and crawling up to his

side, hugged him close and cried for him to go to sleep. He laughed, muttered something which I could not understand, and without having really suspected that anything was wrong, fell asleep again.

“ ‘This incident convinced me that we could not rely much upon either the soundness nor the long continuance of their slumber, and that, in order to prevent our guests from getting to Netlik before we should be beyond their reach, we must resort to other expedients. They must be confined within the hut and the possibility of their escape prevented until relief could come to them from the settlements. This could be accomplished only by carrying off their clothing.’ ”

“ ‘Leaving them without any?’ ” cried Kood-shoo.

“ ‘That was the idea. They couldn’t follow the white men, then, and kill them,’ ” the professor explained. “ ‘It was only in self-defense and the people at Netlik would be told what had happened and then they could go and rescue Kah-loo-too-nah. So, you see, no real injury was done. It was only a trick to gain time.’ ”

“ ‘Everything was ready,’ ” continued the scientist, quoting from Dr. Hayes’s journal, “ ‘my companions were impatient to be off. The cups

that had fallen from the shelf were lying about the floor, endangering every movement. If the Eskimo should detect us, I knew that our fate was sealed. We crawled noiselessly out of the hut, carrying with us the boots, coats and mittens of the Eskimo sleepers. I gave one man a rifle and stationed him at one side of the door. I took the double-barreled shot-gun myself, and took position at the other side. It was my intention, in case the Eskimo should discover us, to await their coming out of the hut, and under cover of our guns, compel them to mount the sledges and drive us northward.

“ ‘The other men went down and prepared the dogs and sledges for starting. The animals were greatly frightened by the sudden and novel treatment to which they were subjected and it was with much trouble that they were harnessed. Meanwhile, one of the men brought up a great portion of the meat and having placed it in the passage, knowing that it was sufficient to last the imprisoned Eskimo for six days, we tore down the snow wall in front of the hut and with the frozen blocks barricaded the door so that the men could not get out. Soon all was ready. The poor dogs, howling in terror, dashed off at the first crack of the

whip and once more Fort Desolation was at our backs.' "

"Were they trying to go to the white man's land by sledge?" queried the boy.

"No," the professor answered, "with the meat they had taken from Kah-loo-too-nah, they were returning to the ship to share the meat with their comrades. 'The dogs,' said Dr. Hayes, 'gave us much trouble. Unaccustomed to us or our voices and startled by our sudden appearance among them, they seemed to be too much frightened to submit to control; and, setting off at a furious pace, they dashed helter-skelter over the plain, some running one way, some running another, their tails down, their ears up—all uttering their weird cry and seemingly possessed with the one idea of breaking away from their strange-looking drivers. My team twice took me back almost to the hut before I succeeded in getting any mastery of them and, weak as I was, they had by that time nearly mastered me. The other men were having a similar tussle with their dogs which had carried them out among the rough ice in the bay half a mile from the coast.

" 'At length my brutes' heads were turned from the hut and we were dashing at a ten knot speed

after the other sledges. I thought now that my trouble was over; but no sooner had I overtaken my companions than my wolfish herd flew past them; and then, wheeling round, some to the right and some to the left, they turned short and threw the sledge over backward, rolled my neighbor and myself into the snow and bolted for the south.

“ ‘I caught the upstander of the sledge as I rolled off and was dragged several yards before I could regain my feet. At this moment the dogs were plunging through a ridge of hummocks. The point of one of the runners caught in a block of ice. All but two of the traces snapped short off and away went the dogs back to their drugged masters. To secure them again was impossible. The two animals which remained were hastily attached to the other sledges and, leaving the third sledge jammed in the ice, we continued on our course.

“ ‘As we proceeded, the dogs became more accustomed to our voices and we made good headway. Cape Parry was reached without further accident. Here we halted in a cave on the southern side of the point to make some repairs and refresh ourselves with a rest and a pot of coffee.

“ ‘We were preparing to start again through

the hummocks, when six men suddenly bowled round the point with a sledge and half a dozen dogs. They were coming toward the camp as fast as they could and were about two hundred yards away.

“ ‘I recognized them at once as our late prisoners. They had been able to extricate themselves from the ice hut, pull out the sledge we had abandoned, and refreshed with sleep and food, had attached the dogs that had escaped from us and had taken up the trail. Each party discovered the other at about the same moment and both were equally surprised. The Eskimo were of course in our power, although they did not realize it, but the surest way to guard against an attack was to strike terror into them. Seizing the rifle, I sprang over the ice-foot and ran out to meet them, one of the men beside me with the shot-gun. The Eskimo stopped when they saw us and held their ground until we came within thirty yards of them, when, halting, I brought my rifle to my shoulder and aimed it at them. They turned away, and throwing their arms wildly about their heads, called loudly to us not to shoot. I lowered my rifle and beckoned to them to advance.

“ ‘Our prisoners were a sorry-looking lot. They had arrayed themselves in our blankets, cutting holes in the middle of them for their heads. One had discovered an old pair of boots. The others had wrapped their feet in pieces of our blankets. None, however, seemed to have suffered in the slightest from cold. They had been awakened by the escaped dogs running over the roof, as we had feared would be the case.’ ”

“I suppose the white men made the Innuits take them back to the ship,” suggested Kood-shoo.

“Yes, but they made the people of Netlik feed them well first. Then, by threatening the villagers with guns, they secured a great deal of food and started for the northward. But still Cape Alexander, ‘the blowing place,’ lay before them.”

“I have heard Kah-mon-apik speak of the ‘blowing place,’ ” said Kood-shoo, nodding his head sagely.

“ ‘As they neared the great Cape,’ the scientist continued, this time quoting by memory from Deltus Edwards’ ‘Toll of the Arctic Seas,’ ‘the wind maintained its reputation given by the Eskimo and blew a gale. Night came on and the moon hid her face under a cloud. The dogs could hardly keep their footing and the men them-

selves pushed the sledges. It was a wild time. The seamen had no light to guide them other than the glimmer of the stars. The cliffs, which now towered a thousand feet above them, intensified the gloom. The air was filled with icy drift, which sometimes obscured the land and at other times cut into the men's faces terribly.

“ ‘As they approached the sharp prow of rock, running far out into the bay, a wide black streak began to open before them. The ice, driven by the gale, was moving from the land and a broad sheet of water now stretched away into the west. The floes were in motion. The racket of the crashing ice, the roaring of the gale and the howling of the dogs made it almost impossible for the men to hear one another's shouts.

“ ‘They ascended a hummock to take a better view of the situation. To make the passage by the mainland was impossible, for there was no break in the cliff by which they could reach the high table-land; to turn about and seek a route into the interior farther down the coast would have been certain death, as they could not have faced the terrific blasts of the storm; the ice-foot ran along the face of the cliffs, sometimes ten feet above the sea, sometimes thirty feet above, but

seeming to offer an unbroken path north. It was determined to attempt to pass around the cape by this perilous trail. They could not remain on the ice, to be carried into the bay, for they had no boats and would be drowned as soon as the floes broke up.

“ ‘Returning to the land, they climbed the ice-foot by using their sledges for ladders. In a few minutes they were beyond the break in the ice that baffled them; then they took to the field-ice again; once more to the ice-foot, and, by alternating, managed to make good progress. In places the ledge was ten and fifteen feet wide, and smooth; in other places it narrowed down to one and two yards, where more caution was necessary, and frequently, where there was an unusual formation, scarcely room enough remained for the sledges.

“ ‘Along this they crept, yard by yard, toward the extremity of the cape, projecting into the water like the sharp-pointed plow of a locomotive. About twenty yards from the point, the ledge began to narrow gradually. The Eskimo, reaching this, halted, and would not move until Dr. Hayes threatened them with his revolver. Then they edged a few feet further on, but stopped, mute at the conditions that they saw ahead.

“ ‘At the point of the cape, the ice-foot was no more than fifteen inches wide, and, to make it all the more perilous, sloped slightly, giving the most precarious sort of a surface for a foothold. The men huddled against the rocks hopelessly. The wind was whirling the snow, sleet and spray through the air in furious eddies; the sea broke against the ice-foot twenty feet or more below them with a roaring, and great patches of snow tumbled from above onto the dozen atoms of humanity clinging, like storm-beset birds, to the side of the cliffs. They could not turn back and face the gale; to go forward seemed to be impossible; yet Dr. Hayes resolved to try.

“ ‘Advancing carefully to the point of the cape, he took off his mittens and, clinging with his bare hands to the crevices in the rocks, slid one foot after another, tremblingly, along the dangerous brink. Below him was the water, black as ink, save when lit up by a phosphorescent wave that dashed against the ice. To make a slip of a foothold or finger-hold would mean to be dashed to death in the sea. But the howling gale helped him and pressed him against the rocks. Inch by inch he moved to the extreme angle, then reached one hand around to the other side, got a firm grip on a

knob of stone and pulled himself to safety. On the northern side of the cape, the ice-foot again widened out to three or four yards. Dr. Hayes was safe; but could he draw the rest of the caravan around?

“ ‘Dropping down on hands and knees, he crawled to the point and called for the dogs. The animals, one by one, were half-driven, half-pushed to the extremity of the cape, seized by the harness by Dr. Hayes and swung around in safety. When the animals were with him, Dr. Hayes called to the men to hitch the traces to a sledge, push it out as far as they could on one runner, and holding on to the upstanders, keep it from toppling into the sea. Then he harnessed the dogs to the other end of the traces, and, at a snappy “Ka! Ka!” from him, the shaggy animals jumped away like a flash of lightning, whipping the sledge around the point before it could fall over the precipice. After the sledges were around, a trace was held for the men as a sort of railing and one by one they reached the other face of the cape. Except for frost scars on their fingers, not one of the men was harmed in the slightest.

“ ‘Thence it was only a few hours to Etah,

where they were feasted and rested and the journey to the ship was resumed. They reached there the next day, to find their comrades living on the rats they caught in the ship's hold. All through that winter they were fed by the Eskimo and when the sunshine-time came again, Dr. Kane left the ship still frozen in, and in two whale-boats made his way south to the Danish settlement of Upernavik.' "

"And they didn't find the men of Franklin-soak either?" asked Kood-shoo.

"Not a sign of them; they had desperate work getting home themselves. But while Kane and Hayes were starving in their brig in Kane Basin, another party, under command of Dr. Rae, had been more successful. Traveling north by Hudson Strait, Fox Channel and Frozen Strait, Rae reached his quarters at Repulse Bay (August 1853). Wintering comfortably there, as soon as the sunshine-time returned he crossed the isthmus to Kelly Bay. There he met an Innuït with a load of musk-ox meat on his sledge, who led him to an encampment where all the members of the tribe had knives, silver tableware, medals and numerous articles made of wood. To make the matter

sure, Dr. Rae found in this Innuït summer camp a round silver plate engraved 'Sir John Franklin, K. C. B.' "

"And did he ever find out from the Innuït what had happened to Franklin-soak?"

"He did, my boy. Dr. Rae reported in the spring, six winters past, or about 1848, while some Eskimo families were killing seals near the north shore of a large island named King William Land, about forty white men were seen traveling in company southward over the ice, dragging a boat and sledges with them. None of the party could speak Eskimo well enough to be understood, but by signs the natives were led to believe that the ship or ships had been crushed by ice and that the white men were now going to find a place where there might be deer to shoot.

"At a later date the same season, but previous to the disruption of the ice, the bodies of some thirty persons and some graves were discovered on the continent, and five dead bodies on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the north-west of the mouth of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish River. Some of the bodies were in a tent, others were under a boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter

and some lay scattered in different directions. From the mutilated state of many of the bodies and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that the men had been driven to the dread alternative of cannibalism as a means of sustaining life.

“Three years later, Kood-shoo, the last word was found of the Franklin Expedition. Captain McClintock and Lieutenant Hobson in the *Fox* (1857) followed the track of Franklin-soak from Beechey Island, where the party had wintered, to King William Land, at which place the Eskimo had reported the discovery of the bodies of the white men. It took McClintock three years of constant battling with the ice to reach King William Land, where he found the Eskimo who live near the Magnetic North Pole well provided with relics of the ill-fated expedition. At last, at Point Victory, Hobson found a record, the only written statement that ever came from the doomed Franklin Expedition in all its trying winters in the north.

“It told of the real accomplishment of the Northwest Passage and then of the death of Sir John Franklin in June, 1847. The old hero died when all seemed to be going well. But when the summer of 1847 came and went without any break-

up of the ice, the vessels being too far away from any human help to reach them, then Captain Crozier, second in command of the expedition, found himself in a desperate case.

“All through the summer he waited for the ice to move, for the ships had gone so far that if there should be even two weeks of open weather he would be able to steam to the eastward and make connections with the Pacific side. There, they would not only be able to secure food, but they would have made the Northwest Passage with their vessel, the dream of the white men for centuries. Eagerly they watched, but no black lane of water opened. The ice held fast and firm. The polar night was closing down and there was little chance of return. Scurvy had settled upon the crews and at the end of the winter, twenty-four more men had died.

“As soon as the days grew long enough, next sunshine-time Crozier abandoned the ships, firing a last salute over the waters where Sir John Franklin lay, and with his weak and broken men, now one hundred and five in all, began his forlorn journey to the south. Four days were spent alone in covering the fifteen miles that lay between them and the land. They reached Point Victory, and,

around the record that had been put in the cairn a year before, which told of their splendid advance, they wrote a second report ending with the fateful words:

“ ‘We start, to-morrow, April 26th, (1848) for Back’s Great Fish River.’

“ ‘Then,’ as Deltus Edwards graphically tells it, ‘the terrible advance began. There were one hundred and five men, starving and disease-ridden, many of them unquestionably on the verge of insanity through their sufferings, but Crozier held his men together with the strictest sense of discipline. Into the south and east they moved, a broken caravan of lost souls. Game failed them, or at best they had only a few half-famished ptarmigan.

“ ‘Worn out by disease and starvation, the men dropped by the wayside singly and in pairs, and each day must have told the party that it was marching nearer and nearer to its doom. They met some Eskimo but they understood them not at all, and one old woman told that when she saw them, later in the summer, they were scarcely to be recognized as human beings at all. They “were as dead men walking,” she said, “and some of them died and fell down as they walked.”

“ ‘By graves and skeletons, pieces of clothing, tent equipment, an abandoned boat here and a deserted sledge there, the terrible path of death is marked clearly from Point Victory down and around to Todd Island, just off the southeastern corner of King William Land, where the men must have made their last camp, for graves and bones were found there. Only a few stragglers remained now, disintegrating, physically, morally and mentally, and kept alive only by such food as was provided by the bodies of their own kind. Putting out over the ice, they sought to reach Point Ogle or Montreal Island, but, having no boat, and lacking the strength to move over the tumbling and shifting ice, were drowned or crushed in the grinding floes.’ ”

“ ‘Is it sure that they are all dead?’ ” queried the boy.

“ ‘The graves of many of them have been found,’ ” was the answer, “ ‘and the skeletons of many more are left unburied. Scores are at the bottom of the icy waters. It is seventy years ago, Kood-shoo; yes, they must all be dead. Stories have come, from time to time, suggesting that a few reached some Innuït camp where they lingered and took up an Innuït life, but all that coast has been ex-

plored and not a further trace of them has been found.

“One more last search was made by Hall, a sturdy young American, who learned to know the Eskimo and lived three years with them (1864–1867). He spent a summer on Todd’s Island, where the Franklin men had made their last sad camp. There, on the mainland near by, he built a monument, raised the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes on it and fired a salute in honor of the heroes who had solved the problem of the Northwest Passage.”

“And my magic?” asked the boy.

“Must come from somewhere on that march.”

“And you will want it?”

“Yes, we will buy it from you, Kood-shoo. You can be sure of that.”

“And my people of Itti-bloo will never be hungry again?”

“Your people?”

The scientist looked strangely at the boy.

“Your people?” he questioned, again. “This is sure. The people of Itti-bloo need never be hungry again.”

CHAPTER VII

NEAR DEATH ON THE GREAT ICE

KY-OAH-PAH had boarded the ship while the Franklin story was being told, and when the museum expert saw him, he gave the angekok a hearty welcome.

“I have been talking with Kood-shoo,” he said. “He seems to be a friend of yours, Ky-oah-pah.”

“He is a good friend,” said the old man; “he carries with him the power of the demons.”

The professor stiffened with attention. As an ethnologist, he was especially interested in the Eskimo, chiefly in their customs and their beliefs.

“What do you mean by that?” he asked. “Your words are dark like a cave in the cliff when the storm cloud hides the stars and the moon is sleeping.”

“Have you not told the white men about the black hunter of the Kig-ik-tag-miut?” queried the angekok, turning to Kood-shoo.

“No,” the boy answered. “I have said nothing.”

“Do you wish that I should speak?”

“You were there,” the lad replied. “No one knows more about it than you do. You tell the story.”

“It was thus, then,” the angekok rejoined, turning to the scientist, and he told the story of the black hunter, of the nannook and of the boy who came drifting down the North Water on a cake of ice.

“So,” said the ethnologist thoughtfully, when the tale was finished, “you suppose Kood-shoo to be in league with the demons.”

“We know that he is,” Ky-oah-pah answered simply, “and many proofs of it have come.”

Thereupon, the angekok launched out into a detailed description of Kood-shoo's life in the various villages in which the Eskimo had lived since Kood-shoo was a child, ascribing to the lad's presence many occurrences which the ethnologist perceived to be due only to natural causes. The boy noticed, however, that the angekok kept silence on the finding of the heaven-born-stones.

A strong friendship speedily arose between the ethnologist and Kood-shoo and no kayak was seen more often around the ship than that of the boy. Dressed in his water-proof sealskins that fast-

ened tightly to the sealskin covering of the kayak, which possessed only a small hole in the top for Kood-shoo to squeeze his legs through, the boy was quite dexterous in his use of the double-paddle. More than once, when his friend was watching from the ship's rail, the lad, with a strong sweep of his paddle and throwing the weight of his body to one side at the same time, turned a complete somersault in the water.

The first word that he had learned in the white man's tongue was not forgotten, and many a time, either in his cabin aboard the ship, or in the big house that Peary built on the shore, the scientist would hear the clear call,

“Onn-er! Onn-er!”

Kood-shoo used the cry as a watchword, and found it, like the word itself, a key that unfastened many doors.

In this house, built on Bowdoin Bay, came, for the first time in the history of the north, a blue-eyed qavdlunat baby. The snow had melted on the shores, and, as if to greet the child, blue and white and yellow flowers sprang up like magic amid the moss, while the crowberries were ripening on their low stems. The icebergs were drifting by along the coast, broken off from the great glaciers

that discharged their burdens into Smith Sound. The walrus, larger than oxen, fought with their ivory tusks and bellowed until their roaring could be heard miles away. The mottled seals swam in and out by hundreds, their glossy skins shining in the sun, which at this time never sank below the horizon night or day. Schools of narwhals, the unicorns of the north, flashed their white spears in and out of the blue water. Shaggy white bears ran over the ice cakes or swam rapidly through the water after seals. Such were the sights and such the sounds that greeted a stranger like to whom the north had never seen before. The Eskimo called her Ah-poo-mik-a-ninny, "Snow Baby." The white men called her Marie Ah-nig-hito Peary.

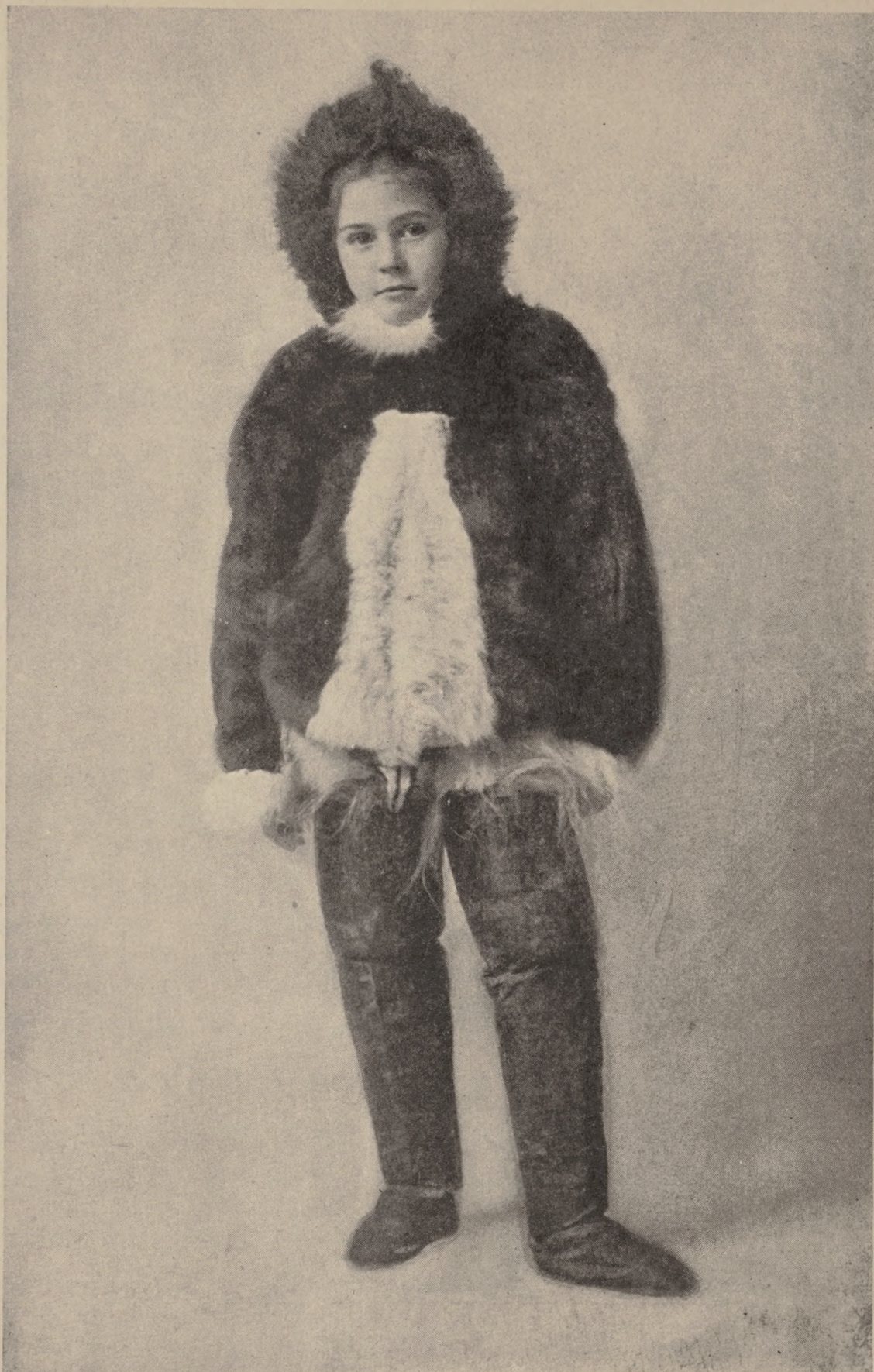
"This little blue-eyed stranger," wrote her father, "born at the close of the Arctic summer, deep in the heart of the White North, far beyond the farthest limits of civilized people or inhabitations, saw the cold, great light of the Arctic summer once only before the great night settled upon us. Then she was bundled in soft, warm Arctic furs, and wrapped in the Stars and Stripes.

"The first six months of her life were spent in continuous lamp-light. When the earliest ray of

the returning sun pierced through the window of our tiny room, she reached for the golden bar as other children for a beautiful toy. Throughout the winter she was a source of the liveliest interest to the natives. Entire families journeyed from far-away Cape York to the south and from distant Etah to the north, to satisfy themselves by actual touch that she was really a creature of warm flesh and blood, and not of snow, as they at first believed."

The villagers of Itti-bloo were this year living in Im-nan-yana, the village to which Kood-shoo had come with the black hunter of the Kig-ik-tag-miut and the nannook, so that it was but seldom that Kood-shoo could visit the baby daughter of Peary. Four journeys he made, however, during the winter, each time bringing toys for the child. He even gave her his favorite carving, a sledge with eight dogs harnessed and hitched, the sledge being carved from a piece of narwhal tusk and the dogs from the tusks of walrus. It had been the boy's hobby during the long nights in the igloo for several darkneses past.

By a coincidence, the second trip made by Ky-oah-pah and Kood-shoo to Anniversary Lodge, as Peary called his house, and on which the boy



Courtesy of Fred'k A. Stokes Co.

MARIE AH-NI-GHITO PEARY IN ESKIMO DRESS.

Daughter of the discoverer of the North Pole, the only white baby ever born among the Smith Sound Eskimo, dressed exactly like her play-mates in the country of her birth. The hood is usually pulled down further over the face, covering forehead, cheeks and chin.

gave this ivory sledge and dogs to the three-months-old daughter of the explorer, occurred during the second moon of the winter, on Christmas Day. Kood-shoo was fifteen years old, but this was his first Christmas and his chatter of questions was continuous. After a couple of hours of it, the ethnologist gave up in despair.

“I don’t know where you got your habit of asking questions, Kood-shoo,” he said at last; “you’re as bad as any white boy.”

The angekok smiled.

“He cannot ask me questions any more,” he said, “I have taught him all I know. He must ask questions of the white men now.”

None the less, the scientist patiently answered question after question, though he found himself at a loss when Kood-shoo led him to the doorway of the house and pointed up to the sky.

“Ky-oah-pah says,” the boy declared, waving his hand at a glorious aurora that streamed and shot in the star-sprinkled sky, “that these are the dead children playing ball. Why should a child playing ball look sometimes like a hunter shooting arrows in the sky and sometimes like a piece of fire?”

The angekok stared at the boy. It had never

occurred to him that Kood-shoo would question the information he had been given. He himself had never thought whether the tale fitted the reality. Now he waited on the white man's answer as eagerly as the boy himself. The scientist was puzzled what reply to make. Few things were harder to explain, yet it was necessary to try and do so, or the Eskimos would lose faith in the ability of the white men to teach them everything. The ethnologist stared at the heavens. Rarely had he seen an aurora of such beauty. In the Whale Sound region, brilliant displays are rare, and this one was indescribably inspiring.

The black arch of the sky between the moons had been guiltless of light save for the brilliant constellations: Cassiopeia, which the Eskimos call the stones of an igloo lamp; the Great Bear, which appears to the people of the North as a herd of celestial caribou, and the Pleiades, which blaze in their sky as a Polar Bear surrounded by a pack of dogs. Suddenly the blue-black dome was riven asunder by flashing blades of light, as though, indeed, the demons of the sky were warring with flaming arrows of blue fire.

“What do they shoot at?” asked the boy.

But the professor gave no answer, for even as

they gazed, the myriad arrow-points, with their flaming trails, rushed together to form a blazing arch, spanning the heavens, bristling with points of darting light.

“It is the musk-ox herd,” Kood-shoo declared, “awaiting attack from the sledge dogs of the demons of the sky. There!” he cried. “See them run!”

As the boy spoke, the arch broke into a score of luminous clouds which shot and ran here and there like a confused herd of heavenly creatures. For many minutes these patches of light, a deep transparent green in color, wavered against the darkness, at times so faint that the stars could be seen through them. Then, as though at a signal, they leaped together to form a canopy of fire.

Slowly, moment by moment, the edges of this canopy began to droop, lower and lower, the center still holding its ghostly luminosity, but the edges glowing with unearthly radiance touched with prismatic hues like a straying rainbow. Lower and lower the edges dropped until they swayed as a curtain over the frozen sea, so bright that a reflection could be seen upon the ice below. Down and down it fell, while the rainbow edge began to shoot great flashes of emerald and crimson to the

zenith, and the curtain waved and undulated in folds of unimaginable delicacy and beauty. Over their heads it passed, so low that the cliffs on the further side could be seen tipped with the fire. Then, with the swiftness with which it had come, it sped into the center of the sky, forming a vast corona which faded as they gazed. The stars resumed their sway over the black sky of the polar darkness, and the bleak gleam of the ice forgot its radiant guest. Night and Cold resumed their winter throne.

“Are they the arrows of the dead?” Kood-shoo asked again.

“It is a message from the sun,” the ethnologist replied, searching his mind for a simple explanation. “The sun sends many kinds of light and strength to his children on the earth and some of these rays are so faint that we cannot see them. They have a long way to come, Kood-shoo, before they reach the air that floats above the ice, the air that makes wind. During the long darkness, here in the north, the sun is very far away and the rays grow tired on the journey. The earth sends out strength also, Kood-shoo, which the white men call electricity. This strength jumps away from the earth to meet the strength coming from the sun,

and when they meet, they are so glad they jump up and down together and dance for joy."

"That's a mighty ingenious way of putting it in Eskimo, Professor," said one of the other members of the expedition, who had overheard the explanation, "but I'd like to know what the *Aurora Borealis* really is. I've seen the northern lights dozens of times, but I've never been able to make out exactly what caused them."

The scientist turned to his companion with an air of relief.

"It's a lot easier to tell it to you," he answered, "but when I've finished, I don't know that you'll understand it any better than Kood-shoo here. Truth to tell, we don't know exactly what causes the northern lights, and science is only guessing. It's clear, though, that the aurora is some form of electrical discharge acting upon atmospheric gases. Technically, it seems to be due to an electric impulse from the sun, which creates secondary cathode rays in the earth's atmosphere, or which ionizes the air to such an extent that electric discharges from the earth, due to a difference in potential, are increased and attracted. We know that when a particularly bright auroral curtain passes over a compass, the needle acts in precisely

the same way that it would if a band of upward-streaming earth-magnetism were passing overhead."

All this was unintelligible to Kood-shoo, so he returned to his questioning.

"Why does it take so many different shapes?" he asked.

"How many shapes have you noticed?" the scientist queried in return, again twisting the boy's desire for information into a means for the securing of information.

Kood-shoo wrinkled his forehead and tried to think. This white man's method of making him think in straight lines was very tiring. He commenced to count on his fingers.

"Mostly," he began, "it looks like a whale's rib."

"We call that an 'arc,'" the ethnologist replied.

"Sometimes it looks like an old frayed piece of sinew-string."

"That," the professor said, turning to his companion, "must be the 'band.' Frayed sinew-string does look like an auroral band."

"Then there are the arrows like the ones we saw just now," Kood-shoo continued, "and then

they look as if all the Innuït in the world were shooting arrows of fire of different colors; but sometimes the arrows are going backwards and forwards so fast that they look like dog-traces and are fastened to a big whale-rib."

"That's what we call the 'fan' formation of rays," the professor commented under his breath.

"I've seen it, too," the boy said, "looking like a hole in the sky, with flames shooting out on all sides of it. That one is the brightest of all, but I've only seen it two or three times."

"The 'corona,' " whispered the professor.

"And the way that last one finished up," the lad pointed to the sky, "where white bear and red bear and green bear skins are being jiggled in the sky, you can see heaps of times."

The scientist turned to his companion.

"What do you think of this boy?" he said. "Don't you think there's the making of a real assistant out of him? No one has ever taught him to observe, and yet, see, he named the five classes of auroræ for us just as well as if he'd been trained at school."

The mate, an old whaler, looked at the scientist in surprise.

"That's where I think you're wrong," he said.

“At least, you’re wrong about an Eskimo not being taught to observe. He doesn’t observe a lot of different things, it’s true, because there aren’t many different things for him to observe. But if you take him on his own ground, there’s mighty little that escapes him. If you doubt it, Professor, think of all the men who have starved and died in the Arctic just because they couldn’t observe the conditions of life around them and make use of them as cleverly as the Eskimo. I think you’re quite right though, about taking the boy in hand, he’d undoubtedly be a big help to you in your ethnological work.”

When Ky-oah-pah returned to the village, he went alone, for Kood-shoo stayed with one of the Eskimo families that had built an iglooya near Anniversary Lodge, and many and many a day he spent with the professor, who taught him scraps of English in return for the wealth of information that Kood-shoo was able to give concerning Eskimo life. Constantly the scientist wondered at the quickness with which the boy learnt and at the manner in which he was able to tell what he had seen.

Perhaps Kood-shoo’s greatest triumph happened later in the winter, a week or two after the

sun appeared for the first time. He came up to the professor, with his eyes shining brightly from out the circle of fox-tails that rimmed his face, but holding his hands behind his back.

"I've got a present for Ah-poo-mik-a-ninny," he said.

"Another carving? Perhaps a whale this time?"

Kood-shoo shook his head. Knowing the Eskimo love of guessing, the ethnologist named article after article, but still he was unable to guess. Then, with great pride, the boy took his hand from behind his back and slowly opened his mitten. On the palm lay a small flat dark-brown object. The scientist looked at it in astonishment.

"What is it?" he said.

"It is a blanket for Ah-poo-mik-a-ninny's ivory sledge," he answered.

The ethnologist took it in his hand and examined it curiously, and as he looked, his wonder grew.

"Where did you get this?" he asked sharply.

Kood-shoo was surprised at the eagerness of his tone.

"I didn't get it. I made it," he replied.

"Of what?"

"My hair," Kood-shoo replied. "You said the

white men's clothes were made of netted hair. So I netted my hair."

The ethnologist reached into his pocket and drew out a magnifying glass, subjecting the object to an intense scrutiny. The boy had told nothing but the truth. Although the blanket was only about six inches long and two and a half inches wide, it was absolutely woven of hair.

"How did you do it?" he queried.

"It was quite easy, though it took a long, long time," Kood-shoo replied. "I pulled out some of my hair, where it was longest. Then I twisted together as many hairs as I have fingers and glued them with cooked oil and soot, just the same as Kah-mon-apik showed me for my bow. I tied them to a straight piece of bone at one end and to another piece of bone at the other end."

"Yes?" put in the professor, seeing that the lad paused.

"Then," said the boy, "I took the string out of my bow and fastened sinews from each end of the bow to the two pieces of bone. As the bow straightened, it held the strings of hair tight and made it easier to hold. Then I put the single hairs in and out, the way you showed me, and knotted the ends."

The ethnologist stared at the boy. There was something uncanny to him in the lad's deftness and intelligence. Especially he was amazed at Kood-shoo's ingenuity in fixing the frame of a bow to hold the warp tight while he wove the weft.

The very next day, Peary was to start out on an attempt to cross the Greenland ice-cap. The ethnologist went to him and showed him the piece of weaving. The explorer was not less surprised than the museum expert, and, before he left, he called Kood-shoo to him.

"It has come to pass," he said, "that a man goes on his travels. I go to Sermik-soak, and a man may never know whether the demons will permit him to return. I am leaving your little red magic here. I have given orders that there will be given to your people of Itti-bloo six white men's guns and much powder and shot. With this they will be able to kill the nannook easily. I have given each of the hunters a white man's knife. I have left wood with which they may build good kayaks and sharp spear-points and harpoon-points of iron, that they may kill seals and walrus more easily."

"Ooh!" the boy cried, in admiration and delight.

“I shall not give them food,” the explorer went on, “for if the Innuits learn that food may be got without hunting, they will cease to hunt; while if I give them weapons which will make hunting easier, they will still hunt, but they will always be successful. It is true what the black hunter of the Kig-ik-tak-miut said to Ky-oah-pah, as the story has been told me, ‘the people of Itti-bloo shall never again need food.’ For yourself, Kood-shoo, I give you a white man’s gun. Learn to use it. Learn to shoot straight. Learn to drive dogs like Mirk-tu-shar, the bear hunter of Netuilumi. Grow to be big, and brave and strong, and when, some day, I go to the land where nothing lives, I may take you as a helper.”

“I know I am going there with you,” Kood-shoo replied simply, “Ky-oah-pah saw it, when the feet of his breath were out over the ice.”

Peary stared slightly, for as yet this story had not been told him, but he placed into Kood-shoo’s hands the promised gun, and sent him out into the half-sunshine pleased and proud almost to bursting.

Next day Peary started. From Kah-mon-apik, who was one of the men chosen to accompany him, Kood-shoo learned the story of that attempt to

cross the ice-cap. Peary took with him eight men, twelve sledges and ninety-two dogs. Up the ice cliffs they climbed, up and up into the sky, reaching an elevation of 5,500 feet. He had gone one hundred and thirty-four miles from camp when a blizzard struck them. The Smith Sound Eskimo were well used to Arctic cold, but the rigors of the Greenland ice-cap far surpass the intense cold of the polar seas. The dogs, husky brutes though they were, died off from the cold, all ordinary protection against frost-bite failed and Peary was forced to give up.

“At seven A. M.” said Peary, writing of this storm, “I was out looking on a scene that made me sick at heart. Half of my dogs were frozen fast in the snow, some by the legs, some by the tails, some by both. Two were dead, and all were in a pitiable condition, their fur a mass of ice and snow driven into it by the pitiless wind. The average wind velocity had been forty-eight miles an hour and the average temperature fifty degrees below zero, falling as low as sixty degrees below. When these figures are considered in connection with our elevation of some five thousand feet, the unobstructed sweep of the wind and the well-known fact that ice-cap temperatures accompanied by

wind are much more trying to animal life than the same temperatures at sea-level, it is believed that the judgment will be that this storm beats the record as the most severe ever experienced by an Arctic party."

The dread disease of piblokto broke out among the dogs, which makes them absolutely mad. Several ran amuck and had to be shot. The party struggled on for a few days after the storm, but realizing that it would not be possible to cross the ice-cap that year, Peary cached the provisions and beat a hurried retreat to the camp, reaching there after fearful sufferings with only twenty-five dogs left alive of the ninety-two that started.

All through the spring Kood-shoo vacillated between Im-nan-yana and Anniversary Lodge, playing with little Ahnighito Peary as she grew older, helping the professor to make notes on Eskimo life and conditions and becoming more and more accustomed to the white men's ways. One thing, however, Kood-shoo could not be persuaded to do, and that was to take a bath, nor even to wash his face. The scientist tried to urge him to learn to swim, but the boy, like all the rest of the Eskimo, would not go into the water. None of the tribe knew how to swim, although their lives were spent

in constant danger of drowning. Kood-shoo's answer to the constant urgings of the professor gave the true reasons.

“Suppose I could swim like a nannook or a seal,” he said, “when I tumbled into the water, it wouldn't be any good to me. The water would get under the furs I wear. But when the nannook or the seal wears the fur, the water cannot get through. The water is too cold without a fur skin.”

The professor was compelled to admit the truth of this. In water which is glacier-fed and filled with floating ice, no swimmer could live more than five minutes; he would be chilled and cramps might come immediately. So, though the boy continued to play beside the water, using little pieces of ice for rafts, or learning to handle his kayak better than his comrades—for the Smith Sound Eskimo are not as consummate boatmen as the West Greenland Eskimo—he never learned to swim.

When the sun grew warm and the water became more free of ice, after the spring walrus-hunt at Pituarvik and after his annual visit with Ky-oah-pah to the nesting place of the little auks, the smoke of a white man's ship was seen over Melville Bay. It was the *Falcon*, with supplies

for Peary, its members eager to hear news of the attempt to cross the Greenland ice-cap. The North Water was rough and full of bergs that season, but at last the *Falcon* made her way into Bowdoin Bay, passing the grim Pillars of Hercules that guard the gateway to the Pole.

The supply-ship did not dare to stay long, for fear of being frozen in, and she soon returned to the white man's land, bearing Mrs. Peary and little Ahnighito to their home in America. Peary would not go. Together with Matt Henson, his faithful negro body-servant, and Hugh J. Lee, a white man, he decided to remain at Anniversary Lodge during the autumn and winter and to make another attempt in the following spring, using the supplies that had been cached in the failure of a few months before, together with the additional provisions brought by the *Falcon*.

As soon as the vessel had cleared and conditions were favorable, Peary seized the first opportunity to send a party to visit the caches that had been made, to dig them out, and erect new signals so that they should be easy to find in the next spring journey. The party returned without having found any caches, but reported that two signals, which had stood eight and nine feet respectively

above the snow last season, now showed only one foot above the snow.

It was already late in the season, there were only a few hours of daylight and ice-cap work was perilous, yet Peary set out very early next morning. On the finding of those caches, next year's success depended. Two days' journey brought Peary to the signals previously found, but the third brought menace. Fog and clouds obliterated stars and sky, and a wild wind arose in the dead gray emptiness, of the twilight. A living swirl of tempest-blast, dense with snow particles, filled the Arctic world. For three days and four nights the gale raged, driving the snow in long horizontal lines. The fine snow needles, far more like dust than flakes, made movement impossible and when it was at last safe to leave the tent, three feet more of snow had fallen. The deposit in the season had been unusually large, for the great pole, twelve feet high, which had been used to mark the main cache in the spring was nowhere to be seen.

They searched for hours, but night fell and the rapidly shortening days forbade longer camping on the ice-cap and further search. Nearly a ton and a half of provender, including all the pemmi-can and all the alcohol was buried in the insatiate

maw of the Great Ice and the work of a year and a half was blotted out. Yet Peary was determined to make the attempt in the spring nevertheless, but with frozen meat for food and kerosene in place of alcohol. There was still a faint hope that the last cache, where the former expedition had turned back, might be discoverable.

Of the many times that Peary faced death and fronted peril and exhaustion, none, not even his trip to the Pole, compared with the privations of that great dash across the Greenland ice-cap which started on April 1, 1895. One after another the points of the previous journey were passed, fine sunny weather prevailing in the place of the awful storms of the year before. But when they reached the place where the pemmican and oil had been stored, and made a second search, no cache could be found. The blizzards of the ice-cap had broken off or buried the lofty signal that had been erected and the provisions needed for the journey were still undiscoverable under the never melting snow. They might be right under their feet. They might be a mile away. There was nothing to do but to go on. This was the country that the Eskimo did not understand, and feared, and Peary sent them back.

“From here,” wrote Peary, “I sent my faith-

ful Eskimo allies back to the lodge. Only I and they can know how brave and faithful and loyal they were. For six sleeps and six long rapid marches they had followed me unquestioningly into the awful heart of the sermik-soak, where none of their tribe had ever dared to go before. Never before, even in their longest pursuit of the polar bear across the frozen surface of Smith Sound, had they been out of sight of the cliffs and mountains of their savage coast. Yet now, since four days back, the highest peaks of those mountains had disappeared below the surface of the Great Ice and for four days the unbroken steely horizon of the frozen desert had circled around them in a glittering ring. And now they must hasten back, alone, with feverish speed, before a storm could obliterate our sledge tracks and leave them, bewildered and bewitched, at the mercy of the dread demons of the 'great ice.' "

The dogs, used to the conditions of ice at sea-level, almost exceeded the power of man's handling. Nothing but sheer force of human will can force a team of dogs into the white nothing of the Arctic Sahara. Lee soon became ill and the care of the dogs fell upon Henson and Peary.

"To keep a pack of forty ravenous Eskimo dogs

in order during feeding time," he wrote, "is something beyond the power of any two men. We succeeded in tying them as usual, in groups of five to eight, to stakes driven in the snow about the camp, and Henson had nearly completed chopping up the daily ration of frozen walrus meat, while, I, with whip in hand, tried to keep the yelping brutes from breaking loose.

"But it was impossible to be everywhere at once, and, while busy quieting one group, another, with a sudden combined rush and the superhuman strength which the sight of food inspires in a hungry Eskimo dog, tore up the stake to which they were fastened and dashed for the pile of meat. There was a simultaneous savage cry from every other dog, and in an instant, every stake was broken or pulled up and a howling avalanche of dogs swept through the camp and fell upon the meat. Each group being still fastened together by their traces, anything about the camp less firm than the primeval rocks, came to sudden grief.

"Whip and voice were equally unheeded and Henson and myself were obliged to jump out from among the furious animals to save our footgear from being torn to pieces by their savage snaps at the meat and at each other. Here, before us, were

forty savage powerful dogs, the flower of the king-dogs and trained bear-hunters of the tribe, mad with the struggle for the food and the attacks of each other and inextricably entangled and bound together by their traces—Kilkenny cats multiplied twenty fold.

“Then came the straightening out of the snarl. The temperature was twenty-five degrees below zero and a strong wind was sweeping through the camp, loaded with a stinging drift of snow. Silently we went to work, and at the end of five hours had the Gordian knots untied and every dog secured, except one. He, tangled up and rendered helpless by the twisting traces, had been bitten by the others till he had gone mad with rage and pain, and, with bloodshot eyes, frothing mouth and clashing teeth, bit at everything he could reach until I was obliged to quiet him with a bullet.”

On they climbed, reaching an elevation of 7,865 feet, above sea-level. The dogs could hardly breathe in the rarefied air and the three men bled frequently at the nose. There was no food but raw and frozen meat, and four hundred miles from camp, one of the sledges broke. Soon the last of the walrus meat was fed to the team, and there was nothing left to do but to feed the weaker dogs

to the stronger. At five hundred miles out, only nine animals remained, three of them so nearly dead that they were only fit for dog-food. But, before them, lay a new land, never thus seen by human eyes before. Peary, standing on the ice-cap, saw the peaks and valleys of an unknown and unexplored land lying under the yellow sunlight of midnight, right at his feet.

Down over jagged rocks, over glaciers and snow-covered cliffs, he went with Henson, but no game was to be seen. It was musk-ox country, apparently, but none of the animals were in evidence. A silent and disheartened party returned to the tent. Peary decided that return was problematic and that life and safety depended on the finding of musk-ox.

"Never shall I forget that time and scene," wrote Peary; "three exhausted men and nine starved dogs, standing there in the gaunt frozen desert. These and the glistening snow, the steel-blue sky and the cold white sun. Five hundred miles in an airline to the nearest human being, with insufficient rations for even that distance, yet we still were facing the other way."

The day after, Henson shot an Arctic hare. The two men camped, cooked and ate the entire hare,

the first full meal since they had sent away the Eskimo thirty-five days before. Next day two snowy ptarmigan fluttered up and each of the men shot one. Then! On a little terrace of the cliffs they saw a group of black spots which a glance through the binoculars showed to be musk-ox. A successful shot meant life, for a time at least, while failure meant death.

“Now, as we lay there,” wrote Peary, “looking at the big black animals before us, we had none of the sportsmen’s sensation in the presence of big game. They were not game for us, but meat! Every nerve and fiber in our gaunt bodies was vibrating with a savage lust for that meat—meat that should be soft and warm, meat into which our teeth could sink and tear and rend, meat that would not blister lips and tongue with its frost, nor ring like rock against our teeth.”

A moment’s pause and the men were at them. The big bull guarding the herd gave a snort and stamped his hoof, and on the instant, every animal turned and faced them, then formed in line with lowered head and horns.

“We were within less than fifty yards of the herd,” continues Peary, “when the big bull with a quick motion lowered his horns still more. In-

instinct told me that it was the signal for the herd to charge. Without slackening my pace, I pulled my Winchester to my shoulder and sent a bullet at the back of his neck, over the white impervious shield of the great horns. Heart, and soul, and brains went with that bullet, for I knew that it meant our lives. I felt that we were hungry enough and wolfish enough that, had the bull been alone, we could have sprung upon him bare-handed and torn the life-blood from his throat. But against the entire herd we would have been powerless. Once the black avalanche had gained momentum, we would have been crushed by it like the crunching snow crystals under our feet.

“As the bull sank upon his haunches, the herd wavered. A cow half turned, and, as Henson’s rifle cracked, fell with a bullet back of her fore-shoulder. Without raising my rifle above my hips, another one dropped. Then another, for Henson; then the herd broke and we hurried in pursuit.

“A wounded cow wheeled, and, with lowered head, was about to charge me; again Henson’s rifle cracked and she fell.

“A short distance beyond, the remainder of the herd faced about again, and I put a bullet in the breast of another bull, but although the blood



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

THE OLD LEADER OF THE MUSK-OX HERD.

Specimen shot by Peary, one such as those which saved him and his party from starvation when crossing the Greenland ice-cap. One of the exhibits in the Museum.

after

crimsoned his chest and legs, it did not stop him and the herd broke again and disappeared over a sharp ridge. I had neither wind nor strength to follow. Suddenly the back of one of the animals running behind the ridge appeared for an instant. I whirled and fired. I did not see the sights, I scarcely think I saw my rifle, but felt my aim as I would with harpoon or stone and saw the fatal crimson stain spring out behind the fore-shoulder as the animal disappeared, then I sank down on the snow, used up. But I knew that he too was mine.

“I can scarcely realize as I write these lines, what absolute animals hunger makes of men, and yet I can say truthfully, never have I tasted more delicious food than was that tender, raw, warm meat—a mouthful here and a mouthful there, cut from the animals as I skinned them. I ate until I dared eat no more, though still unsatisfied.

“Then Henson went back to bring up the dogs and sledge. With his return came the uppermost luxury of all! This was to toss big lumps of the rich, steaming meat to the faithful shadows which we called dogs, till they, too, could eat no more and lay gorged and quiet upon the rocks.”

Life was saved, the Greenland ice-cap was crossed, but the conditions required an immediate

return by the same route, instead of following the shore, for the face of the Academy Glacier was unscaleable. The rock region was swept bare of snow by an uprising wind and the sledge went to pieces. A light sledge was made of skis and the party reascended to the ice-cap. At first conditions favored them, but they were still four hundred miles from camp when Lee broke down utterly. On July 6th, two dogs were fed to the remaining seven. On the 7th, the second sledge was abandoned. On the 10th, a dog died, leaving six. On the 11th, another dog died and Henson and Peary had to drag the sledges, the dogs walking miserably behind. On the 13th, only four dogs remained, but the day's rest had enabled them to help to pull the sledge again.

Rations began to grow terribly short and the men were crumpling from weakness, but Peary ordered forced marches until the travelers staggered blindly and blunderingly mile after mile, careless whether they lived or died. Still the will of Peary forced them on. On July 20th, only two dogs were left alive, but a terrific wind, which compelled a sudden halt, did a good turn in packing the snow down hard. Two more good marches put them near home, but brought the men to the

extreme point of exhaustion. They could barely see or speak. Yet the cliffs around home were in sight. The last camp on the ice-cap was made twenty miles from the moraine near the lodge. There were four biscuits left for two meals for three men. Only one dog remained and his meal consisted of a pair of sealskin boots and two yards of rawhide line. The lodge was reached that night and Lee crept tardily in as the first meal was being cooked.

Panik-pah, the only dog left alive, barely survived. The rough road down the rocks was too much for him. He lay down on the ground in sight of the lodge and only after a rest could he struggle on to the house. "When he did come in," wrote Peary, "I fed him with my own hands and before I had eaten anything myself, with tender, unfrozen deer meat, till he was absolutely satisfied and could eat no more."

The tales of Peary in the Far North are easily one of the richest heritages that the American boy possesses, and the lad who does not own in his library the books that Peary wrote loses a great deal. But nothing else will so truly show the explorer and the hero, nothing will touch a boy's heart closer than Peary's love for his Arctic dogs.

Let him close the story of the Greenland ice-cap conquest in his own words:

“The strain of the grim race was ended. We had distanced our grisly competitor. We had reached those unspeakable luxuries, food and rest. But my noble dogs had been less fortunate.

“Every true man and every true woman loves a noble dog and there are no more splendid dogs in all the world than those magnificent brutes of Whale Sound. Perhaps my readers may think me prejudiced. I have a right to be. They saved my life and the lives of my two comrades.

“Powerful, savage brutes, as one would expect from dogs whose ancestors were wolves, yet they are susceptible to kindly treatment.

“Never were dogs or men more faithful than these poor brutes. Day after day they struggled back across that awful frozen desert, fighting for their lives and ours; day after day they worked until their last ounce of work was gone from them, and then fell dead in their tracks without a sound, forty-one of them out of the forty-two with which I had left the lost cache.

“Faithful, noble servitors, Nupsah, Kardahso, Komonahpik, Ahgotah, Elingwah, and the rest, never shall I forget you; and my only consolation



BREAKING A PUPPY TO HARNESS.



AFTER A LONG DAY'S MARCH.

(From Dr. Hutton's "Among the Eskimos of Labrador," published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, Pa.)

is the knowledge, that, like ourselves, you did not suffer pain. The starvation was so gradual that, when at last the end came and your exhausted limbs refused to move, your bright eyes closed and your faithful lives went out upon the savage heart of the Great Ice, your end was as painless as our own would have been, had it not been for you.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE DEMONS CHEATED OF THEIR PREY

DURING the period of fine weather on the ice-cap, before the Eskimo had been sent home from the cache, Peary's attention had been attracted to a crude knife he had seen in the hands of Kah-mon-apik, of which the blade seemed to be made of iron. He questioned the hunter closely about it. At first Kah-mon-apik gave evasive replies, but when Peary showed him that he knew the knife must have been recently made, the hunter admitted it. He explained that he had ground down the tool from a "heaven-born-stone" that had been found on an island not far from Im-nan-yana.

True, it was Kood-shoo's secret, and Kah-mon-apik was loth to tell the tale, but, knowing how closely the boy had been associated with Peary during the past two years, he finally was persuaded to tell his leader all that he knew concerning the Woman and the Dog. He related, with great gusto, how Ok-pud-ding-wah and the people of Netlik had broken off the head of the Woman

and how it had plunged into the waters of Smith Sound, concluding with Ok-pud-ding-wah's own words:

“The Demons of the sea have taken the Head of the Woman, to give it back to the demons of the sky!”

When Peary returned to Anniversary Lodge, therefore, and the terrible exhaustion and weakness had disappeared, when his swollen legs and feet had almost become normal again and the griping pains of the famine-wrecked stomach were beginning to diminish, the explorer called Kood-shoo and learned from him the exact location of the meteorites. The boy was eager to help Peary and anxious to do everything in his power for the white men who had been so kind and who had made happy the entire tribe of his people. So he led Peary and a party to the island where the meteoritic iron had been found. An excursion caused the discovery of a third and larger mass, which they nicknamed the Tent, several miles away. The supply vessel, the *Kite*, already was in Bowdoin Bay and in spite of Peary's eagerness to get home to America, he would still have made an attempt to get the meteorites, but the ice conditions were highly unfavorable. The explorer determined to

take one or more of them to America if he came up to Smith Sound the summer following.

Next year, heading an expedition for the American Museum of Natural History, and with many eminent scientists aboard, Peary made special preparations for the removal of the meteorites. In spite of its weight, the Dog was easily put on board, but the Woman presented greater difficulties. When, after weeks of toil, the great piece of iron actually was put on a cake of ice twenty by forty feet in size and over seven feet thick, which had been towed to Meteorite Island for use as a ferry, the ice was unable to endure the weight and broke in the middle. Fortunately, to prevent any such contingency, Peary had taken the precaution of having every available tackle in the ship fast to the meteorite. In spite of this, down sank the Woman, down toward the bottom of the bay.

“The Head is calling! The Head is calling!” cried Ky-oan-pah and he scrambled off the ship into his kayak as fast as he could go.

For a moment indeed it seemed as though the demons of the sea were beckoning, and as the tackles took the weight, the ship heeled over with a heavy list to starboard.

Even the white men held their breath. Would

the good ship *Kite* turn turtle? Very little more strain would be more than she could bear. But the vessel had been built staunch and powerful, solidly re-enforced for bucking the ice-floes and battling with the rigors of the Arctic seas, so her stability held true. She took the weight of the meteorite on her tackles and held it fast. There was a shout of relief. The ropes were run to the winches, and, inch by inch, the iron Woman came up from the black waters of the Bay until it was swung inboard and lowered into the ship's hold. There was no further delay. Steam was got up at once and the vessel sailed out and through the Melville Bay ice pack, intending to return next summer for the monster, the Tent.

With Peary away in the white man's land next winter, Kood-shoo returned to Eskimo life as he had known it before the *Falcon* came, save that he had a gun with which to shoot, and that his brain rioted with the ideas that Peary and the ethnologist had planted there. Alone of all the Eskimo, this boy had gained an insight into a life far different from that of the Smith Sound region. His friends and companions only wondered dully at the doings of the white men, without ever a thought of copying them, but Kood-shoo made

them his own. As the scientist had said, there was something in the boy that differentiated him from his fellows. He seemed destined to make a valuable assistant.

One day in the summer, when the sea-birds had all returned to their nests, and the Crimson Cliffs were alive with tens of thousands of kittiwakes and burgomaster gulls, when Peary was expected and eager eyes watched the horizon for the smoke of the white man's ship, Kood-shoo went out with his gun to shoot. Remembering the explorer's advice, the boy had become an expert marksman, and he practiced assiduously. It was seldom, now, that he used his bow and arrows, but he was not yet ready to give them to the ethnologist, though his friend had wished to take them back to the American Museum as an exhibit of Eskimo workmanship.

Strolling up towards the caribou-plateau, the boy noticed, in the air, flying in a straight line through the myriads of wheeling sea-gulls, a bird such as he had never seen before. Nearer and nearer it came, flying straight and low. Dropping on one knee and raising his rifle to his shoulder, Kood-shoo fired. The bird stopped and fell, partly recovered itself and poised a moment,

and then swooped dizzily to the ground not a hundred yards away from the lad.

Kood-shoo jumped to his feet and ran to catch the feathered stranger. The bird fluttered along the ground for a few yards and then fell over, dead. He picked it up and looked at it. Never had he seen a bird like this. In color it was blue and black, the wings quite deeply colored, and its bill was short and straight, unlike the curved beaks of the sea-birds of the region. And then his glance fell on the bird's leg.

He stared, as well he might.

Around the bird's leg was a metal ring.

Out from the north and with a metal ring around its foot!

This was magic manifest and palpable.

Looking still closer, Kood-shoo saw some marks upon the ring, and spelling out the letters that were engraved on it, he read:

Aee's Pxp, 1896.

The few words of English that Kood-shoo had learned gave him no clew to this inscription. He hurried home to the igloo in Netiulummi as fast as he could go, to ask Kah-mon-apik and Ky-oah-pah whether either of them had ever seen such

a bird. He gained no satisfaction there. The prize was as strange to the angekok and to the hunter as it was to Kood-shoo, and the lad waited impatiently the coming of the white men to solve the mystery. Meanwhile, he buried the unknown bird in a cake of ice, where the sun could not reach it, that it might stay frozen and in good condition until the white men's ship appeared.

At last, late in the summer, battering her way through the ice with vicious eagerness, the *Hope* appeared. As soon as she anchored in the waters of Bowdoin Bay, Kood-shoo exhumed the bird and hurried down the shore to his kayak. He scrambled on board, but his friend the ethnologist was nowhere to be seen. Peary, however, though busy with a thousand details, saw Kood-shoo and gave him greeting. The boy hurried to him.

"Peary-soak," said the boy, ignoring all preliminary speech, "this bird came flying over my head a few sleeps ago and I shot him with the gun you gave me. He's got a ring on its leg made of the cooking-pot metal of the white men."

With an air of light interest the explorer reached out his hand for the bird, which Kood-shoo held to him. His expression changed, however, as he took quick note of its shape and scrutinized the

metal band around the bird's leg, reading aloud the letters:

"Aee's Pxp, 1896."

"Andree!" he exclaimed. "One of Andree's pigeons!"

He beckoned to a burly man near by.

"Captain," he called, "here's word of Andree!"

Every one within hearing hurried forward to learn the news, for the Andree Balloon Expedition to the North Pole was a matter of keenest interest all over the world during the year 1897. Peary examined the quill feathers to which a record might have been attached, but there was nothing to be found. There was no message.

"Only a stray!" he announced in a disappointed tone.

There was a gesture of regret among the members of the party, and one of the visiting scientists said,

"That looks a little like trouble. Don't you think so, Commander?"

Peary looked thoughtful.

"Not necessarily," he said, "the bird might have got away, but on the whole I should regard it as ominous. Andree wouldn't have released

his pigeon without a message, if everything was going well. Of course, the bird might have lost the message, but they're generally fastened too well for that."

"It was queer," the Captain said, "what happened to the other two birds."

"Well," the explorer rejoined, "you can't depend much on carrier pigeons in these altitudes."

All this was unintelligible to Kood-shoo, and presently the boy asked,

"What's Andree?"

Peary turned to the lad, realizing that it was essential to inform the Eskimo concerning Andree's expedition, for if a pigeon had reached Whale Sound, there was more than a possibility that the balloonist had passed over the Greenland ice-cap, and perhaps had suffered disaster on the Great Ice.¹

"The white men," he said, "are anxious to get to the very middle of the ice, Kood-shoo, a place where the sun goes round in a ring and where the moon goes round in a ring."

¹ The incident herein described, of the pigeon found in Greenland, is fiction, and used for the purposes of this narrative. All the rest of the information concerning Andree is historic and authentic.

“Is it the place where everything is downhill?” asked Kood-shoo.

“What do you mean by that?” queried the explorer promptly.

“I don’t know,” the boy replied, “only, a long time ago, when the feet of the breath of Ky-oah-pah were out on the ice, he said that he had seen you at a place where everything was down a hill.”

“It is an omen, Commander,” said the captain.

“Grant that it may be one!” the explorer rejoined. He paused a moment and then continued. “For many darkneses, many more darkneses than the oldest Innuít, or the oldest Innuít’s father can remember, the white men have tried to reach this middle point with a ship, but the ice has stopped every vessel. They have tried to reach it with dogs and sledges, but the middle is very far away and there is no food. Torn-uk-soak, the demon of ill, Ko-yo-nah, the demon of the north and It-a-goo, the demon of hunger, have driven them back. Many have died, Kood-shoo, and no one yet has found the middle.

“Last sunshine-time,” the explorer continued, “three white men, led by Andree-soak, tried to find the middle by flying in the air like a bird.

The white men made an oomiak-soak which could float in the air as the seal-skin bag floats on the water when the awick has been harpooned. The white men call a sky oomiak-soak like this, a 'balloon.' But though Andree waited all one sunshine-time on the edge of the sea of ice, the wind blew all the time from the north and it was the south wind that he wanted. So the time of the long days passed and the darkness came again. Three white men and the oomiak-soak that floats in the sky had to go back to the white man's land until the sunshine-time came again.

"Early next sunshine-time, Andree returned with the balloon to a place called Spitzbergen and on July 11, the south wind came at last. The igloo, which was fastened to the balloon and which hung below it as a hawk bears his prey in his talons, carried a kayak for two men, a sledge, and food for half a year. The thongs which held it down to the earth were cut and the balloon rose in the air, grew smaller and smaller, rose over the top of a mountain range in the distance and disappeared."

"Did the three white men reach the middle?" cried Kood-shoo.

"We do not know as yet," the explorer an-

swered. "Forty-six hours after the balloon was cut away, Andree sent off a carrier pigeon, a brother to one that you hold in your hand, Kood-shoo, and this pigeon carried a message which said that Andree had traveled nearly two hundred miles in less than two days and was still going toward the north, though much more slowly. The message said, too, that this was the third that had been sent by carrier pigeon."

"Where were the other two?"

"They had not yet returned to the white man's land," said Peary, "when we left Disko Island. It is now more than a month since Andree left and he may have reached America, which is the opposite side of the sea of ice from the point at which he started. I know no more. But, Kood-shoo," he continued, "your finding of this pigeon may be a sign that Andree may have met Ko-yonah the demon of the north. He may have met evil winds, he may have fallen on the Great Ice, he may be adrift upon an ice-floe, or he may have found the middle and be home in triumph. We shall not know until we return to the white man's country, perhaps not even then."

The saying was prophetic. From that day, July 13th, 1897, when Andree sent off his third

carrier pigeon, while his balloon was careering in the frosty air over the ice, not a word or a sign from the expedition has ever reached civilization. The fate of Andree remains a mystery, a mystery all the more inscrutable because such extraordinary pains had been taken to ensure the discovery of some remnants of the expedition. He carried a number of buoys of solid cork, sheathed with copper, which could defy every form of Arctic pressure and which would float out of the Polar sea on the southward currents in case the balloon was wrecked. He took with him carrier pigeons which should be able to fly back home. He carried a boat, if the balloon fell in the water, and a sledge if it descended on the land. He had food in plenty and a perfect equipment for Arctic life.

Twenty years have passed, but not a buoy, not a pigeon, not a fragment of wreckage of any kind has ever been found. It seems certain that Andree could not have fallen on the Polar ice. Had he landed on the Greenland ice-cap, where there is absolutely no food, no animal or bird life of any kind, he might have perished, and then the balloon, the car and all the equipment would be buried, probably forever, under the eternal snows. Or if he crossed the Polar region and landed on the as

yet unexplored and undetermined Crocker Land (1917) he might have perished likewise.

Two stories have been brought from Arctic Canada which have been thought to suggest that Andree crossed in the vicinity of the Pole. One was brought in 1900 by a fur-trader from the borders of the Arctic Ocean. The trader said that an Indian had arrived at his post the year previously, with a tale of having met some Eskimo who owned brass instruments, metal cooking utensils, many ropes and a great deal of waterproof cloth. These Eskimo said that a great boat had appeared in the sky and that three men had stepped out. A fight had followed and the Eskimo had killed the white men, who shot at them with their guns.

The other story was brought by a missionary from the same region, in 1910. He reported that he had actually met a tribe of Eskimo with such articles in their possession. Neither the Indian, nor the missionary, however, brought with them a single relic to substantiate the story, and the missionary, who was sent back to parley with the tribe, could not find them again. Since 1910 many explorers, notably Stefansson, have explored this region, but have heard nothing to confirm these

two reports. The fate of Andree and his companions is a problem as yet unsolved.

The *Hope* stayed but a short time off Cape York and then went directly to Meteorite Island to remove the "Tent" or the "Iron Mountain," as it was also called. The task was unbelievably difficult, so heavy was the block of iron. A large number of the Eskimo were engaged to help in the labor, their trust in Peary overcoming their fear of the vengeance of the demons. Yet it was all but incredible how laborious and difficult was the task. Even after the Iron Mountain had been dug out from the hole which it had made for itself when it fell, after jacks had been put under it and the huge meteorite at last was made to move over a small ridge to a place on the beach where the water was deep enough for the ship, it resisted every inch of the way.

"It was interesting, though irritating," wrote Peary, "to watch the stubbornness of the monster as it sulked and hung back to the last inch. Under the strain of the two powerful chain blocks and urged by the resistless lift of the jacks, the huge brown mass would slowly and stubbornly rise on its side, and be forced into a position of unstable equilibrium; then every one, except the men at

the chain blocks at the foot of the hill, would stand aside. A few more pulls on these, then cable and chain straps would slacken, the top of the meteorite would move almost imperceptibly forward, the stones under the edge of revolution would begin to splinter and crumble, then, amid the shouts of the natives and our own suppressed breathing, the 'Iron Mountain' would roll over. When it struck the ground, the harder rocks would elicit streams of sparks from its brown surface before they crumbled, the softer ones would dissolve in dust and smoke, and the giant would bury itself half its depth in the earth with the slow, resistless motion of a hydraulic punch cutting cold iron, then lunge suddenly forward a few feet, throwing up a dam of earth and stones before it like the terminal moraine of a glacier.

"Never have I had the terrific majesty of the force of gravity and the meaning of the terms 'momentum' and 'inertia' so powerfully brought to me, as in handling this mountain of iron. No purchase or appliance which we could bring to bear on it, outside of the jacks, made the slightest impression on it. When lowered slowly upon heavy timber blocking by the jacks, it settled resistlessly into the wood until it seemed as if it

would never stop. The timbers creaked and groaned in every fiber, and in the immediate vicinity of its pressure, the structure was entirely destroyed and it became a mass of incoherent fibers. If the meteorite slipped and fell for half an inch, as it frequently would, in spite of every precaution, it would bite into the steel rails like a punch and the rail itself would sink into the timber beneath, if near the middle, or crush through it, if near the end. The inherent deviltry of inanimate objects was never more strikingly illustrated than in this monster. Had the matter been a subject of study for weeks by the celestial forge-master, I doubt if any shape could have been devised that would have been any more completely ill-suited for handling in any way, either rolling, or sliding or lifting.

“There were many incidents of the work to suggest the supernatural, even to the most prosaic mind. The dogged, sullen obstinacy and enormous inertia of the giant against being moved; its utter contempt and disregard of all attempt to guide or control it when once in motion, and the remorseless way in which it destroyed everything opposed to it was demoniac.

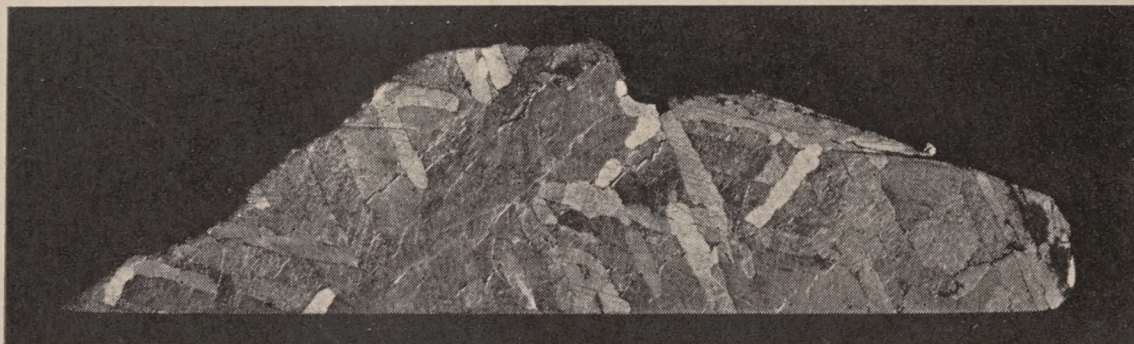
“I remember one particularly striking occasion.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

THE "TENT" OR "IRON MOUNTAIN."

Famous meteorite, transported from the Arctic to New York by Peary, weighing $36\frac{1}{2}$ tons, the largest in any museum in the world, now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and christened "Ah-ni-ghito," after the explorer's daughter.
(Note size of museum attendant's cap, on the pedestal, for comparison.)



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

CROSS-SECTION OF METEORITE.

Polished surface, treated with weak acids, showing the curious designs or "Widmanstätten figures" which reveal the celestial origin of the "firestones from the sky," found by the Smith Sound Eskimo.
No substance belonging to the earth shows these figures.

It was the last night of our stay at the island, a night of savage wildness as is possible only in Arctic regions. The wild gale was howling out of the depth of Melville Bay through the *Hope's* rigging, and the snow was driving in horizontal lines. The white slopes of the hill down which the meteorite had been brought showed a ghastly gray through the darkness; the fire, round which the fur-clad forms of the Eskimo were grouped, spread its bright red glare for a short distance; a little to one side, was a faint glow of light through the skin wall of a solitary tupik. Working about the meteorite was my own little party, and in the foreground, the 'Savik-soak,' the 'Iron Mountain,' stood towering above the human figures about it, and standing out black and uncompromising.

"While everything was buried in the snow, the Savik-soak was unaffected. The great flakes vanished as they touched it, and the effect was very impressive. It was as if the giant were saying: 'I am apart from all this, I am heaven-born, and still carry in my heart some of the warmth of those long-gone days before I was hurled upon this frozen desert.' To strengthen this fancy that the meteorite still held some of this celestial fire and feeling, if a sledge ill-aimed in the darkness

at wedge or block, chanced to strike it, a spouting jet of scintillating sparks lit the gloom, and a deep note, sonorous as a bell, a polar tocsin, or the half-pained, half-enraged bellow of a lost soul, answered the blow."

There, near the shore, the great meteorite was bidden stay for its last winter in the Arctic darkness, for the ice was driving in at the *Hope* and a cold spell set the Melville Bay icebergs into furious conflict with each other. Fog and the shortening days added to the ship's peril and when a storm broke up the iceberg barrier that acted as breakwater against the ice pack the *Hope* had to be driven out at full speed and with the utmost haste to prevent being nipped and sunk in the icy waters of Melville Bay. Twice, during the winter, Kood-shoo went to Meteorite Island, in his heart envying the heaven-born-giant which was destined, the next summer, to go to the white man's land which the boy so longed to see.

The work of next summer, however, did more to teach Kood-shoo the power of civilization than anything else that could have been imagined. The monster meteorite had been brought to the shore, the year before, but there still remained the problem of putting it on board the ship. When

the *Hope* reached the natural dock to which the meteorite had been taken, a bridge was built from ship to shore. This was made of two huge sixteen-inch oak timbers, sixty feet long, spanned and re-enforced, with trusses at every point. Railroad rails were laid twinned on these timbers. A massive timber car, which had been built in America and carried on the vessel, was run out on these rails and the two great sixty-ton and one hundred-ton hydraulic jacks were set at work. Fraction by fraction of an inch they raised the Iron Mountain until the car could be slid under it. The jacks then lowered the meteorite gradually upon the car. Wood and metal crunched and sank under the vicious weight, but keen engineers had built the bridge and when the steam winch was set in motion, the stone began to creep in short jerks over the rails along the bridge to the ship. Every Eskimo except Kood-shoo left the vessel. They remembered the fate of Ok-pud-ding-wah and could not believe that the demons would allow the "heaven-born-stone" to leave the place where the spirits of the sky had destined it to fall. Ky-oah-pah made a speech of farewell to the stone, begging the spirits to remember that the Innuits were not guilty of the sacrilege. Even yet they

expected disaster. But the white men won and the meteorite was lowered safe at last into the ship's hold. (August 20th, 1897.)

“Yet my risks and uncertainties were not yet ended,” wrote Commander Peary. “During our stay at Meteorite Island, the young ice had formed in every interval of calm, the last day's snow-storm had cemented everything with a thick leathery stratum of slush, and the almost continuous soft easterly wind had been steadily compacting the icebergs and forcing them nearer and nearer to the shore. Just before starting, Captain Bartlett and myself reconnoitered the bay from the top of the island, and saw that there was but one practicable route of escape and even by that, we should be obliged to force a barrier of bergs. A short distance from the shore of the island, we entered a lead formed by the tide and soon reached the barrier which separated us from comparatively open water. This barrier, though narrow, was formidable, made up entirely of bergs and heavy berg fragments.

“At first we tried to squeeze through, but without success. It was evident we must ram a passage, in spite of our ugly load. Additional timber braces were hurriedly put about the meteorite,

and it was with considerable anxiety that I watched the effect of the first blow, as the Captain, from the foretop, conned the rushing ship straight at the keystone of the barrier. As the bow struck the ice, it rose upon it with a harsh grating lift, and then, with a crash and quiver, the *Hope* came to a dead stop. The meteorite trembled and the ballast underneath groaned and settled slightly, but no serious results followed, and as there was no alternative, the engines were reversed and we backed out for another blow.

“Blow after blow was delivered, big pieces of ice were broken off and sucked out by the draught of the ship’s backing, till at last the massive wedge of the *Hope*’s iron-claw bow could be entered between the last two bergs of the barrier, and, with engines going at full speed, we gradually forced them apart. The entire engine-room force was stoking like demons, black smoke poured in clouds from the *Hope*’s funnel, the propeller was whirling at ninety revolutions per minute and the *Hope* herself was pulsating like a human heart. Inch by inch we squeezed between the frozen blue rocks on each side, rasping the iron bark’s sheathing from stem to stern, and as the sternpost cleared the bergs, the flying propeller blades struck once

or twice, sending throughout the ship a resonant clangor, fierce as the bellow of fire bells on a winter's night. It was our pæan of escape."

Still the *Hope* was not ready to sail for America. Peary wanted to call at Bowdoin Bay, and as the water was clear outside the berg barrier, he steamed into Smith Sound. There, a few days later, a storm broke, and the *Hope* ran back and forth, barely able to hold her own against being driven out into the icy clutch of Kane Basin. Peary seized the opportunity to visit Cape Sabine and Camp Clay, the scene of the Greely tragedy, being the first white man to enter the place since the rescue in 1883. Kood-shoo went ashore with him, and, with Peary, looked on the low wall of stones which marked the site of Camp Clay. The rescuing party had taken back most of the relics of the expedition, but there was still on the beach the remains of a boat which had been used for fuel. Moreover, the sharp eyes of the lad caught sight of a small round object half-hidden under the stones that had been piled up. He picked it up and held it out silently to Peary.

It was a lead pencil, little injured by the weather, and with a point still good enough for writing.

The explorer put it back into the young fellow's hand.

"Keep it, Kood-shoo," he said, "there is no need for me to take this back to the white man's land. Greely, gallant soul, is still alive, and there is no point in awakening tragic memories. Keep it, my boy, with the broken piece of meteorite I gave you and the magic in your pouch that I have never asked to see."

"Tell me of Greely," asked the boy, "I didn't know that the white men had been on this side of the water, too."

"Yes," answered Peary, "they were here. The bones of many of them are still here. They made a splendid fight, though when the United States sent them to Lady Franklin Bay for a survey, no one dreamed that they were passing into a chamber of death. They made their camp far north of here, beyond Kane Basin, on the other side of Kennedy Channel, in a bay west of Hall Basin, called Lady Franklin Bay. There a winter camp was built, Fort Conger, and the men lived happily all the winter. In the spring (1882) Lieutenant Lockwood, with eleven men, sledged north and secured the highest northing that had been made up to that time."

“They didn’t reach the middle?”

“No, they were still a long way off,” the explorer answered. “But they had the honor of being the nearest. That summer (1882) the supply ship, the *Neptune*, tried to reach Fort Conger but was blocked by ice. Her captain left a cache of provisions at Cape Sabine, as agreed, and returned to the white man’s land.”

“How did Greely know about it?” asked the boy.

“He didn’t. But he could see that the ice was impassable that season, so he spent the summer and autumn in hunting, getting food for next winter. He was sure that during the following year the most earnest efforts would be made to rescue him, so he settled down at Fort Conger for the second winter. Many sledge journeys were undertaken and Greely made good maps of all the region. A large amount of marvelously valuable work was done and in all those two years not a single man died. Greely looked cheerfully forward to rescue and return.”

“Did no one come for him that year, either?” asked Kood-shoo.

“Yes, two vessels went to the rescue, the *Proteus*, which had taken Greely north, and the *Yantic*. But the *Yantic* was driven to the east coast

and could not force Kane Basin, and the *Proteus* was nipped in the ice, just off Cape Sabine, and crushed to pieces. The men salvaged what they could and made a cache of the provisions on Cape Sabine, then made their way, in whale-boats, back to Upernavik."

"And Greely knew nothing about it?"

"Nothing. He waited until the summer was more than half over and then abandoned Fort Conger. He fastened and sealed everything so that the records of his work would be found if ever any white men came up so far again, and started south for Cape Sabine in the hope of finding relief and food.

"The boats were small and the ice in Hall Basin and Kennedy Channel blocked their path constantly. The clothing of the men had worn out and they had been unable to get furs in Greenland. Shoes, even, were made out of canvas.

"Sometimes rowing and sometimes being towed by the little steam launch, but more often dragging their boats over the floes, they worked their way down, picking up one small cache of food after another, which they had left on their journey north, but traveling very slowly. With a party of twenty-five men, food soon became exhausted.

They had to desert the launch and one boat when they started across the ice-floes of Kane Basin. It took them a day to advance one mile.

“The march was one of torture. The men were poorly clad, and their feet so ill-shod that they might almost have been naked. Sleet and snow fell constantly all through August and the raving gales of Kane Basin whipped freezing spray over them continuously. The soldiers suffered terribly.

“‘Elison is a pitiable sight,’ wrote Sergeant Brainard, one of the men, ‘with his face distorted and frozen and his limbs ice-like and useless. He repeatedly implored me to kill him that the others might be saved.’

“Five days later they were still struggling over the floes when a hurricane came up and swept the piece of ice on which they were camped into the very center of Kane Sea, seventeen miles from land. Hope again seemed lost, when the gales veered and drove them within four miles of the land, still on their piece of ice-floe. Another attempt was made to reach land, but the tempest revived its rage and they lay motionless in their sleeping bags for eleven days more, unable to escape from their floe.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

LOCKWOOD STARTING ON HIS FARTHEST NORTH.

Advance party of the ill-fated Greely expedition. Of these four men all died of starvation except Frederick, the rearmost behind the sledge.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

SLEDGING FROM FORT CONGER.

The bleak snow plains and barren rock slopes of Grinnell Land, where eighteen out of twenty-three American soldiers and two Eskimos perished from exposure and want.

The plates on this page are printed from historic negatives, being two of those found by Peary at Fort Conger, sixteen years after Greely had been compelled to abandon the post in agonies of privation.

“When at last they reached land, at Eskimo Point, the men were so exhausted that further march was impossible. A rough hut was put up and the men allowed to rest after the privations of the last month. On the completion of the house, Greely found he had food for thirty-five days or short rations for fifty days. Two of the strongest men were sent on to Cape Sabine to see if there was news of the *Proteus*. They returned with the report of the disaster to the ship. Greely moved his men on to the cape, picking up all the caches that had been made and prepared to spend another winter as best he could, hoping to live until the following spring. Four men were sent on a journey to Cape Isabella, further along the coast, to get the meat cached there from the wreck of the *Proteus*.

“On the sixth day out they neared Cape Isabella. Sergeant Frederick wrote of that day: ‘We took our sledge and equipment with us part of the way and then the only suitable place that we found to drop the equipment was on the summit of a glacier where we intended to camp the coming night. We went on with the sledge only, as our track was very tortuous, and moreover, we had not a foot of level traveling. Huge masses of

ice from twenty to forty feet in height were heaped together, around which the fierce winds of winter had heaped the drifting snow. In crossing these ridges our sledge would frequently capsize and roll over and over: sometimes the sledge would be half buried in the soft snow, in which case its liberation would be attended with great difficulty.

“ ‘We reached Cape Isabella about two o’clock in the afternoon and after ascending about 1,000 feet, we found the meat. We picked up the cache at once and started for the sledge, which we had left at the extreme point of the cape. We were in hopes that we should reach the camp all right, but we traveled all day on a cup of tea and worked hard and had to face a strong western wind. We found to our sorrow, after traveling twelve or fourteen hours and reaching our camp at the glacier, that Elison had frozen both his hands and feet.

“ ‘We had no shelter of any kind, nor were we able to light a match or keep the lamp burning, and without a mouthful of warm food we retired to our frozen sleeping-bag, which was no more and no less than a sheet of ice. I took one of Elison’s hands and placed it between my knees and Rice took the other and in this way we drew the frost

from his frozen limbs. The poor fellow cried all night with the pain. This has been one of the worst nights I ever spent in the Arctic.'

"Conditions grew worse in the next two days. The men could not drag the sled with Elison's weight on it and he could not walk. 'We tried to keep Elison in front of us,' the record states, 'but it was no avail. He would stagger off to one side or the other and every moment the frost would eat its way deeper into his flesh and we stood helpless at his side. So we fastened a rope to his arm and then to the upstander of the sledge and the three of us took to the traces and tried to make time. Every few rods the poor fellow would fall, and then, sometimes before we would see him, we would drag him over the cutting ice or through the snow for several feet. No one can imagine how that poor man suffered.' "

"Why didn't they leave him?" queried Koodshoo.

"That is not a white man's way," the explorer answered. "A white man never deserts a friend, and these were American sailors, too."

"Is that 'onn-er'?" the boy queried.

"Yes," the explorer answered, "that is honor." Seeing that the lad was content, he resumed his

story. "It was no longer possible to move Eli-son, and if he were left, he would die. So two of the men got into the sleeping bag with the injured man, to keep him warm, and the fourth hurried off to the camp for relief. The sleeping bag soon grew so hard that the men could not turn and had to lie in one position for eighteen hours. Fortunately the fourth man reached camp safely and brought relief, though the main party was not much better off.

"The hut was a miserable hovel, ill-built, cold, and facing north. Eli-son grew worse, one of his feet dropping off entirely without his even knowing it for several months. Scurvy and starvation began to claim their toll of death. The long Arctic night gave place to day, but the men were too weak to hunt. Now and again some game came near, and this was shot. A few shrimps were caught. Each week the men grew weaker—and fewer. By June the food supply had been reduced to moss and a small strip of sealskin around one of the sleeping bags. The men had left the foul and damp hut and had put up a tent, to take advantage of the sun, but no one had strength enough to fasten it securely. On June 19th, the tent was half blown down, pinning Greely and two

men to the ground. They were thus without food and water. No one had sufficient strength to lift the canvas off them.

“On the third day after the collapse of the tent, one man, Long, fancied he heard a steamboat whistle. With the strength of desperation, blindly groping, he clambered to the low ridge overlooking the Sound, and saw a ship or a famine-born-mirage of a ship, he could not tell which. He fell twice in his descent to the beach. Boats, real boats were coming, bringing food. In answer to shouted questions, he pointed over the ridge.

“The relief party sped over the hill. The tent was down. No one in it could move. One of the members of the relief party took a knife, cut a slit in the canvas, and looked in. One man, with dropped jaw and glassy eyes, seemed dead. Eli-son, a wreck of a man without hands and feet, had a spoon tied to the stump of his right arm. Greely was on hands and knees, with long and matted hair, his form a skeleton and every joint bulbous and swollen. He could not stand. The other three were little better. There was not a morsel of food in the tent but two cans of a repulsive-looking jelly made by boiling strips cut

from sealskin clothing. One day more they might have lived, two days would have seen the end of most of them and three days would have ended all. Seven men were left alive and these seven had suffered perhaps more than any men who starved through an Arctic winter. Only six reached the United States, for Elison died on the ship."

Kood-shoo looked down at the lead pencil that he still held in his hand.

"This is magic, too, then," he said, "it seems that I was born for magics. Is it true, Peary-soak, that the demons may help a man?"

"It might be true," the explorer answered.

"My first magic," the boy said, "told of Franklin-soak and his men. Did they fail?"

"No," Peary answered. "They died, but they succeeded. They were the first to find the Northwest Passage."

"This magic tells of Greely-soak and his men. Did they fail?"

"No," Peary answered, "many died, but they succeeded."

"Out on the winter ice," the lad went on, "Ky-oah-pah with the feet of his dream went traveling to 'where it is all downhill.' Can that be the middle, the middle that Andree-soak was seeking?"

"It might be," said the explorer, wondering what was coming.

"Then you will succeed, also," said Kood-shoo.

"Did Ky-oah-pah say that?"

"He said it," answered the boy.

Peary turned and looked out over the sea.

"And did he say that I should die, as Franklin-soak and some of the men with Greely died?"

"No," answered Kood-shoo, "some one will die, but it will not be you."

"It is a dream," said Peary firmly, "but while one dreams, it is good to dream well," and he fell silent.

Never a word did he speak until they were aboard the *Hope* again. When the time came for the Eskimo to leave, Peary came and shook hands with each, but to Kood-shoo, he said, as they clasped hands,

"I shall look for you, Kood-shoo, when I come back to the North. And, if he will, let old Ky-oah-pah dream me that dream again."

Treasuring the little lead pencil that he had found on the site of the Greely hut, at Camp Clay, and which Peary had told him to keep, Kood-shoo went contentedly home to Itti-bloo where Ky-oah-pah again was to spend the winter, leaving, of

course, from time to time, for the seal-hunting, and making three iglooyas during the season.

Safety was not yet assured to the *Hope*, with the meteorite still in her hold. Truly it seemed that Torn-uk-soak was near them, with malevolent devices seeking to wrest the stone away, and that Ko-yo-nah, the demon of the north, had little intention of allowing the white men to take the heaven-born-stone to the south-land. A storm smote them from the north, an inferno of wind-whipped spicules of ice and water, a tempest that seemed to hold solidity, so powerful and so bitter was its blast.

Time and again the *Hope* rolled as though she would never rise again and the superstitious members of the crew gave themselves up as mere victims to the cruel demons of the north. Great was their fear that the iron would break loose and crash through the planking of the ship.

Yet seamanship and engineering had given of their best and the vessel and her cargo stood fast against the worst that could blow from the Polar seas. Fog and evil weather hampered all the voyage, yet the *Hope* reached New York, where a hundred-ton crane, belonging to the U. S. Navy, lifted

the monster meteorite like a feather and landed it softly and gently on the quay.

It lies on a concrete pedestal in the main entrance hall of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, the greatest and most historic of its kind.

CHAPTER IX

THE NORTH POLE

THE next summer found Kood-shoo big and strong and of even better standing in the tribe. Among the Eskimo of the Smith Sound region, that isolated people, for so long a time only known vaguely to white men as the "Arctic Highlanders," the lad had been foremost in absorbing new ideas from Peary and from the various experts of the American Museum of Natural History, who had accompanied the explorer. Among other things, he had seized with avidity upon the games and athletics taught him by various members of the expeditions that had visited Whale Sound, and which were always strongly urged by the leaders as a means of keeping the ships' crews in physical trim during the long dark winter.

The two principal native sports of the Innuït men, finger-pulling and alternate blows upon the shoulder to see who could hold out the longest, had palled upon Kood-shoo. He had learned to wrestle, using several of the approved "holds,"

and had picked up quite a good deal of the art of boxing, so that he was able to hold his own against the most powerful hunters of the tribe.

He was the proud owner of a baseball, replacing the crude sealskin sphere filled with moss which had been a plaything of his boyhood, and he had some knowledge of the great American national game. Little though he realized it, the boy was putting into effect Peary's ideas of training, those ideas which enabled the great explorer to give to his own country, the United States, the richest geographical triumph of the world.

It is little understood that Peary won the Pole by an understanding of Arctic conditions, an experience and a skill therein, even more marvelous than his courage and his pertinacity. And, since the Pole belongs equally to every American boy, it is worthy of the keenest attention to determine the ways by which it became possible to hoist the Stars and Stripes at 90° N., when all the nations of the earth had tried and tried in vain.

The foundation of Peary's work lay in his handling of the Smith Sound Eskimo, the tribe of Kah-mon-apik and Ky-oah-pah, of Ok-pud-ding-wah and little In-nook-shee-ah, that one tribe which inhabits the only oasis in the north, a small

people, consisting only of two hundred and fifty-three souls, all told, men, women and children. These Eskimo know but one teacher, and that teacher is Peary. They know but one guide, and that guide is Peary. They know but one benefactor, and that benefactor is Peary. The black hunter of the Kig-ik-tag-miut had prophesied truly. From the time that the white men bought the little red magic, the village of Itti-bloo knew no hunger, nor did any of the dwellers in those groups of igloos that lie between Etah to the north and Im-nan-yana to the south.

Veritably this is an oasis, walled in by impassable barriers on every side. The Smith Sound Eskimo cannot migrate to the north, to the south, to the east, nor to the west. The boundaries of their dwelling places are fixed. There they must dwell, there they must hunt in order that they may live, and there, in course of time, they die. Only one terrible danger faces them—civilization! If well-meaning but unscientific white men leave them alone, if all their guides and teachers hereafter are as well-informed in the real needs of Arctic life and as firm as Admiral Peary, they will flourish and prosper continually, a happy nation that has no history.

It has been said that they cannot migrate away from their own land, but much of the meaning of life around Smith Sound will be misunderstood unless the one main fact be grasped that it is an oasis. Less than a hundred miles wide from east to west and two hundred and thirty-five miles long from north to south, with two-thirds of it uninhabitable, the populated region is small. It is bordered on the west by the waters of Smith Sound and Kane Basin, filled with bergs and swept by storms, unfit for kayak navigation. Moreover, the Eskimo of this tribe do not possess oomiaks or large boats, like other Eskimo tribes. To the north, the great Humboldt glacier, many miles in width, sweeps down into Kane Basin and makes the sea-ice a continuous wall with the Greenland ice-cap. To the east lies the sermik-soak, the ice-cap, where nothing dwells but the demons, the perpetual wind and the drifting snow. To the south lies Melville Sound and the wide sweeping stretch of Baffin Bay, filled with the ice pack, not to be crossed save by steam vessels especially built for the purpose, while the land side to the south-east is again protected by a series of glaciers sweeping down into the sea. There is no game on the ice-cap, none in Ellesmere and Grinnell Lands

across the Sound, even if the Eskimo could reach them. These two hundred natives live, forever, menaced by ice on every side.

Yet, in this oasis, there is plenty of food and life. In the summer-time many little valleys are partly cleared of snow, where, on their southern exposure, mosses and flowers grow, and white hares and blue foxes scamper. On the plateau of Kan-gerd-look-soak, grazes a herd of caribou, too few to serve for a constant food supply, yet of vast value for their skins and for pieces of their antlers which are used for weapons such as the barbs of fish-spears. Sea-birds nest in millions on the Crimson Cliffs and the other frowning rock sentinels that face the ice-filled sea. Ever and always the seals and walrus bask on the ice or swim below it, fish may be speared all the year through and the narwhal is a frequent visitor. Occasionally a whale is seen. Uncontaminated by civilization, disease has not reached this little tribe, and though few live to grow old, it is because the struggle for existence is so continuous and many are killed upon the ice.

For twelve consecutive years, from 1891 to 1902, Peary lived all year or a part of every year with the Smith Sound Eskimo. In 1905 and 1906 and

again in 1908 and 1909 he wintered with the tribe. No monarch has ever held a more absolute sway, and none has been more thoroughly beloved than Peary. He is their father and they are his children. Much of the secret of the great explorer's success lies in those eighteen years of gradual upbuilding of the character of his assistants as well as the steady advance, farther and farther north, of bases of supply.

Eighteen years! Withal, every year meant constant study of the details of travel. The Peary type of sledge was a model developed year by year and tested under the most rigid of experimental schools—that of constant use over rough ice. Devices for cooking and warming had to be perfected. The clothing was the result of intensive study as to the best furs to keep out cold, the best patterns and the best methods of sewing them. The food question had been worked out with infinite detail to determine what gave the most nourishment and the greatest amount of body heat in proportion to its weight.

Nor were the dogs forgotten. For eighteen years the breed had been steadily improved. Larger and better dogs were bred. With a more ample food supply in the Smith Sound region,

there was but little need for the natives to use dog-food, and the animals thrived on plenty of walrus meat. Even so small a matter as dog harness was thoroughly investigated and changed so that the traces pulled better and strained the sledge-dogs less. A form of canvas webbing was substituted for the raw-hide harness, in order to do away with the constant danger of the dogs eating the harness and sledge-traces.

Eighteen years of experience on the ice, year after year over the same trail! The frozen north is a sealed book to the most experienced explorer, but Smith Sound, Kane Basin, Kennedy Channel, Hall Basin, Robeson Channel, and Cape Sheridan, whereon abuts the Polar sea, are as familiar to Peary as the landmarks around a man's own home. Black Angahsuk holds no terrors for the *Kite*, the *Falcon*, the *Windward* or the *Roosevelt*, and Cape Alexander, the "blowing place," is to Peary only a beacon of safety, not a lure of danger. The discoverer of the North Pole, together with Captain Bartlett, the British skipper of the *Roosevelt*, knew ice conditions thoroughly. In all the centuries of Arctic exploration no man has ever had one-tenth of the training and the preparation of Peary, and the prize went, if not necessarily to the

best man, certainly to the man best fitted in experience, and in personality, second to none. Others dared equally, but not with equal understanding.

The summer following the safe trans-shipment of the great Iron Mountain, Peary went north again in the *Windward*. He was determined to make the dream of Ky-oah-pah come true, but he knew well that the North Pole could not be conquered by a blind dash. He felt that it could be reached only by gradual stages, pushing ever farther and farther north, landing caches at every few miles of the journey and finally establishing a large depot of provisions at some extreme northerly base. Greely had found Fort Conger a good base, and Peary determined to make that one of his half-way stations.

That season the ice was massed and the *Windward* could not be forced into Kennedy Channel, while Kane Basin conditions were terrific. The *Windward* was frozen in for the winter near Cape Sabine, and in the December moon, at a time in the month when there was moon-light for only four hours of the twenty-four, Peary started for Fort Conger, with one white man, with Matt Henson and four Eskimo, among them Kah-mon-apik, driving thirty dogs. Kood-shoo had begged to be

allowed to go on the trip, but the commander said he was too young.

To any man but Peary, the trip would have been impossible. For any other man but Peary, the Eskimo would have refused to go. Greely, when trying to cover exactly the same route in summer and daylight, found that it was almost beyond human power, and then he was returning south. Peary tackled it in the middle of the Polar night, and he was advancing north. One of the Eskimo became so terribly numbed in the biting wind that Peary had to dig a cave in a snow-drift and leave him there with another Eskimo to look after him and nine of the weakest dogs.

“The moon had left us entirely now,” he wrote, “and the ice-foot was utterly impracticable, but we groped and stumbled through the rugged sea ice as far as Cape Baird. Here we slept a few hours in a burrow in the snow, then started across Lady Franklin Bay. In complete darkness and over a chaos of broken and heaped-up ice, we stumbled and fell and groped for eighteen hours, till we climbed upon the ice-foot of the north side. Here a dog was killed for food.

“Absence of suitable snow put an iglooya out of the question, and a semi-cave under a large cake

of ice was so cold that we could stop only long enough to make tea.” (It is worthy of note that Peary ascribes much of his success to a special arrangement of his own invention for making boiling tea quickly.) “Here I left a broken sledge and nine exhausted dogs. Just east of us, a floe had been driven ashore and forced up over the ice-foot till its shattered fragments lay a hundred feet up the talus of the bluff. It seemed impassable, but the crack at the edge of the ice-foot allowed us to squeeze through; and soon after we rounded the point I was satisfied by the ‘feel’ of the shore—for we could see nothing—that we were at one of the entrances of Discovery Harbor, but which, I could not tell.

“Several hours of groping showed that it was the eastern entrance; we had struck the center of Bellot Island and at midnight on January 6th we were stumbling through the dilapidated door of Fort Conger. A little remaining oil enabled me, by the light of our sledge cooker, to find the range and the stove in the officers’ quarters, and, after some difficulty, fires were started in both. When this was accomplished, a suspicious wooden feeling in my right foot led me to have my kamiks pulled off, and I found, to my annoyance, that both

feet were frozen. (Amputation of seven toes later proved to be necessary.) Coffee from an open tin in the kitchen and biscuit from the table in the men's room, just as they had been left over fifteen years before, furnished the menu for a simple but abundant lunch."

From Fort Conger Peary brought down Greeley's records, which had been undisturbed since the Camp Clay tragedy, and much of the Fort Conger material became the property of the American Museum of Natural History. Many photographic negatives had remained in the Arctic for fifteen years and showed little sign of spoiling. Peary's injuries to his feet kept him from doing much sledge work that summer and he spent the succeeding winter in Etah, the most northerly settlement of the Smith Sound Eskimo and the most northerly inhabited village in the world. All through that summer and winter, under his direction, parties sledged to and from Fort Conger, establishing extensive caches of food on both sides of the ice.

In April, 1900, Peary started for the Pole but was stopped by a wide lead of water. He turned landwards and used his dogs and supplies to round the northerly end of Greenland, discovering



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CAPT. SVERDRUP'S POLAR BEAR TRAP.

Photograph taken by the Nansen expedition on the Norwegian explorer's farthest north. This combination of young ice and small pack ice with a lead in the background and small hummocks beyond, is typical of the easiest stages of Arctic travel.

Cape Morris Jesup, the most northerly point of land yet (1917) definitely known to exist. He spent another winter at Fort Conger and started north again in 1901. Ice conditions were unfavorable. In 1902, Peary set out on a dash to the Pole but was again forced to turn back. He had reached the farthest northing so far made from the American base. Having spent nearly five years continuously in the Arctic, the explorer returned home.

Again in 1905 Peary returned to the north. Kood-shoo was twenty-three years old now, and he gained the prize for which he had so long been seeking, the right to be one of the men chosen by Peary. In all the Smith Sound tribe this is the chiefest honor, for not only is it an evidence that the man so chosen is one of the few best in the tribe, but it also ensures riches, for Peary always made it a point to reward handsomely such of the natives as went with him.

The *Roosevelt*, one of the strongest and best vessels that ever entered the polar ice, was the ship chosen. Under Captain Bartlett's handling, and with its special construction for smashing ice, the *Roosevelt* did what no vessel before was able to do, fought through the Kennedy Channel, Hall

Basin and the Robeson Channel into the Polar Sea. Kood-shoo wintered at Cape Sheridan with the Peary party. The boy was beginning to speak a little English, now, though most of the members of the expedition could talk Eskimo.

Next spring, when some hours of daylight had returned, but before the heat of the sun was great enough to rot the ice, Peary took his party along the north shore of Grant Land to Cape Hecla, and on to Cape Moss, from which the dash was made. Kood-shoo was a member of this party and was anxious to be selected as one of the chosen few for the final dash, but, though he acquitted himself most creditably, when the party came to a wide lead which was an open sheet of water during the summer months, Peary sent the boy home.

The lead was a mile and a half wide and the five days' delay here until the lead should freeze over was a serious blow to success. As soon as the ice was strong enough to bear, the sledges were sent across at break-neck speed, with light loads. Peary hoped that a second trip could be made over the new ice to bring over the rest of the supplies, but before the sledges could cross and return, the lead had opened again. The party advanced without support, with good traveling for a short dis-

tance, and then came a terrific storm which imprisoned them for six days, during which the ice on which they were drifted over seventy miles eastwards. These two delays had caused a loss of eleven days, the weather was appreciably warmer and the leads of water, instead of closing, were gradually widening.

By April 21st, Peary had reached 87 degrees 6 minutes, the farthest north ever attained by white men up to that time, the previous northing having been made by Captain Cagni and the Italians under the Duke of Abruzzi. This Italian expedition was one of the pluckiest that was ever made in the Arctic, the men reaching that far northing without furs, merely in woolen clothing, canvas tents and ordinary forty-pound sleeping bags.

For nearly three centuries Great Britain held the Arctic honor, Henry Hudson reaching $80^{\circ} 23'$ in 1607. The 81st parallel was crossed by Scoresby in 1806, the 82nd parallel by Sir William Parry in 1827 and the 83rd by N. H. Markham in 1876. Lockwood and Brainard of the Greely party won 11 minutes further, giving the honor to America in 1882. A long step forward was made by Nansen, who left the Norwegian flag at $86^{\circ} 14'$ in 1895. Under Captain Cagni, the Duke of the

Abruzzi's party gave Italy the supremacy in 1900 with a northing of $86^{\circ} 34'$. Then the United States forged ahead when Peary in 1906 set the Stars and Stripes at $87^{\circ} 6'$.

Having placed the American flag "Nearest the Pole," Peary set off home again, with barely enough food to reach land, even though he were not stopped at any point. If he were—then famine was sure, with possible death from starvation. At 84 degrees, the big lead at the edge of the continental shelf which had stopped Peary in 1902 and which again had held him up on his outward journey, the same at which Kood-shoo had been turned back, barred his return. While waiting for a chance to cross this lane of water, five more days elapsed. A brief return of cold made a thin skin over the ice, far too thin to bear a man's weight if he stood still, but Peary decided to make the dash. With every man shod with snowshoes, with the sledges scattered and lightened of everything but food and the dogs kept running widely, a wild rush was made over the crust.

So thin was the ice that the movement of the men sent up in front of them a billow of ice, like the wave at the cut-water of a vessel. The slightest mishap meant disaster. Should a man trip

or a dog jump aside, the ice would break and probably the whole sheet would crumble. For two miles, death's hand hovered over them, but the sublime daring of the risk and the marvelous skill and dexterity of every man of the party, both in snowshoeing and in driving the dogs, took them across.

They were over, indeed, but during the five days they had been compelled to wait, the ice had drifted still further eastward, so that when they reached land they were not only ten days' provision short, but they also were a hundred miles to the eastward of their base, and found themselves at Cape Neumeyer in Peary Land. Their case was desperate, for the supplies were all but gone and they were many days' journey from Cape Sheridan, where the nearest cache was located, without food either for themselves or for the dogs.

Then good fortune, so rare in the Arctic, intervened. Out on the beach of Nares Land, far to the north of their accustomed range, six musk-oxen were seen feeding. Weak and famine-stricken as the men were, the sight of meat stimulated them to utmost activity. Every one of the animals fell a prey to their guns and the gaunt

men and the equally gaunt dogs found their first full meal for many days. Yet, despite this good fortune, the issue was still in doubt, for musk-ox meat lacks nourishing qualities and stamina, possibly because the food of the musk-ox, being moss, itself has little nutrition. It is for this reason that the Eskimo of Smith Sound seldom, if ever, attempt any excursions after musk-ox, though at rare intervals the animals have been observed. With this meat, however, Peary managed to regain the *Roosevelt*, though terribly exhausted and overworn.

One year's rest, or rather, one year's preparation followed, and then Peary started for what he had determined would be his final attempt. "I knew," he wrote, "it was my last game upon the great Arctic chessboard. It was win this time or be defeated.

"The lure of the North! It is a strange and powerful thing. More than once I have come back from the frozen spaces, battered and worn and baffled, sometimes maimed, telling myself that I had made my last journey thither, eager for the society of my own kind, the comforts of civilization and the peace and serenity of home. But, somehow, it was never many months before the

old restless feeling came over me. Civilization began to lose its zest for me. I began to long for the great white desolation, the battles with the ice and gales, the long, long Arctic night, the long, long Arctic day, the handful of odd but faithful Eskimo who had been my friends for years, the silence and vastness of the great, white lonely North. And back I went accordingly, until, at last, my dream of years came true."

In the materialization of this dream, Kood-shoo played his part, as, years before, on the hunting trip over the great ice in the shadow of Kangah-suk, the rock lover of the North Water, Ky-oah-pah told him that he would do.¹

Kood-shoo was on board the *Roosevelt*, when on August 18th, in a storm of wind and sleet, she parted company from the *Erik* and turned her steel-snubbed nose into the worst piece of tortured water in the world, the stretch from Cape Alexander to the Polar Sea. Before her loomed that frost-fortified barrier of ice with ragged and

¹ This story of the North Pole is accurately told in all details, save that, for the purposes of the narrative, Kood-shoo is substituted for an Eskimo nicknamed "Harrigan" who was on the Marvin supporting party, the writer feeling that the four Eskimo who accompanied Peary to the Pole, Oo-que-ah, Oo-tah, E-ging-wah and Seeg-loo should be given the historic honor, without change of name.

tabled bergs, seventy feet thick below for every ten feet above, churning and grinding and butting each other down the grim channel carved out of the primitive gneiss rocks of the earth's crust, an apparently resistless charge of the Arctic's heavy cavalry against one puny vessel. On the ship were sixty-nine human beings, whites and Eskimo, and two hundred and forty-six snapping, howling dogs. From Etah to Cape Sheridan! Kood-shoo never forgot that journey, that conquest of the most perilous passage in the Seven Seas.

The tides were incredible and yet there was no water to be seen, nothing but writhing ice, groaning and thundering in its agony. At the ebb tide a narrow crack appeared between the shore and the moving pack and the *Roosevelt* forced her way between them, her mighty engines driving the blunt steel wedge-bow on. When the flood tide flowed to the south, the vessel sheltered in some niche of shore ice or behind some point of rock, often anchoring with grapple-irons to a grounded berg lest she be driven south or caught in the crushing nip that nothing can resist. One man, and only one man in all the world, could pilot a ship through that channel and that man was Peary. He had walked on foot eight times almost every

foot of that coast line, and three times, every inch of it. He knew every indentation, every place where icebergs of a certain depth would ground, and the maelstroms that the tides make in that seething frozen witch-cauldron were as familiar to him as the shoals of his home port are to the skipper of a fishing schooner.

While on the *Roosevelt*, Kood-shoo, and every other Eskimo aboard, built his own sledge, the raw materials being provided. These Eskimo, in every case, were men that had been trained under the Peary system. They were the pick of the tribe, and had learned to be craftsmen in every detail that had to do with the Polar work, in addition to being skilled as hunters and dog-drivers.

The Eskimo women on board, all selected for their ability, were set at work making new clothing for the party out of picked furs. The white men were always interested in watching them as they held the fur with their toes and sewed the seam over and over with both hands, away from them, not towards them, as white women do. Their work is marvelously strong, and the jumping sinew of the caribou, which is used in place of thread, never rots, nor breaks, no matter how often it may be wetted, or what strain is put upon it.

The passage of Robeson Channel was one continuous siege of menace and danger. A dozen times the *Roosevelt* was on the point of being crushed. Icebergs to which she had been made fast were hooked by drifting floes and torn away, while masses ten thousand tons in weight came driving at the ship. But when the *Roosevelt* was not like a snake, worming her way between the pack and the shore; or like a leviathan, treading down the smaller floes; she was a battering ram, and many a huge berg split in two as the steel-shod bow rose up and crushed down and through the masses of seemingly impenetrable blue-white rock.

Once, indeed, the *Roosevelt* was forced on the rocks, the vengeful pressure of the ice squeezing against her vitals. One ship, and one ship alone, the *Roosevelt*, built to withstand such crushing, could have endured the nip for ten seconds. As it was, all hands were called to dynamite the ice that the pressure might be released. Holes were drilled in furious haste, and as the charges exploded the huge floe split and drifted down the channel with a rumble of defeated defiance.

This unceasing battle, night and day, with never a moment's pause, lasted for fourteen days, but

at the end of that time, the *Roosevelt* had rounded Cape Sheridan and lay near shore, in the shallow water inside the ice-floe barrier and close to the ice-foot. This meant that within a measurable distance of the base from which the dash to the Pole would be made, there was the largest and most complete equipment that had ever reached the borders of the Polar Sea, an equipment so complete that two or even three years' successive attempts might be made with the supplies provided. Every contingency was foreseen, every preparation completed.

Throughout the autumn, constant sledge trips were made, both for observations and for hunting. Peary himself, on an exploration trip to Clements Markham Inlet, shot some caribou, finding them to be a hitherto unknown species, now named the "Peary Caribou," and wounded a polar bear which was tracked down and killed by the two Eskimo of his party. Peary also shot several musk-oxen and returned after a journey of seven sleeps with several thousand pounds of meat, and some magnificent specimens, some of which are now in the American Museum of Natural History. The other members of the party sledged provisions to Cape Columbia, a point beyond Cape Hecla,

which had been selected by Peary as the starting point for the dash to the Pole in the spring.

On February 15th, 1909, Bartlett left the ship for Cape Columbia, to hunt for a few days and stay there until the rest of the party arrived. The three divisions following him took full loads there. Peary was to follow a week later.

Great was Kood-shoo's delight on learning that he had been chosen to be with Bartlett's party, the pioneer party, picked for the hard work of prospecting the trail. The two other Eskimos were Poo-ad-loo-nah and Ooo-que-ah, the latter a young fellow who expected to win a bride as the result of the trip and who was eager to make a record for himself. All the parties gathered at Cape Columbia during the end of February and on February 28, 1909, the dash, or better the drive, to the Pole was begun.

Bartlett, on snowshoes, started out to pick the route ahead of his three men, each with a lightly loaded sledge, Poo-ad-loo-nah in the lead, then Oo-que-ah, and Kood-shoo last. The sledges were given light loads because the pioneer division had the task of finding the best road through the hummocks and of breaking the trail. Peary gave this work to Captain Bartlett as he was the most ex-

perienced ice-master save for the leader himself, and because the explorer wanted to save all his strength for the final dash. Besides this, by bringing up the rear, Peary was able to make sure that there were no accidents or desertions among the divisions.

Borup, with three Eskimo, four sledges and thirty-two good dogs, acted as an advance supporting party. His duty required him to accompany Bartlett for three marches, his heavy sledges following the trail that had been definitely prospected and set by the pioneer party with its light sledges, and after three marches he was to cache the food and return to Camp Columbia in one long forced march with empty sledges.

The main party which started the day after Bartlett and Borup (March 1, 1909) consisted of five divisions, with Commander Peary in the rear. This most formidable force that ever attacked the Arctic sea in a quest for the Pole contained twenty-four men, nineteen sledges and one hundred and thirty-three dogs. The start, moreover, was eight days earlier than the start of the quest three years before. This was a matter of great importance, for sledge traveling over the Polar Sea cannot be done before the end of February, for it is

then still too dark, nor after the middle of April, for the lengthening of the days and the consequent warmth produces many leads, forming too much water for sledging.

The first day's travel for the main party, over the glacial fringe, resulted in two broken sledges. Both the Eskimo drivers were sent back to Cape Columbia for reserve sledges, but one did not return. This reduced the strength of the expedition by one sledge and one man at the end of the first day.

The second day spelled trouble. Bartlett and Borup had gone right ahead with their one day's start, but a wind had sprung up during the night, which had opened the ice, forming a lead a quarter of a mile wide. All the divisions of the main party were halted, and iglooyas built. During the night the lead closed and at the break of daylight on the third day the sledges were crossing over the still moving ice in the lead. An hour's travel brought the party to another lead.

The Eskimo were sent out to scout for the trail made by Bartlett and Borup the day before, as the westward drifting of the ice on the other side of the lead had moved it out of sight. The trail made by the sledges of the pioneer party was

finally found, but when the main party crossed this second lead and rejoined the trail, they found that Borup, who was expected to meet them, had passed them while the Eskimo were scouting, having crossed the lead at the point where his own back trail led. Seeing this, Peary sent Marvin and an Eskimo back to Camp Columbia to advise Borup, and also to bring more fuel, as the fearfully rough going of the first three days had resulted in several of the alcohol and petroleum tins springing a leak.

This same day, the third for the main party, the fourth for Bartlett and Borup, brought Borup no end of trouble. When he crossed the lead and found that he had missed Peary, he first spent a little time scouting for the trail, then decided to go to Camp Columbia, load up a standard load and follow for all he was worth. Borup was a Yale athlete and was keen to have a chance to do something big. But when he struck the land he found that his due line landward from the end of the back trail led him fifteen miles west of Cape Columbia owing to the drift of the ice and he had a hard time reaching the camp with the wind full in his face. He made it, however.

The following day, the fifth for Borup, he woke

to find a fearful wind blowing. It took him until nearly noon to get the four sledge loads from the cache. Then, suddenly, one of the houses at Camp Columbia took fire, the canvas lining of the inside being ablaze. Borup and his Eskimo put it out and nothing was seriously burned, but everything was soaked. With wet things it was impossible to start until the next day. The smoke was still rising when Marvin and his Eskimo appeared, having been sent back by Peary.

On March 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, Borup and Marvin were held up by a new lead that opened just at the pressure ridge a mile from the main camp. "Nothing worse," wrote Borup, "could be devised by fiends than the gnawing agony of that long wait beside that black lead which wouldn't close, and ever widening, would not let itself be frozen over.

"We felt that unless the Commander had been held up by open water at the end of our fifth day, he was ninety miles out to sea; that even if we did cross the lead, we did not know whether we could recover the trail. With the easterly drift of the ice, we didn't know but what the trail was somewhere off Cape Colan, thirty miles away.

"Now, it looked as though we wouldn't get out

to Peary again; so, besides knowing that the success or failure of the expedition might depend on our catching the others, we also thoroughly comprehended that, if we did not get out, we could never explain it, and at home there would always be the question of some one having lost his nerve."

On March 10th, the lead closed at last and Marvin and Borup got away. They met two sledges returning with two of the Eskimo who had broken down and the weakest of the dogs and with a letter from Peary saying that he had been held up by a lead himself for four days, four marches out, and that they were to hurry. These Eskimo were able to direct Marvin and Borup to the trail and this gained them time.

Borup's story of his rush after Peary in "A Tenderfoot with Peary," which every American boy worth his salt ought to read—and own—tells in his own college fashion how they started.

"Then," he wrote, "after the five days of wait, we got under way. On reaching the trail of the quitters, we headed north along it. Between the land and the sea was a long stretch of rubble ice and pressure ridges over which the going was frightful, with the pick in use every foot of the way. You had to fight for every yard-gain here

as you'd do on the football field. Finally we struck the old trail on the far side, and on an old floe we passed Pa-nik-pah's iglooya, where they had waited for the lead to close.

"Every one was feeling just too fine for words at the idea of being at it again. The Commander, if he had crossed the lead on the 7th, couldn't be more than seventy miles ahead. We had a fighting chance to catch him!"

March 11th and 12th were fine days and Borup and Marvin made double marches, noon on the second day bringing them to five deserted iglooyas near a lead half a mile wide, but recently frozen over. The following note was found:

4th Camp., March 11, 1909.

Have waited here (6) days. Can wait no longer. We are short of fuel. Push on with all possible speed to overtake us. Shall leave note at each camp. When near, rush light sledge and note of information ahead to overhaul us.

Expect send back Dr. & Eskimos 3 to 5 marches from here. He should meet you and give you information.

We go straight across this lead (E.S.E.) There has been no lateral motion of the ice during 7 days. Only open and shut. *Do not camp here.* CROSS THE LEAD. Feed full rations and speed your dogs.

It is *vital* you overtake us and give us fuel.

Leaving at 9. A. M. Thursday, March 11.

PEARY.

P.S. On possibility you arrive too late to follow us, have asked captain to take general material from your bags.

“How encouraged we felt when we read this!” wrote Borup. “He had left here thirty hours before and was now a march and a half ahead.”

They pushed on all day and when they camped at night, Marvin called for a volunteer to go ahead, flying with an empty sledge to tell Peary that the support sledges were right behind him. Let Borup, again, tell of the volunteer.

“The man we least expected to,” he wrote, “spoke up at once, a man, who, on the previous expedition, had been a member of Clark’s Starvation Party, who, blown to the Greenland Coast, destitute of supplies, were found in the nick of time by the Commander in what would have been their last camp,—See-gloo. On top of two forced marches, with less than four hours’ sleep, he pushed on. Now, personally, I think that is one of the finest displays of nerve I have ever known. To go ahead with no grub on his sledge, in danger of being cut off by wind or open water, in spite of his terrible experience with Clark, means— Oh, that’s sand, and don’t you forget it!

“A couple of hours later, the remnant of the North Polar Flying Squadron up-anchored and opened the throttle. March 11th was a forced march; March 12th another one, and no mistake.

Our poor dogs were all in, hanging their tails and not pulling well. The inevitable result was that we were simply unable to double the march and could merely hold our own.

“March 14: Before sunrise we were on the road. It was catch the Commander or croak. A couple of hours later, we met the Doctor on his way to shore, with Wesh-ar-koop-si and Ar-co. He told us that the Commander was waiting for us at the camp a few hours on—that See-gloo had overhauled the party at dusk the night before. Then we shook hands and hit her up on the home stretch of our long race.

“In the bitter air and the intense silence, we could hear the yelping of the dogs of the main party hours before we sighted the longed-for camp, perched high on a knoll of ice. How good it looked! A few hundred yards from camp I saw the Commander coming out to meet me. When we shook hands it was the proudest and happiest moment of my life. We’d won out—a ninety mile, four-and-one-half day race to V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.”

Next day MacMillan was compelled to turn back, with a frozen heel, which was beginning to fester, and Borup, by means of sheer strength, saved the expedition another serious loss. Peary tells the

story which, characteristically, Borup omits from his account.

“Soon an active lead cut right across our path,” he wrote, “and on the farther or northern side of it we could see that the ice was moving. We got the dogs and sledges from one piece of ice to another—the whole forming a sort of pontoon bridge.

“As Borup was getting his team across the open crack between two pieces of floating ice, the dogs slipped and went into the water. Leaping forward, the vigorous young athlete stopped the sledge from following the dogs, and catching hold of the traces that fastened the dogs to the sledge, he pulled them bodily out of the water. A man less quick and muscular than Borup might have lost the whole team as well as the sledge laden with five hundred pounds of supplies, which, considering our position far out on that icy wilderness, were worth more to us than their weight in diamonds. Of course, had the sledge gone in, the weight of it would have carried the dogs to the bottom of the sea.”

Henson pioneered for two days, giving only short marches, partly due to difficult conditions, then Marvin took up the work for the next two

days, making better time. At last the 20th came, on which Borup was to stop, having carried the Yale colors almost to eighty-five and a half degrees. Thus Borup writes of his feelings as he turned back:

“March 20: This was my farthest north. I would have given my immortal soul to have gone on. I was in luck to get as far as I did. As a matter of fact, the Commander lugged some of us a good deal farther than necessary, knowing our feelings. I never felt so bad in my life as when I turned my footsteps landward, and I hope I never will, again. Still, it was part of the game. When the Captain of your eleven orders you to go to the side lines, there’s no use making a gallery play by frenzied pleas to be allowed to go on.”

Full right has Yale to be proud of Borup!

This reduced the main expedition to four divisions, of three men each, headed respectively by Bartlett, Henson, Marvin and Peary, with eight Eskimo, ten sledges and the eighty best dogs. At this time Kood-shoo was transferred from the pioneer party to Marvin’s party. He had done thoroughly good work, but, lacking the experience of the older men, had expended unnecessary energy and was thoroughly tired.

Dauntless and indomitable courage on the part of all parties kept up the speed. One sledge was badly damaged but repaired for a light load. On the 24th the sledge driven by Eg-ing-wah, who was making a record as one of the best of all the Eskimo, was smashed. The loads now could be carried on eight sledges, so the two broken sledges were cut up for repairing these and putting them in first class condition.

The next day put the expedition farther north than the Italian record and thirty-two days ahead of the Cagni record in point of time. The presence of Marvin gave Cornell University a higher northing than had ever been made by man up to that time. In the afternoon Bartlett, with Ooque-ah and Kar-ko, two sledges and eighteen dogs, burst away on the lead, eager to map out an advance trail.

Six Eskimo were now in the main camp. The fever of desire to push onward burned as hotly in Kood-shoo's veins as that of any of the white men, and he longed that he might be chosen to go on. Still, he remembered Ky-oah-pah's vision, when the feet of his breath were out on the Great Ice, and he dared not let his hope reach too far. He remembered, too, the prophecy that his returning

leader would never reach the ship, but he kept the remembrance to himself.

“You have done well, very well, Kood-shoo,” Peary said to him in parting, “but, naturally, it is the older men who are going on.”

The young fellow shook his leader's hand in the white men's fashion and walked away. Next morning, in company with Kood-look-too, he started back to Cape Columbia under the direction of Marvin.

The last words of the explorer to the party were addressed directly to Marvin.

“Be careful of the leads, my boy!” he said.

Kood-shoo shivered. The memory of Ky-oah-pah's dream would not be banished from his mind.

On March 28th, some minutes beyond the 87th parallel, Peary caught up with Bartlett's camp, made beside a wide lead stretching forbiddingly between them and success. Peary camped a hundred yards from Bartlett. It was at this point that occurred one of the gravest perils in the course of the journey. Peary, writing of the incident, states that he was just on the point of dropping off to sleep when he heard some one yelling excitedly outside.

“Leaping to my feet,” he writes, “and looking

through the peep-hole of our iglooya, I was startled to see a broad lead of water between our two iglooyas and Bartlett's, the nearest edge of water being close to our entrance; and on the opposite side of the lead stood one of Bartlett's men, yelling and gesticulating with all the abandon of a thoroughly frightened Eskimo.

“Awakening my men, I kicked our snow door into fragments and was outside in a moment. The break in the ice had occurred within a foot of the fastening of my dog teams, the team escaping by just those few inches from being dragged into the water. Another team had just escaped being buried under a pressure ridge, the movement of the ice having providentially stopped after burying the bight which held their traces to the ice.

“Bartlett's iglooya was moving east on the ice raft which had broken off, and beyond it, as far as the belching fog from the lead would let us see, there was nothing but black water. It looked as if the ice raft which carried Bartlett's division would impinge against our side a little farther on, and I shouted to his men to break camp and hitch up their dogs in a hurry, in readiness to rush across to us should the opportunity present itself.”

Peary's position and that of Henson was almost equally dangerous. Their iglooyas were on a small piece of the floe, already cracking. At any second they might also be afloat. Gatling-gun orders were given to pack and hitch up, and Peary himself, with a pickaxe, chopped at a small pressure ridge that was in the way to make a road for the dogs. The teams were driven to the more solid floe in double-quick-time, and Peary and Henson were able to catch Bartlett's floe and bring him and his teams to safety. New iglooyas were built, and, although the black fog kept all evidence of the lead's further shore from sight, a murmur of surf, steadily increasing in volume, told the joyous story that the lead was closing.

The following morning broke cold, closing the lead with thin ice, and therefore banishing the fog, which is due to evaporation in the intense cold. The three divisions rushed it in safety. Bartlett, with Kesh-ing-wah and Kar-ko, was sent ahead on a forced march, the four remaining Eskimo, who were being reserved for the dash to the Pole, being given lighter work. Their strength had been carefully saved all along, as soon as the earlier stages of the journey revealed which were the best fitted for the post of honor.

On March 31st, Captain Bartlett reached his highest north, carrying the Union Jack to a point higher than any flag except the Stars and Stripes. He almost touched the 88th parallel, but not quite.

When Captain Bartlett, with two Eskimo, one sledge and eighteen dogs, had left for his return to the ship, the party for the dash to the pole consisted of six: Peary, Matt Henson, and the four Eskimo, Eg-ing-wah, Oo-tah, See-gloo, and Ooque-ah.

Henson, a negro and the explorer's body-servant, was selected by Peary to accompany him to the Pole for two reasons. Firstly, because he was the best man for the work, secondly, because he was less efficient than Captain Bartlett to take command by himself of the last supporting party homeward. He had been with Peary on his every farthest north for fifteen years, he was thoroughly experienced, a capable and handy man and almost as skilful a dog-driver as an Eskimo. Solely as an assistant, under the guidance of a white man, Henson reached the Pole, a fitting heritage for the Afro-American, who, in many times of struggle, has shown himself loyal to the country of his enforced adoption.

Six days of marching lay ahead, with many diffi-

culties and the fear of failure when so near to success, clutching at the throat!

And then, on the thirty-eighth day out—ninety degrees North Latitude!

The Pole!

The final story, the elevation of the Stars and Stripes at the summit of the world, the glory of final success—these should be read in Peary's words in Peary's book. They are above quotation. Yet the official record is an ineradicable inscription upon America's golden roll of triumphs and it cannot be set aside. It read as follows:

90 N. LAT., NORTH POLE

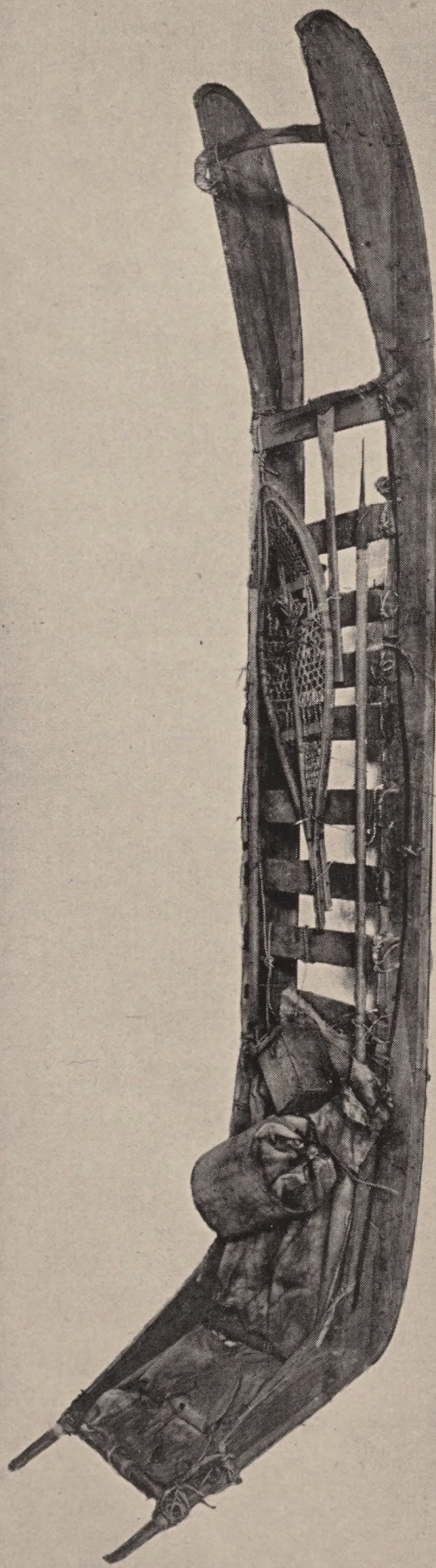
April 6, 1909.

I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the United States of America.

I leave this record and United States flag in possession.

ROBERT E. PEARY,
UNITED STATES NAVY.

Triumph indeed had come in the fullest degree, but the prophecy of Ky-oah-pah was to prove only too true. Nearing the Big Lead, on his return, Marvin had, as customary, after the night's sleep, gone out ahead of the Eskimo to find and make the trail, leaving the others to break camp and

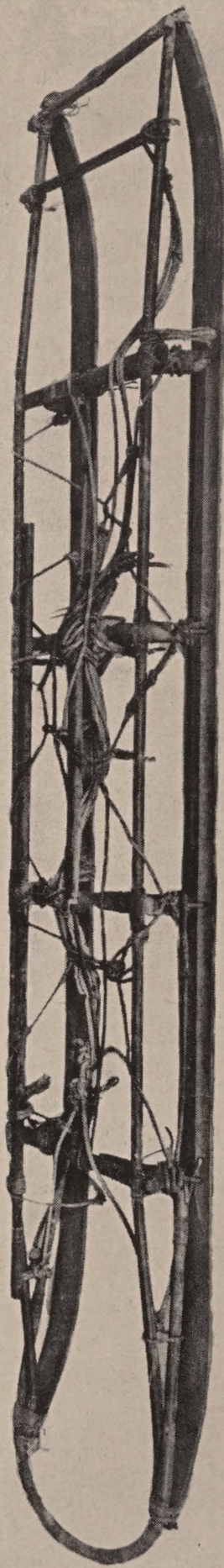


Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

THE SLEDGE THAT REACHED THE NORTH POLE.

This is one of the five sledges taken by Peary on his final dash. It is now an exhibit in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Note the characteristic structure. Every part is interchangeable, so that broken sledges can easily be repaired while on the trail amid pressure ridges of ice.

All parts are lashed together with strips of hide.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

THE SLEDGE THAT REACHED THE SOUTH POLE.

The difference in conditions of travel between that over the land mass of the Antarctic continent and over the frozen and hummocky ocean of the Arctic is shown in this lighter form of sledge used by Roald Amundsen. The journey is longer and bases of support are more difficult to establish, but the actual going is not nearly as rough.

follow. The recent ice of the Big Lead was safe and Marvin, hurrying on, did not notice its gradual thinning, until, suddenly, it collapsed under him.

Kood-look-too, a long way behind Marvin, heard nothing and knew nothing of the tragedy until he reached the break in the thin ice of the lead. Marvin's fur jacket was still visible when Kood-look-too came up, but rescue was impossible, since there was no way of reaching him, the ice being far too thin to hold a rescuer's weight. By the time that Kood-shoo arrived, the body was not to be seen. It had, undoubtedly, been carried under the ice. Remembering Ky-oah-pah's directions, Kood-shoo took the lead. To this Kood-look-too, remembering the young fellow's friendship with the demons, was only too willing to agree, being glad to follow his comrade now that the white leader of the division was no more.

"The bones of Ross G. Marvin," wrote Peary, "lie farther north than those of any other human being. On the northern shore of Grant Island we erected a cairn of stones and upon its summit we placed a rude tablet inscribed: 'In Memory of Ross G. Marvin of Cornell University, Aged 34. Drowned April 10, 1909, forty-five miles north of

C. Columbia, returning from $86^{\circ}38'$ N. Lat.' This cenotaph looks from that bleak shore northward toward the spot where Marvin met his death. His name heads that glorious roll-call of Arctic heroes among whom are Willoughby, Franklin, Sonntag, Hall, Lockwood and others who died in the field, and it must be some consolation to those who grieve for him that his name is inseparably connected with the winning of that last great trophy for which, through nearly four centuries, men of every civilized nation had suffered and struggled and died."

Fiction.

CHAPTER X

KOOD-SHOO'S SECRET

THE *Roosevelt* lay off Cape Peary once more, and Commander Peary, soon to be made Admiral Peary, took his last look at grim black Kangah-suk, with the waves of the North Water foaming at his feet. It was the explorer's farewell to Smith Sound, perhaps forever, for the great deed had been accomplished and the Pole was won.

Rich beyond the dream of avarice, the Eskimo who had been on the fateful trip were set ashore at their various home villages along the coast, each with rifles and ammunition, steel hatchets and knives. Moreover, every man was given a telescope, a most valuable gift in that land where food depends on hunting alone, for with a telescope, distant game could be discerned which would escape ordinary sight. The Eskimo lose but a very small proportion of the animals which they once sight, for their patience and endurance in tracking are marvelous. As the telescope doubles their opportunities, by the one action it

also doubles their supply of food. Each of the four Eskimo who actually went to the Pole received a whale-boat as an additional reward, as well as many small articles of comfort, which made them Arctic millionaires. There was no doubt that Oo-que-ah would win his bride, the daughter of old Ik-wah of the village of Ipsueshaw. The girl was waiting at Etah, when the *Roosevelt* dropped her anchor.

Alone among the natives Kood-shoo was regretful. He realized that in all probability Peary would never return again, and that while white men might come from time to time, they would be few. With the gateway to the north forced open and the Pole won, there would be no such lure to bring the white men, year after year, as there had been during the period of conquest. Stirrings of a different life from that of walrus and seal hunting had been born in him, and his heart sank at the thought of a return to the level of Eskimo conditions, unlit by any higher touch. He had glimpsed a fuller and a richer life.

“Where do you want us to put you ashore?” said Peary to Kood-shoo, shortly before the *Roosevelt* steamed away.

"I don't want to be put ashore," the boy replied, "at least, not here."

"Where, then?" asked the explorer in surprise.

"You will remember," answered Kood-shoo, "that I told you how Ky-oah-pah, when the feet of his breath were out on the ice, said that I should find the heaven-born-stones?"

"Yes, you told me so," the explorer replied.

"And you remember that he said that the head of the Woman would never be taken away?"

"That came true, too," Peary admitted.

"And you remember I told you he said that you would reach the middle?"

"I recall your story of that dream very well. He was right," the explorer agreed, wondering, as the boy spoke, at the correctness of the old angekok's vision.

"He told me, too, that I should go with you, but would have to turn back and that one white man in the party would be drowned."

"Poor Marvin," sighed the other. "Unhappily, Kood-shoo, he was right there, also."

"And you remember that the black hunter of the Kig-ik-tag-miut said I should sell the Franklin magic to you and that the people of Itti-bloo would

never again be in need of food. That has come true."

"Well?" queried Peary.

"Ky-oah-pah also told me," said the boy, slowly, "that I should travel to the Kig-ik-tag-miut and from there travel to the water on the other side of the sea of ice. There, he said, I should find the meaning of my second magic."

"The Kig-ik-tag-miut is a Baffin Land tribe," the explorer commented. "I can't take you there, Kood-shoo, if that is what you want. I'm going to the United States as fast as I can go."

"Will you come anywhere near Baffin Land?" the boy asked.

"Why?"

"If the shore were not too far away, I could take a kayak, and reach it by myself."

Peary, although he was growing accustomed to the audacity of some of Kood-shoo's suggestions, looked at the boy in astonishment. Here was a young Eskimo knowing to the full the dangers of Arctic travel, who was willing and eager to be left on a strange shore, without dogs, sledges or food, with a kayak and his hunting equipment only.

"You might starve as soon as you got ashore," he said.

Kood-shoo shook his head.

“Where other Innuits live,” he answered, “I can live, and I can hunt better than the Kig-ik-tag-miut, for I have a gun and a telescope. My people say that I have the friendship of the demons. I have found that I have the friendship of the white men. You have taught me to have friendship in myself, so that I can never again be afraid. There is always some way to live. Let me ashore near the place where Kig-ik-tag-miut live.”

There followed a long pause while Peary looked thoughtfully under his brows at this young Eskimo, this lad who had learned so much and so well, and who seemed so different from his Smith Sound foster-fellows.

“I’ll do better by you than that, Kood-shoo,” he said, at last. “I’m going to stop at Indian Harbor, Labrador. The Hudson Strait whalers often call at that port. They may not all have gone north, yet. I’ll give you a new sledge, twelve good dogs and full camp equipment, everything that you need, and I’ll leave word that will ensure your passage on the first whaler that touches at the port. Go back to the Kig-ik-tag-miut, if you want to, and teach them what you have learned from the white men.”

Almost too grateful to speak, Kood-shoo thanked the explorer, who always knew how to do the right thing in his own stern way. So, when the *Roosevelt* steamed away from Kangahsuk, she carried the promised sledge, twelve of the finest dogs and a marvelous equipment. Since he was an expert in Peary's methods of Arctic travel, there was little danger that Kood-shoo would come to grief, no matter in what part of the frozen north he should be landed.

At Indian Harbor it chanced that there was a whaler in the port, and, seizing the opportunity, Kood-shoo was trans-shipped without even going ashore. He left the harbor in the whaler at almost the same instant that a message was being flashed from the wireless station announcing that Peary had discovered the Pole. He never even heard of the inconsequential claims of Dr. Cook.

In Gordon Bay, on the north shore of Hudson Strait, there was a whaler's factory, whither the whales were towed and the blubber rendered down into oil. Here the vessel dropped Kood-shoo, the skipper taking great interest in the young Eskimo, with his halting English speech. It was a gift that Kood-shoo possessed, the gift of making friends.

The manager of the factory, an old-time American whaler himself, could not do enough for Kood-shoo when he heard that the young fellow had been one of Peary's supporting parties and had helped to plant the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole. With the old whaler's aid and with generous supplies of food, Kood-shoo started north on a short trip to the summer villages of the Kig-ik-tag-miut.

Owing to the exact directions he had received, he found little difficulty in reaching the first large village, where, to his delight, he found the leader of the tribe, Kunuksialuk, who remembered that one of their hunters had taken a boy from the tribe and had disappeared. But, so Kunuksialuk's story ran, this boy was not a member of the tribe, but had been brought from the north. Not knowing who his questioner was, the leader of the Kig-ik-tag-miut declared that the boy was a child of the demons. So different was the language of this tribe from that of the Smith Sound Eskimo that Kood-shoo barely understood what was said, but he learned that this boy, who could be no other than himself, had been brought from the land of the Netchilirmiut, though where they might live, the old chief was quite unable to tell him. Kood-shoo sledged back to the whalers' factory.

“The Netchili?” said the old whaler, when Kood-shoo told him the story. “I don’t believe you’re a Netchili, for a minute, any more than you’re a demon. I hardly think you could have come from there! They live away up north, near the Magnetic Pole.”

“I’ve just come from the Pole,” the boy answered, “there’s no one living there.”

“I don’t mean the North Pole, I mean the Magnetic Pole,” the other answered, and the old whaler spent a good part of the rest of the day trying to explain to Kood-shoo that the compass needle does not point to the Geographical North Pole at 90° N. Latitude, but to a point on Boothia Peninsula, considerably over a thousand miles from the Pole, on the mainland of Arctic Canada.

It is at this point, not at the North Pole, that the compass needle, if swung free, will point vertically downwards. It is evident, then, that only at such points on the earth’s surface as Boothia Peninsula is in a direct line with the Geographical North Pole will the needle point to the true north. This line is at 96° West Longitude passing near Omaha, Nebraska. The further east or west one is from the line, the greater is the angle of difference between compass north and

true north and likewise, the further north one goes, the wider is the angle. For this reason, sailors in steering a course at sea, always have to correct for compass error as well as for errors caused by the presence of iron in the ship, which is known as deviation.

"I've been near the North Pole," declared Kood-shoo, "but I couldn't go right to the very place. But if my people live near the Magnetic Pole, then I will go to the very place."

"When do you propose to go?" the old whaler asked.

"Now," declared Kood-shoo.

The grizzled veteran looked amusedly at the boy, utterly failing to connect this energy with what he knew of the Eskimo character.

"What's the idea?" he said. "Are you going to sledge the whole length of Baffin Land, or do you want to swim to Melville Peninsula?"

"Sledge as far as I can and then cross the ice when it freezes," Kood-shoo replied.

The old whaler shook his head.

"That's a year's trip for nothing," he said, "and there's places on Baffin Land that are a good deal like the Greenland ice-cap. You wouldn't find anything to keep you alive. If you're really

bent on going, my lad, I'll put you across Fox Channel to Vanstittart Island. Then you can sledge, if you like, to Repulse Bay, because the little bit of water between Vanstittart Island and the mainland, running into Frozen Strait, is generally solid. There's a regular settlement at Repulse Bay, you know, and if the Eskimo aren't there, when you arrive there's no lack of grub."

"But how can you take me there?" queried the boy. "Is it so near?"

"No," the whaler answered, "it's about three hundred miles off. But the water's wide open now, and there's daylight all the time. You're a plucky lad, and if Peary thinks it's worth his while to give you a hand, I'm not the man to hang back. We'll pile into my steam launch here and that'll burn up the miles pretty fast. I'll just take a nap once in a while and let you steer and then we won't need to stop on the way at all. It's daylight all the while, now, and we ought to be able to make it in thirty hours. That's if the engine doesn't get stalled."

"And can you take the dogs, too?" asked Koodshoo.

"I can take the whole lot," the skipper answered, "sledge, dogs and everything you've got."

He stepped to the door and looked up at the sky.

"The weather looks all right," he said, "suppose we do go now, before it blows up dirty?"

For answer, Kood-shoo turned sharp around and began to unload the sledge.

The skipper whistled.

"When you say 'now,' you mean 'now,' don't you?" he remarked. "Well, I'm game. I don't take any longer to get ready than any Eskimo I ever saw."

He lurched with a rolling gait to the boat-shed and threw open the door. In it was a small gasoline launch, snug but powerful, occasionally used for towing the carcasses of the whales in to the factory slide. With Kood-shoo's help, the little craft was soon run on rollers out of the shed and on to the ice, whence it floated easily into the water. While Kood-shoo was packing his stuff into the boat, the old whaler tuned up the engine, and in less than two hours from the time that the trip had first been suggested, the chug-chug of the motor mingled with the screams of the seabirds and the trip around Cape King Charles and across Fox Channel was begun.

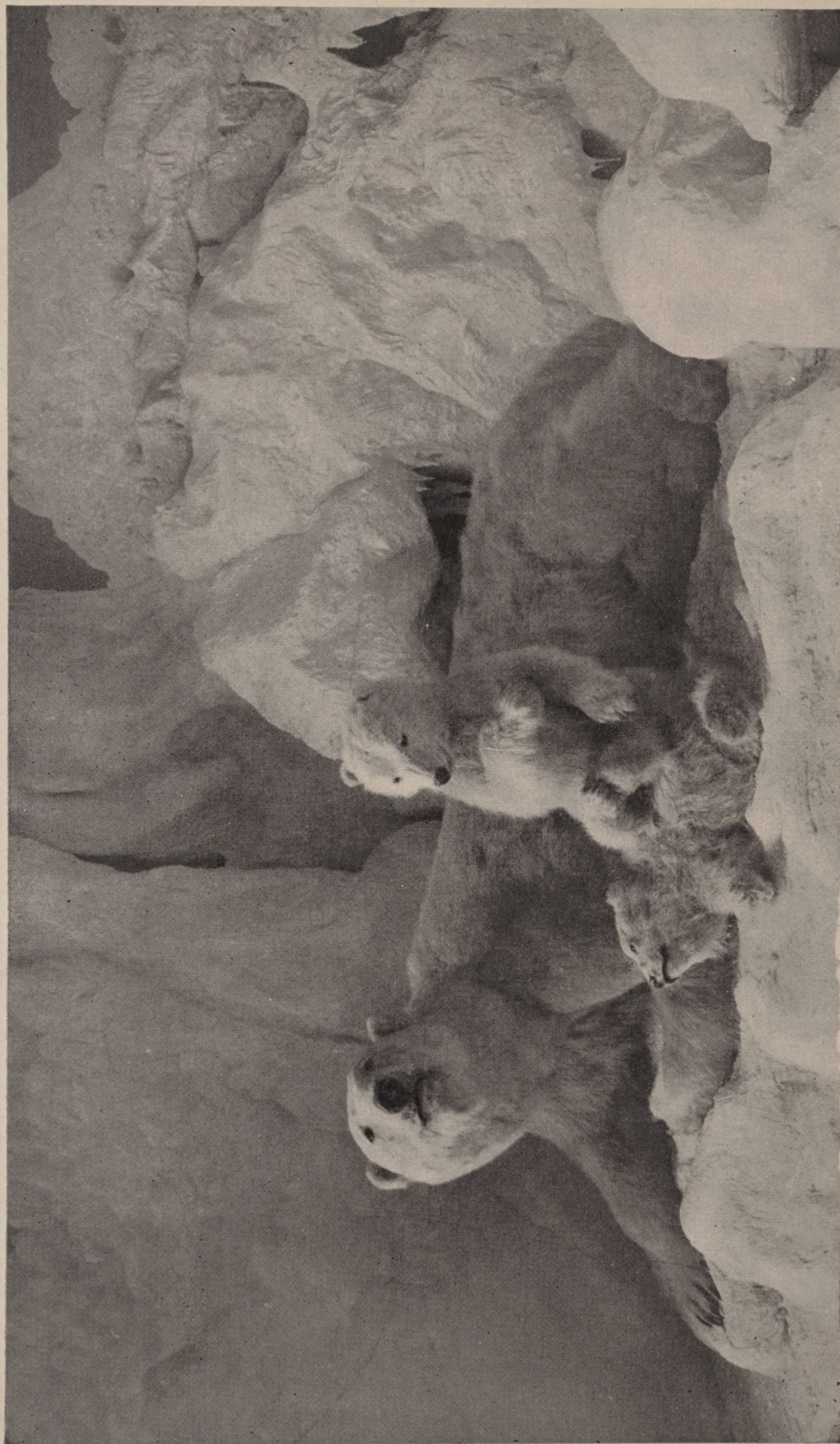
The middle of the channel was filled with ice,

but there was a wide stretch of water between the ice-foot and the pack, and the launch chug-chugged steadily along the coast. Once past Cape King Charles, the whaler took a more southerly course, running close to Southampton Island, a low lying land with flat limestone beaches, utterly unlike the Smith Sound coast line that Kood-shoo knew so well. As they passed they could see Eskimo on the beach making signs to them.

“What tribe are they?” asked the boy.

“Kinipetu, I reckon,” the whaler answered, glancing carelessly to the shore. “The Sagdir-limiut used to live there, but they’ve pretty well all died out. They were a poor lot. Why, they even got their drinking water by hanging a bag of snow down their backs under the furs and letting the heat of the body melt the snow. Captain Comer came here for the American Museum of Natural History some years ago and got a lot of bows and arrows, bone axes and stuff of that kind. It’s quite a favorite place for polar bears and the Eskimo generally wear nothing but bearskin. There’s plenty of fish, though, all the year round. The Kinipetu only visit here, now.”

Cape Comfort passed, the skipper resigned the



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

POLAR BEAR MOTHER AND CUBS.

Hardest animals in the world, living summer and winter on the ice of the Polar North, where there is no cave or den of any kind to form a home. (Group mounted in the Museum).

helm to Kood-shoo, telling him to steer for a point of land that could be seen faintly in the distance, and lay down for a sleep. Kood-shoo wakened him, as soon as the launch got near the land, the faithful little engine chug-chugging away without attention all the while that the captain slept. A few hours more brought them to Vanstittart Island. There Kood-shoo put up the tent that had been given him by Peary, and the two men slept soundly for twelve hours. When they awoke, the weather was still fine and the ice-pack had not changed.

Kood-shoo thanked the whaler heartily, and, at his request, gave him for remembrance one of the carved ivory loop-buttons used for fastening sledge traces and which had been on the North Pole trip. Then, standing on the shore of Vanstittart Island, he watched the little launch puff back across Fox Channel until it was lost in the faint mist that hung around Southhampton Island. Kood-shoo was seven hundred miles away from his own Smith Sound people, with an unfamiliar land before him, a sledge and twelve dogs. He had left his kayak at Gordon Bay with the whaler who had proved so kind. It would be no use to

him now, for while with a kayak he might cross rivers or leads of water, he would not be able to ferry a sledge and dogs across on it.

The trip over Vanstittart Island was laborious, and, to any one less skilled in the handling of a sledge over rough conditions, would have been almost impossible. High winds had swept the beach clear of snow and the ice-foot was narrow, broken and uneven. Yet the actual character of the journey was very different from those of the spring, when sledging, under Peary, had meant forced marches to reach the distant Pole. Now, Koodshoo had only himself and his dogs to feed, and there was no need for hurry, since he had plenty of time to reach the settlement at Repulse Bay. He traveled by short marches to keep the dogs in condition, and, though saving of ammunition, shot plenty of game. Brant geese were plentiful and there was an abundant supply of salmon in all the small streams that ran down from the inlet. Arctic hares were so tame and in such numbers that he killed them with a club. He saw tracks of caribou, but no animals.

In four days of marching, guiding his sledge with the utmost care, for he had but one, Koodshoo worked his way around the ice-foot of the

island and struck across the ice of the little strait to the mainland. There, he found easier going, for the ice-foot was wide and a channel of water ran between it and the main ice-pack in Frozen Strait. The young fellow knew that he must go nearly to the end of the inlet before the ice would be solid enough to hold at this time of year, and then he must turn to the southward, for the whaler had given him exact instructions as to the location of the settlement.

On the mainland, he broke his journey a couple of times to stalk and shoot three caribou and load the meat and skins on his sledge. After a couple of weeks' travel the dogs were growing thin, but the lad had made small inroads on his store of pemmican and the settlement was not far away. He drove in, at last, less than one month from the time that he had bidden good-by to his friend the old whaler on the shores of Vanstittart Island.

There were no Eskimo in the settlement at the time, but Kood-shoo could see that it was a place of sufficient permanence to ensure their return early in the fall. It seemed to the boy, moreover, that he was destined to follow on the tracks of the great Arctic Explorers of the past, for he found at Repulse Bay the place where Dr. John Rae had

wintered seventy years before, when he sought and successfully found the relics of the Franklin expedition.

In the far north many men have laid down their lives, and Kood-shoo remembered how an ethnologist who had accompanied Peary on one of the later expeditions had praised John Rae. He was the first explorer to understand the primary principle of true exploring, which is to live as the people of the region do, instead of trying to continue the civilized system of living in a region which does not provide that character of sustenance. On this same Repulse Bay, Rae wintered in comfort and plenty, using nothing but the materials provided by the region, within a decade of the time that Sir John Franklin's men starved helplessly and died to the last man in a country rich in food and fuel.

"That the country where Franklin's men starved," wrote Stefansson, "is sufficiently provided with means of subsistence is shown by the fact that it was peopled by Eskimo both before and after that great tragedy. At the very time when these Englishmen were dying of hunger, there were living, all about them, Eskimo families who were taking care of their aged and bringing up

their children in comparative plenty, unaided by the rifles and other excellent implements which the Englishmen had in abundance.”

Kood-shoo, with his thorough understanding of the Eskimo conditions of life and advantaged by his possession and use of the white men's implements, was assured of plenty wherever he went. The Eskimo sense taught him where to look for game, the white man's telescope brought the most distant slopes near enough for search; Eskimo patience and Eskimo tracking brought him close to the desired game, the white man's rifle ensured success in killing it. The combination was invincible. In the three weeks that elapsed between his arrival in Repulse Bay and the return of the Eskimo families to the settlement, Kood-shoo had already stored up almost enough meat for himself and for the dogs for the winter. He found the region between Repulse Bay and Chesterfield Inlet a rich country, richer by far than the Smith Sound ice-locked oasis that had been his life-long home.

The tribe, which proved to be the Aivilirmiut Eskimo, had been visited by an ethnologist of the American Museum of Natural History, eight years earlier. They were then but one hundred and

two in number, but with the help of the white men, who had given them iron for their harpoon points, the tribe had increased by a score or so. Long contact with the whalers had lowered their type below that of the Smith Sound people, though in material culture they were higher.

Kood-shoo found their customs different in many ways. The kayaks, of which an example was taken to the museum, were lighter and lower than those used in Greenland and in almost every case the kayak was painted with black and red bands. The bows, he found, were made of musk-ox horns, and, besides, the natives used a dart, jerked from a throwing board, which they used when hunting seal from kayaks. In addition to the use of the fish-spear at holes in the ice, the Aivilirmiut used fishing hooks, sometimes with bait, more often with decoy fish made of bone. Much of the old life of the Aivilirmiut remained, despite the impact of the white men. Thus, at Nuvuk, not far from the main settlement, the young Eskimo noted several houses made of whalebone and turf. One of these was constructed from the skull bones of five whales. This would no longer be possible, for, in Hudson Strait and Fox Channel, few whales are to be

found now, the steam whalers having reduced the supply.

Kood-shoo's fur clothing, made of seal-skin and bear-skin, gave great astonishment to the Aivilirmiut, who make their summer and winter clothing alike from caribou skin. The cut and shape of the kapetah also was very different, those of the women, especially, having at the back a long tail reaching almost to the feet. The women also tattooed their faces and arms, and this surprised the boy, for the Smith Sound Eskimo did not tattoo at all.

Richer than any one in the Repulse Bay village and by far the best hunter, Kood-shoo lived happily there during the fall and winter, learning the Aivilirmiut speech and teaching his new friends how to make their life easier, by many little devices which he had learned from the white men. In turn, he learned many new things from them. The tribe wished him to settle there with them; but as soon as the sunshine-time came again, Kood-shoo was anxious to be off. Remembering Peary's methods of travel, he engaged two members of the tribe with their sledges as supporting parties, and paid them in furs. He was thus able to travel in ease and comfort and pushed on in

a northwesterly direction over the Franklin Isthmus into Boothia Land. One of the two Eskimo was the angekok of the village, a great teller of stories and regarded as the best caribou-hunter in the tribe. He had declared, from the first, that Kood-shoo was an angekok, and a very powerful one.

Kood-shoo was amazed at the large herds of Barren Ground caribou he saw in the region, more animals being visible during one day's travel than the entire herd of the caribou in the Smith Sound region. The caribou were larger, also, but more shy, requiring great patience in stalking. The angekok was exceedingly clever at this, and there was plenty of meat. The Aivilirmiut depend mainly on caribou, and many of their legends deal with this animal. One evening the angekok told Kood-shoo the story of the origin of the caribou.

"A long time ago," he said, "a spirit came to a village and married an Innuït woman. Since he was a spirit, he did not need any food and therefore did not need to go hunting; but his wife grew hungrier and hungrier. Then all the people of the village came around and told him that he must go hunting and must provide for his wife. Finally the spirit grew angry, and taking his spear he

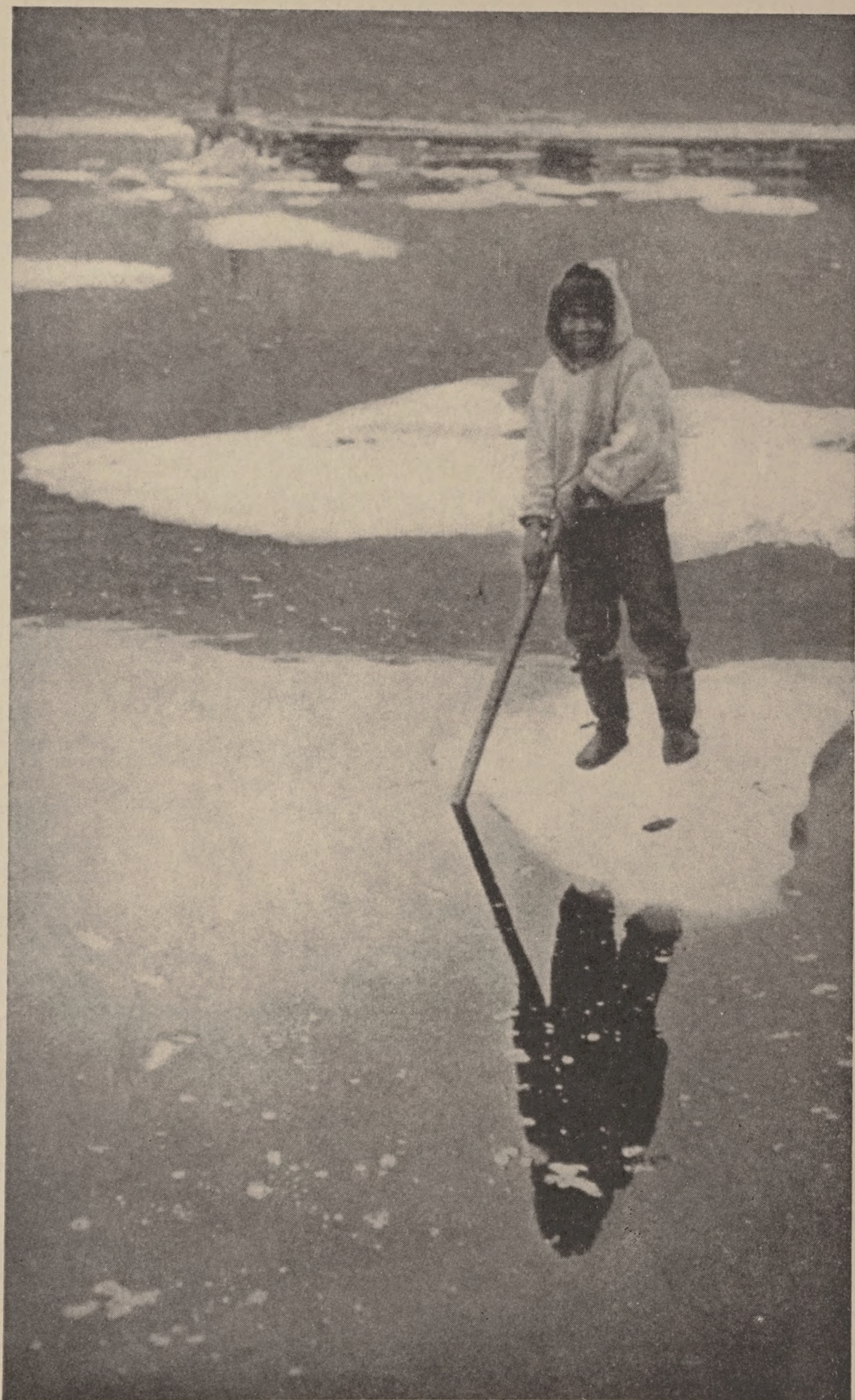
struck the ground with it, and made a deep hole. Out jumped a caribou, which the man killed. Then he closed up the hole again and took the caribou home. It was very good eating, and the woman boasted of the prowess of her husband. At that time the Aivilirmiut lived solely on whale meat.

“The next time that the wife grew hungry and the spirit went out to get food for her, a man followed him secretly to learn what was this animal that the spirit had caught, the meat of which was so good to eat, and if there were any more like it. This man saw where the spirit struck the ground with his spear to let out the caribou and how he closed up the hole again. As soon as the spirit had gone back to the village, the man opened the hole, and the caribou jumped out. He did not know how to close it again quickly enough and all the caribou came out and spread over the earth. When the spirit saw all the caribou he was very angry. He kicked them in the forehead, so as to make their foreheads flat and told them to run away whenever they saw man.”

Many, many were the stories told by the angekok to Kood-shoo, and, in return, many were the Smith Sound stories told by Kood-shoo to the Aivilirmiut angekok. The traveling was good,

very different from the ice-tortured channels of Kood-shoo's home, and within two weeks from the time of his start from Repulse Bay, the boy found himself approaching the village of Nechili. This village, near to which Amundsen lived for two years, was called by the Norwegian explorer, an "Eskimo paradise on earth." There is fish in plenty, more than the tribe can ever catch, herds of caribou are on the isthmus all summer long, walrus and seal are plentiful. They have no enemies. Driftwood lies all along the shores, from the MacKenzie and Coppermine deltas. Living five hundred miles further south than the Smith Sound Eskimo, the Arctic night lasts only a few weeks.

The Nechilirmiut tell many stories of their own fights with giants who once lived in their country, but Kood-shoo found them peaceful and friendly. Their speech was strange to him as that of the Aivilirmiut had been, but the large number of similar words enabled him to hold communication. He found a few relics of the Franklin expedition among them, as most of the explorers who have visited the tribe have found, and even more relics were the heritage of the Ogluli Eskimo, whose range, further to the west, includes the very sec-



Courtesy of Seeley, Service & Co.

ESKIMO BOY AT PLAY.

tion from Point Victory to Todd Island covered by the last march of the ill-fated British expedition.

One of the old women of the tribe told him a variation of the story of the boy who was befriended by the demons, and the Nechili story was not greatly different from what he had been told by the angekok of the Aivilirmiut, but the old woman said that the black hunter had not stayed long in Nechili, he had been driven out by a tribe of Eskimo among which are men with blue eyes and brown curly hair.

“White men?” cried Kood-shoo, sure that at last he had found the survivors of the Franklin expedition.

“No,” said the Nechilirmiut woman. “Innuits, but not like us. There are men there with blue eyes and curly hair,” she repeated.

Kood-shoo was in a fever to be gone. In all his travels since he left Peary, nothing had come to bring him so much eagerness. He knew that the finding of survivors or children of the survivors of the Franklin expedition would be a triumph second only to the conquest of the North Pole, and in vision he saw himself going to the white men's land with the news of his wonderful

discovery. He would go to the home of Peary-soak and tell him.

He left next day.

Summer was coming on, but still all the waters were frozen over, and Kood-shoo, under the guidance of an Ogluli Eskimo, started over the ice to King William Land, crossing in his line of march the path of the Franklin expedition. With that fate which kept him ever in the track of his first magic, Kood-shoo found himself at last on Todd Island, on the very site of the camp where the remnant of the Franklin survivors, famine-stricken and exhausted to the verge of death, living horribly on human flesh, had made their last camp.

Victoria Strait was full of moving floes and the ice conditions were as dangerous as they had been for Franklin's men. But Kood-shoo's life had been that of an Eskimo, he traveled with a Peary sledge, he still had six of the Whale Sound dogs left with which he had started from Repulse Bay, and two that he had bought in trade with the Nechilirmiut. Moving floes had no terrors for him. He crossed into Victoria Land in one day's drive, into another land filled with caribou, another land of plenty. Past the old camp of Col-

linson in 1854 he drove, and along the shore of Victoria Island to the section marked Wollaston Land on the charts. There, at last, the two sledges, that of the Ogluli in the lead and that of Kood-shoo following close behind, reached a village of four houses of the Haneragmiut, as the Ogluli called them. Three were of snow with skin roofs and one was made entirely of snow, built on the sea-ice about ten yards from the shore of Wollaston Land.

Kood-shoo stared at the people who came to meet him, stared with all his eyes. Here, at last, he thought, were qavdlunat, really white men. These could not be Eskimo, he was sure, and the young fellow's thoughts followed closely the feeling of the famous discoverer of the "blond Eskimo," the explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

"It is hard," Stefansson wrote, "looking over a gap of years, to call to memory even the intense feelings with which we meet a crisis in life. That morning (May 16, 1910) when the nine men and boys of the village stood before me in line on the ice in front of their huts of snow and skins, I knew I was standing face to face with an important scientific discovery. . . . There are three men here whose beards are almost the color of mine

and who look like typical Scandinavians, abundant three-inch long beards, a light brown in the outer parts but darker toward the middle of the chin. The faces and proportions of the body remind me of stocky, sunburned, but naturally fair Scandinavians. The three bearded men are very much alike, though no two of them have the same mother, and all resemble closely an Iclander I know. One has hair that curls a trifle. One woman, of about twenty, has the delicate features one sees in some Scandinavian girls . . . and perhaps half the entire population have eyebrows ranging from a dark brown to a light brown or nearly white."

What is the origin of these men? It is another Arctic mystery. It is certain that they are not the survivors of the Franklin expedition, for there are old men in the village, fifty years old and more, who remember that their fathers and even their grandfathers were equally blond. Besides, as all the tribe had some signs of blond character, even the entire crew of Franklin's men could not in one generation have so changed the physical appearance of the tribe. Further, there is no record in the tribe of the appearance of white men, whereas, in the three tribes which did come in

contact with the Franklin expedition, the tradition is live and detailed.

Stefansson, the discoverer of the blond Eskimo, inclines to the idea that this is a half-breed remnant of the Scandinavian colonists of Greenland who maintained a permanent colony there from about the year 1000 to 1341. The Eskimo of Arctic Canada are notorious travelers. As a matter of fact, the Eskimo of Victoria Island, once every two or three years, travel as far east as Chesterfield Inlet, south of Repulse Bay, leaving Wollaston Land in March and arriving at the trading point by August. Stefansson points out that there is no valid reason for supposing that a hybrid Scandinavian-Eskimo race from South Greenland might not, in seven hundred years, have migrated a distance which any of them to-day could sledge in a single year, especially as there is game all along the route, walrus and seal in the channels and herds of caribou in summer along the shore and on the islands. Many scientists prefer the theory that the "Blond Eskimo" is merely a "sport" in nature, like the albino or less pigmented groups. Wherever they might have come from, there they are, another of the unsolved puzzles of the frozen north.

Sure that he had found his own people, Kood-shoo settled down in one of the Haneragmiut villages, learning their tongue and affiliating himself with them. Yet, as the summer passed on, two things stood out clearly—that he did not feel himself to be kin with them, and still more, that they did not feel themselves to be kin with him.

Autumn was drawing in, when a large party, from the interior of Wollaston Land, whom Kood-shoo had not seen before, gathered toward the shore. The caribou were migrating southward for the winter and the winter hunting would necessarily be that of the sea-animals, like walrus and seal, who did not migrate to the mainland, like the deer. Among the party was the angekok of the tribe and Kood-shoo promptly got into communication with him. From the old man he heard the same story about the boy, but this time the tale alleged that the baby, who was thus handed on from tribe to tribe, was a child belonging to a tribe that now had almost died out. Indeed, the angekok said, there was only one man of the tribe remaining—an old man, lame in both feet, who lived on an island in Coronation Gulf.

Evidently from the angekok's description, the place was not far away and Kood-shoo had already

come too far for a few extra miles to count. He begged the angekok to go with him as a guide, but the angekok refused flatly, and, moreover, advised the rest of his tribe to keep away.

"Tell me," said Kood-shoo to the angekok, "why won't you go?"

"The demons have been angry with that people," the old man answered, "and now they're all gone away. That island is full of the breaths (souls) of the people who have gone away. Their breaths cannot cross the water without bodies, but if I should go there with you, their breaths might enter my body. Then the demons would come to my people and they would die, too."

"Was this baby one of these people?"

"He was," the angekok replied, "and that was why we would not let the black hunter stay. We were kind to the hunter and gave him food and dogs. I do not know where he went but I heard that he traveled to Nechili."

Kood-shoo knew where he had gone, but he said nothing. He only wondered at the strange journey he must have made in early childhood.

"You think I'll have to go alone?"

"None of the Haneragmiut will go, it is not wise," the angekok replied.

“Then I’ll go alone,” declared Kood-shoo, “I’m not afraid of demons, nor of the breaths of the people who are dead. Where is this island?”

The angekok, only too eager to be rid of a visitor who thus bade defiance to the demons and who might likely draw down upon the tribe the vengeance of the evil spirits, pointed to a small black speck in the waters of Dolphin Strait.

“It is not far,” he said, “just where you see that rock.”

Kood-shoo scanned the intervening space. His trained eye told him that the ice was too much broken for sledging, and with his customary impatience, he did not want to wait until the winter. Besides the thought of his people, reduced to one old man, lame and deserted by all the neighboring Innuits because it was believed that he was in league with the demons, touched Kood-shoo very nearly. Well he knew that feeling of isolation, and he was young and strong.

“Lend me a kayak,” he said.

“No,” answered the angekok. “I will give you a kayak to go anywhere you wish, except there. Neither I, nor any hunter of the Haneragmiut will help you to go there.”

Kood-shoo strode down to the beach and

selected from among the kayaks the one that he thought strongest and best.

"That is mine," said the angekok, who had followed him, "you cannot have it."

Kood-shoo smiled and picked it up ready for launching. The angekok laid a hand on his shoulder. The young fellow knew well that other members of the tribe were watching and that any weakness on his part would mean that everything he owned would be taken by the Haneragmiut. Raising his rifle to his shoulder he aimed at a passing sea-gull and fired. The bird dropped like a stone. Then Kood-shoo stepped back a pace or two and pointed his rifle at the angekok.

"Na-mik! na-mik!" (No! No!) exclaimed the old man, thoroughly frightened.

"Tell the Haneragmiut," said the boy, "that on my sledge there are guns like this, that I have taught to fire of themselves if any hunter touches my belongings. I am going to the island and will be back in two sleeps. Let nothing be touched."

Without waiting for a reply, Kood-shoo stepped into the kayak and launched it in the water, taking with him only his rifle and his fish-spear. The current in Dolphin Strait was far swifter than he had expected, but he was half way to the island

when suddenly a walrus rose from underneath, staving in the boat. It began to sink and Kood-shoo had barely time to paddle to a floating cake of ice before he felt the kayak founder under him. Grabbing his rifle and fish-spear he leaped on the ice.

The angekok, watching from the shore, saw the kayak sink and the stranger safe.

Then, round a hummock of the floe, came a great Polar Bear.

Kood-shoo raised his rifle to his shoulder and covered the nannook-soak. And, as he did so, the vision of Ky-oah-pah returned to him. He remembered that the old angekok, many years before, had foretold this very occurrence and had warned him that he should not kill the bear. He dropped his rifle and, foolish though the action seemed, struck the huge beast across the nose with the ivory handle of his fishing-spear. The bear growled, retreated and, as the boy advanced, slid backwards off the floe into the water.

Advancing boldly, Kood-shoo found on the ice, the bear's prey, the freshly killed body of a seal. Marveling at this, the young fellow turned to see where he was drifting and saw that the current led him on, directly for the island. Indeed, in a

few moments he would reach another floe, which, with care he could use as a ferry and gradually approach the ice-foot. But the seal?

Remembering Ky-oah-pah's vision, Kood-shoo hesitated no longer, but picked up the seal and threw it over his shoulder, as once he had seen Borup do. The passage was perilous, but Kood-shoo was young, strong and full of the high excitement that accompanies the doing of a long-sought deed. Slipping, leaping, climbing and scrambling, he came at last to the island.

"You will find upon the beach," he remembered the words of the vision, "an old man making black marks on the shoulder blade of a walrus."

Was this to prove true, too?

With steps that hurried and an excited glint in his eyes, Kood-shoo raced along the beach, eagerly anticipating what he should see when he turned the corner of the cape a few hundred yards ahead of him. Now the cape was almost passed, and now—

Before him, on the beach, sat an old man, making black marks on the weather-whitened shoulder blade bone of a walrus.

The islander looked up as Kood-shoo came near, but did not speak. The lad remained silent, also.

He came up to the piece of bone and looked down.
And there he read, in English words,

“In memory of—”

Kood-shoo started.

“I’ve seen those words before,” he said, also in English, “when we made a cairn for Marvin.”

Two sunken eyes, glazed from hunger, looked from cavernous sockets at the young fur-clad figure with the dead seal over his shoulder.

“Who are you?” said the islander, in a hollow voice. “You who speak English? I’ve been marooned on this island for twenty years, ever since my ship, a good American whaling craft, went down with all hands but me and my boy. Who are you?”

Tremblingly, Kood-shoo took the second magic from the caribou skin pouch around his neck and placed it in the old man’s hand.

“Ay,” said the man, “that’s mine. Where’d you get it?”

Like a flood there surged over Kood-shoo’s mind all the differences that had set him apart from the Eskimo, his ambition, his energy, the quickness with which he had learned white men’s ways and the white man’s speech, and he flushed hotly.

"I think," he said, "I think you must have given it to me yourself—"

"Ay—if it's not a dream," was the feeble answer.

"It's not a dream, it can't be! I'm not an Eskimo! Oh! Say I'm not an Eskimo!"

The old man tottered to his stumps of feet, even in his wrecked old age, towering above Kood-shoo, and held the lad close, blinking as he tried to see.

"You're John," he shouted, "an American boy, and my son!"

He almost fell. Kood-shoo supported him and laid him down on the beach, reaching out for the seal-meat as he did so.

The old man's gaze fell on the inscription he had begun to write on the walrus bone.

"I'll not need that now," he said.

"Father!" cried Kood-shoo, and knelt happily on the beach beside him.

THE END

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